WEEK ENDING SEPT. 25, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

Back Issue

In this Issue

"DEATH STALKS *at the* SIDE *of* FASHION"

Also Stories by Cosmo Hamilton, Dana Burnet, P.G. Wodehouse *and* Elmer Davis

Style's Newest Idea

To Accent Her Costume—Magenta, Mauve, Coral, Beige Gray, Naples Blue

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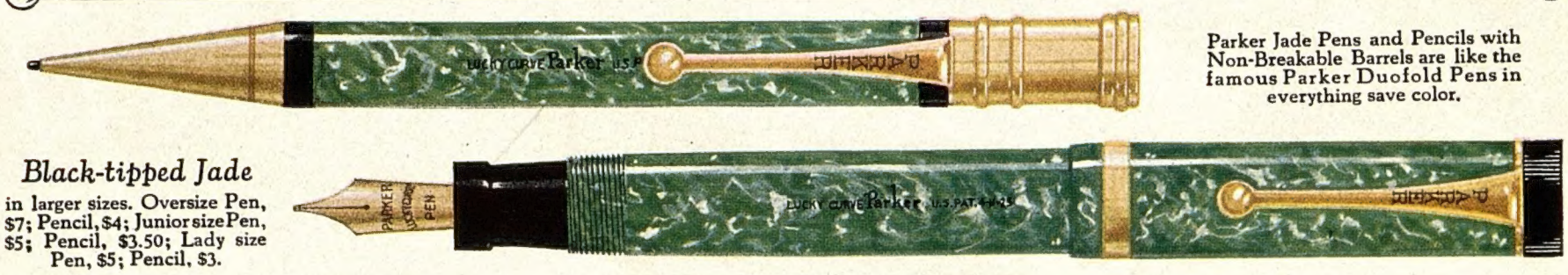

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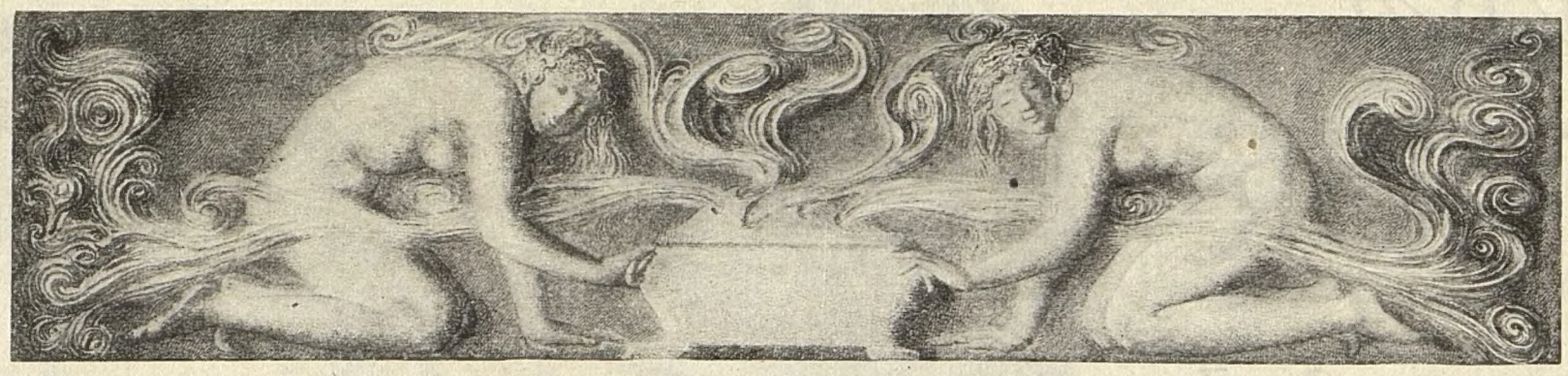

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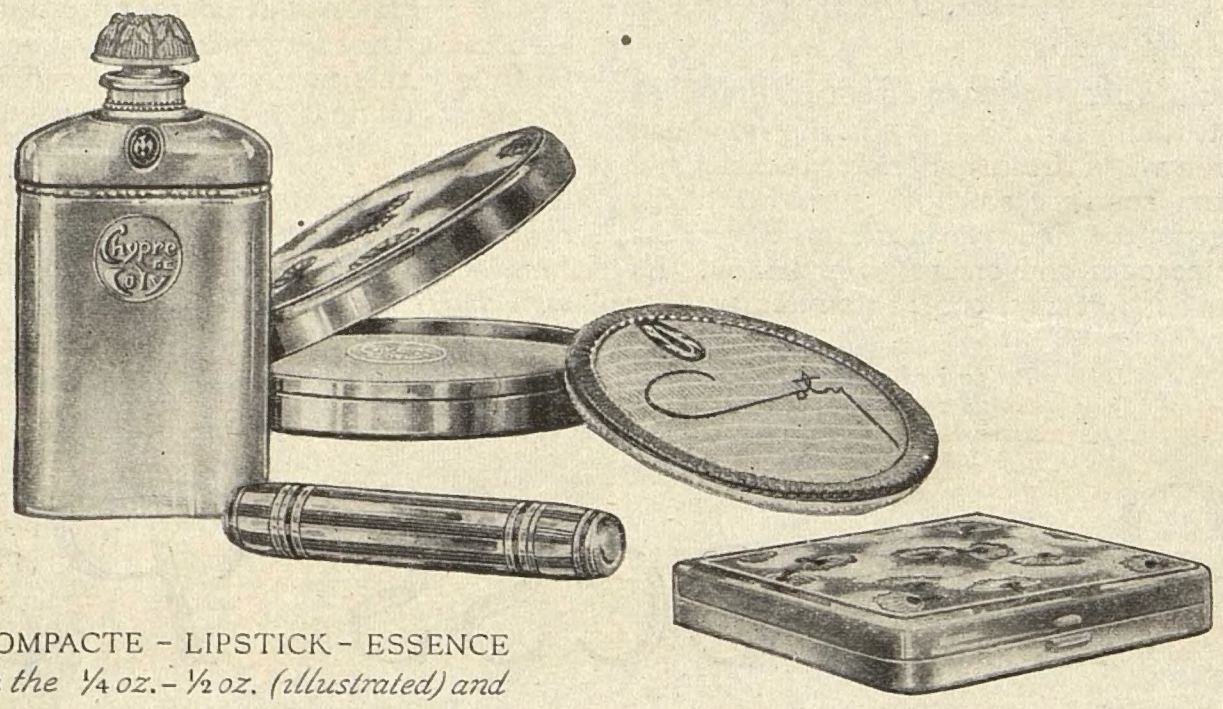
An exquisite COTY Compacte, *with one's individual shade of powder — its charming companion, the* COTY Rouge, *in a glorious harmonizing tone —* COTY Lipstick, *of rich fresh colour — with these, beauty remains unfading through days of pleasure or nights of dancing. And, most subtle touch, a small flacon of one's favored* COTY Perfume, *to renew fragrance on hands and hair and frock. Together, these* COTY *creations make luxurious fitments for the purse or bag.*



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What COLOR *do you feel today?*

(A CURIOUS QUESTION)

CURIOUS? Yes. . . . Silly? Not in the least. Mysterious perhaps, but we *do* "feel" different colors. When sad, we feel "blue"; when happy, we feel rosy, glowing, bright. All true, isn't it?

But—and here is the startling thought—how do we *look*. We are judged by that! At golf, for instance? Cheeks too pale, costume neutral, the impression is *depression*. If in reality your mood is gay, the gayety *seems forced*. You *do not look the part*.

Or, again, if you feel deliciously tranquil, how sadly at variance with your true mood are too bright and robust colors. Your whole day may be spoiled simply because you *do not look the color you feel*.

So we come, convincingly, to the reason for the *new mode* which is rapidly changing the rouge preferments of America's cleverest women.

It is the most exciting vogue in years—using rouge to *express one's moods*.

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Try it. Suppose you feel that uplifting inner urge toward gayety. You feel brilliant, vital, alive, eager. You want desperately to have that mood register, to evoke quick, understanding response in others. Then *look the part*. Use Princess Pat Rouge Vivid. Watch the mirror. See how the wonderful new *color note* is instantly achieved. It is so "just right" that you get a complete new thrill from your own reflection in the glass. But the point is that you'll *thrill beholders as well*.

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Think, Milady. You choose your frocks with vast care so that they may express *you*. Your choice of rouge is *even more important*. For a brilliant costume with a neutral rouge is terribly discordant. Similarly, a soft, pastel gown with a brilliant rouge is disharmony. You invest heavily in gowns — why not make the investment yield fullest beauty?

It costs no more to have the three wonderful shades of Princess Pat on your dressing table — because they last *three times as long as one*. So follow this new vogue. You can readily *imagine* its fascination; but actual results will far transcend anything you can conceive.

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SEPT. 25, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 21

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
Exodus 20–12

AN EDITORIAL

We print without comment the letter that Gertrude Ederle wrote to her mother on August 8, two days after she swam the English Channel:

Pop

"MY DEAREST LOVING MOTHER:

"We did it, Mother! We did it! The trick is turned and aren't you just so proud? We are all so happy. England and France are rejoicing in the glory. Oh, what crowds follow us here and there! The paper people are just impossible, but grand.

"Mom, I had that feeling of sure success —just wouldn't give up. Not once was I on the point of abandoning the swim. The good God led me on safely. It all went so quick. On Thursday night we decided to go, it looked so wonderful. And Friday, off we were, but soon to discover the weather was going back on us. Yet nevertheless I kept my mind clear. Then, when Julia Harpman told me that my family at home was at *The News* office to get the returns, oh, I suddenly became so thrilled. Could just picture you, dear Mother, waiting anxiously.

Mom

"Just couldn't give up then. You were with me on every stroke over. I did so much want to do it for you and make you feel proud of me.

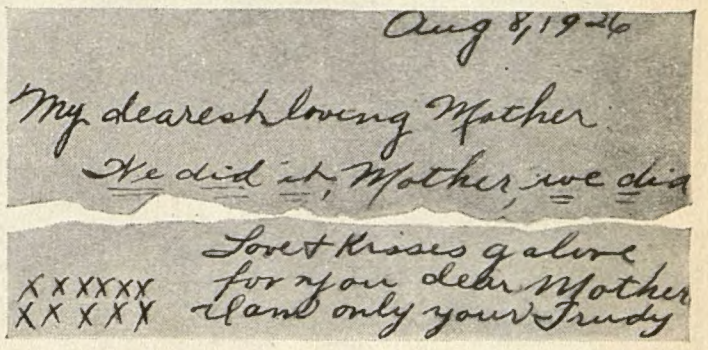
Trudy

"'Get there or die; this day or never,' was my motto. Onto the pebbled beach of England I walked, no signs of weakness. Really, Mom, I can't dope it all out yet. To finish so easily was never in my mind.

"When they told me I still had three hours to go, away I went. The sea was terrible, but the small crowd I had on board was half my victory. They sang and cheered, pushed me on.

"Artie Sorenson didn't leave me a minute. He walked up and down the tug. No matter where I went, he was there.

"Margaret too was just lovely. Did everything in her power to help me get over. Didn't I say I need people like her? Pop, too, was helping me on, only he felt bad, I mean sorry, for me. He just had to cry and, Mommie, he wants to say that you are too soft!


Aug 8, 1926
My dearest loving Mother
We did it, Mother, we did
Love & kisses galore
for you dear Mother
and only your Trudy
XXXXXX
XXXXX

A facsimile of the beginning and ending of Trudy's letter.

"How happy and proud Pa is! No man could feel prouder. All he kept saying was 'You did it, MY KID!'

"Well, Mother, pray to God to see us home safely in your arms once again!

"Coming back from England yesterday they buried me in flowers.

"How happy everyone is.

"Last night Pop gave a party. We did it. No more worrying.

"Love and kisses galore for you, dear Mother. I am only your

"TRUDY."

Margaret

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The Three Pearls .....By COSMO HAMILTON 7
A smashing tale of love and adventure in the South Seas

The Small Bachelor.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 12
Part Two of a great serial by the master of comedy

Death Stalks at the Side of Fashion.....By LIN BONNER 23
The dangers of the craze for boyish figures

Grand Opera Ludicrous but Lovely, Says Galli-Curci
By MARGARET NORRIS 29

War Birds 33
Continuing the uncensored diary of a war flyer

The Fords and the Future.....By WILLIAM F. STURM 42
Telling of the greatest battle waged in the auto industry

No Mother to Guide Her.....By DANA BURNET 49
A powerful story of a girl who saved her lover

How Many Words Do You Know?.....By ANGUS MCNEILL 57

Own Your Home .....By CHARLES G. FRASER 65
Part Sixteen—Final Touches That Make a Perfect Home

The Girl Men Don't Forget.....By ELMER DAVIS 76
A serial of a beauty who defied all for love (Part Five)

School Days .....By ALINE KILMER 81
The Ninth of Liberty's stories for children

Only Good Men Are Heroes to Their Caddies. By HUGH FULLERTON 83

Vox Pop (p. 56); Bright Sayings of Children (60); Fashions (61 and 62); Patterns (62); Home-Builders' Letters (68); Eileen Bourne's Question Box (69); Cross-Word Puzzles (70); LIBERTY'S Great Cover Contest No. 15 (71); Movie Review (72); Food (75); News of the World (82).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Treat for Laughter-Lovers

SOPHIE KERR throws a searchlight on the funny side of human nature in her tensely adventurous tale: NOW, I ASK YOU! In it, Kitty, the cloakroom girl, accused of stealing a ten-thousand-dollar fur coat, scours the city for the real thief.

If you were a prohibition agent, could bootleggers bribe you? No, say you. But before passing final judgment, read THE DRY AND ITCHING PALM, by EULA MCCLARY. It's an amazing disclosure of just what the prohibition forces are up against.

ACHMED ABDULLAH, whose stories you can't put down, has outdone himself in THE AFFAIR OF THE THREE LOVERS: the tale of a great pink pearl that tested the power of a beautiful woman.

DECORATING AND FURNISHING A NEW HOME, by GRACE DAGGETT, is the first of a series telling how LIBERTY'S houses will receive the last magic touch.

The secrets are out! THOSE ENDEARING MALE CHARMS is the result of heart-to-heart talks with the girls. It tells you what women like in men. THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW wrote it.

September 25, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 21

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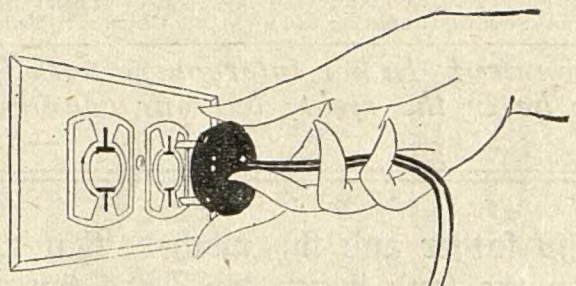

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Three PEARLS

Pictures by BENTON CLARK.

The Sinister Spell of a South Sea Island Mocks the Power of a Woman's Love

A Short Story by

Cosmo Hamilton

TO THE DUTCH CONTROLEUR AT DOBBO, IN THE ARU ISLANDS. FROM JOHN BARNETT NEWBRIDGE, DEALER IN PEARLS, OF 16 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

SIR: I may be wrong and I hope I am, but from the look of things as I see them during my business visits here, I am convinced that a cold-blooded murder is about to be committed, and I don't know how to stop it.

"THERE had been a row and I think he must have hit her."

There have been other cases of murder in the pearl-fishing villages round about this island, nothing said, but this time the man who is due to get a small round hole in his skull or a knife in the middle of his back does not happen to be a Jap, or a Malay, or a Filipino. He is an Englishman named Gerald Hayward, and an old schoolfellow of mine.

On my return to England in 1922 I ran up against Hayward in Piccadilly and took him off to lunch. We had not seen each other since we had crossed from France at the conclusion of the war. He had wound up his career in the British Forces as a Major, R. F. A. Since then, being engaged to be married, he had been trying to find employment that would enable him to earn the sort of income on which he could set up a home.

He then showed me a photograph of Miss Donaldson, daughter of Canon Donaldson of Canterbury Cathedral, and it was very plain that he was tremendously in love. No wonder. The girl had one of the loveliest faces I had ever seen in my life. There was courage in it as well as beauty, and pride. He said that her hair, which had not been bobbed, was "the color of ripening corn bathed in an August sun."

Having a great respect as well as a deep regard for Hayward, and a couple of thousand pounds lying loose in the bank at the time, I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE THREE PEARLS Continued from Page Seven]

suggested that he might like to borrow this sum from me, accompany me to Dobbo on my next trip, buy a lugger or two, with the necessary paraphernalia, and set up as a pearl fisher in a regular way of business. Others have done pretty well at the game in spite of the trickery of the natives and men like Abdul Soeliman, who are illicit dealers in pearls.

He literally jumped at the offer, and having wrung my hand in a manner that nearly broke my bones, dashed off to Canterbury that afternoon to break the news to his girl. It was good to be able to bring such a look of hope into the eyes of a man one liked as much as I liked him, and, as most of my life is spent in going from one fishery to another round the Aru Islands, I could see how cheery it would be to have a pal out there.

SO far, good. The day before we sailed Hayward brought Miss Donaldson to London and introduced her to me. The idea was that I should see her and report progress each time that I got back. We dined together at the Cafe Royal and I could see that Miss Donaldson was as much in love with Hayward as he was with her, and that she was perfectly prepared to wait as long as it was necessary for him.

I enjoyed that trip very much. I liked especially the spirit in which Hayward was ready to tackle an entirely new way of life.

Once at Dobbo we had the luck to secure a bungalow which was in excellent condition. It belonged to Van den Bosch, who was. being shifted somewhere else. You remember, I met him at your place.

During Hayward's first week, Abdul Soeliman called one night after dinner. He made himself very polite. I had often had dealings with this man. His father, as you know, was here before him in the same dirty business and it is not to be supposed that I liked him very much.

It seemed to me that Hayward took an instant fancy to Soeliman. As a rule, an Englishman rather objects to anyone who may come under the heading of nigger. Not that Soeliman has any suspicion of the tar brush, because, as you know, his mother was an Arab and his father an Armenian. Much as I distrust him, I am bound to say that his height and slightness, his large, magnetic eyes, his fastidious way of dressing, and his warm, persuasive manners, make him stand out in a place like this.

We discovered, when we returned his visit, that Soeliman is a magnificent pianist, and before I left to go on my rounds, these two had become very pally and there was hardly an evening when Soeliman did not drop in to see us or we go round to him.

Hayward had hung up a colored photograph of Miss Donaldson in his sitting-room and I noticed a curious thing: Soeliman never omitted to stand in front of it like an enchanted snake.

THE day I left, Hayward sent out his lugger on its maiden trip. "When you see Phyllis," he said, "tell her that I shall turn up in Canterbury in three years from today and that I shall bring her the three best pearls ever found to make a star to wear on her most faithful heart."

It was something over a year before I saw my friend again. A peculiar form of blood poisoning, which almost baffled the doctors, kept me messing about from hospital to hospital. Miss Donaldson went out of her way to be very kind to me. She sent me books, brought me bunches of flowers from the Canon's garden, and read extracts of Hayward's letters that made me long to get back. For the first three months these letters were frequent, very cheery and amusing. Then they began to fall off, and we both noticed, with anxiety and concern, a note of bitterness and gloom. The handwriting became careless and sloppy. Finally he failed to reply to my letters and to those of Miss Donaldson. My eagerness to find out what had happened did more to put me on my feet than all the doctor's drugs.

I dropped off the old Dutch liner late one afternoon and, having skimmed the breakers, walked straight up to the bungalow. I had sent a chit to Hayward, advising him of my

The servants have brought down word of Soeliman's outbursts and the fact that

he has taken native girls to his place and made them dance to his music.

return, and was deeply hurt that he hadn't met me on the beach. When I saw the wretched state into which the bungalow had fallen, I had an attack of the creeps. It was dirty, untidy, and neglected.

WELL, the first thing I did was to go up to Soeliman's place. I had a sort of hope that Hayward might have chucked his bungalow and let it to someone else. That he might even be living with Soeliman for the sake of companionship. I peered into the window of Soeliman's sitting-room. He was sitting at the piano, with a gorgeous silk dressing-gown on, playing Chopin. Standing in an elaborate frame, within easy reach of his hand, was the picture of Miss Donaldson on which he had his eyes.

I didn't go in. I couldn't. Before dealing with Soeliman I felt that I ought to see what had happened to Hayward from my white friends in the place.

It was generally said—I heard it everywhere—that Soeliman had been yapping freely about being "enchanted" by the English girl whose fair hair "had twined itself round his heart."

Vanderpool asserted that Soeliman had not only taken a mortgage on Hayward's lugger, but had deliberately set to work to make Hayward drink too much. And then at last I asked this question that had been trembling on my lips: Where *was* Hayward?

This is what Vanderpool said: "Newbridge, I regret to say that your friend Hayward is a man of no account. Having spent all his money in buying two luggers and getting no returns because his divers and crews were in Soeliman's pay and pinched whatever came up, he sold himself to that stealthy swine and lost his self-respect. The shock of failure made him crack. Drink and heat completed his rapid collapse. For the past twelve weeks, filled with gin and fever, he has been bumming about with the natives and sleeping anywhere. He is dirty, unshaven, and vicious—white men hedge when they call him——"

I went to see Soeliman in his regal bungalow. He was lolling in a deck chair, sipping after-dinner coffee, holding a gold-mounted cigarette holder in his long, artistic fingers. He rose when I stalked in and gave me flowery words. There was a glance in his eyes of such triumph that I wanted to wring his neck.

I got everything off my chest in language I refrain from reporting and all he did during the process was to make a series of smoke rings—the damned good-looking brute!

HE said, when he got a word in edgewise: "My dear fellow, my very dear fellow, your Gerald is a bum. It would have been wise of you before bringing him here to have taken him to a doctor and asked for a test of his blood. His corpuscles are those of a white man—I mean that type of white man who cannot stand the heat out here in Dobbo. Besides, my very dear fellow, there is something about the pearl, a subtle something which I cannot describe, that is worse than the tropical microbe to certain Englishmen. Not that our mutual Gerald saw any pearls of merit—he didn't know the game. He's digging his grave, my dear fellow, among the offal on the beach. One of his legs is already in it. I give the other—I do not know, six months—a year? Not more."

He murmured the news of his approaching departure for Europe and a lengthy stay in Paris, where he had many dear friends, and proceeded to embrace the photograph of Miss Donaldson with his lustful eyes. Whereupon I took my hand out of my pocket and socked him hard on the jaw. A queer fish, no doubt about that. I wasn't out of earshot of his bungalow before he was playing the piano again!

I could only stay a week at Dobbo that visit. Every night I hung about the beach and hoped against hope that Hayward would ooze out of his hole and give me the chance to speak.

It was not until I was leaving Dobbo that I spotted him. I had had to wait for the tide before going off to the ship, and just as I got down to the beach he came shuffling along, dirty, unkempt, blear-eyed, shaky—he seemed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE THREE PEARLS Continued from Page Nine]

to be searching among the flotsam for something to put in his mouth. A beach comber? Worse than that even. He was a pariah dog. I called out, "Gerald, my dear old man," and caught him by the arm. But he didn't recognize me. He shook me off and said, "Oh, shut up!" and mooched off, picking things up and cursing under his breath.

(A YEAR LATER)

TO THE DUTCH CONTROLEUR AT DOBBO, IN THE ARU ISLANDS. FROM JOHN BARNETT NEWBRIDGE, DEALER IN PEARLS, OF 16 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

SIR: Let me bring this statement up from the point where I broke it off. I am glad to say that I can do so in fair detail, because I have kept in touch with Vanderpool by letter during the last twelve months.

He wrote that Soeliman had left Dobbo for London and Paris a week after I went on. Hayward had shown feeble signs of pulling himself together; had worked intermittently as a member of the crew on one of Vanderpool's luggers, and this, though not a white man's job, was a million steps up from beach combing.

I was relieved to hear from a mutual friend that Miss Donaldson was in France. I don't know how I could have told her of Hayward's failure and crash.

My business kept me in London for a longer stay than usual. Early in my stay I received a further letter from Vanderpool. It made me jump through the roof. Soeliman had married a white woman—an English girl—in Paris, and had returned to Dobbo with her a week before he wrote. Her name had been Miss Donaldson.

I read his letter again and again before I could believe my eyes. Miss Donaldson married to an illicit dealer in pearls, a cross between an Arab and an Armenian, with such a nature as his—living now in a place in which the only white woman was the missionary's wife, where Hayward had gone native and the sight of her as Soeliman's wife would make him cut his throat! It took my breath away.

I went at once to the man I knew who was a friend of the Donaldsons. Yes, it was perfectly true. "Why be so white-lipped about it?" he asked me over a drink. "That blighter Hayward let her down and ruined a year of her life, and you know that as well as I."

She'd heard, of course, that he'd gone to the bad. A thing like that gets out. Somebody told one of the officers of a Dutch liner, he told somebody on board, and somebody else told Phyllis, with evidence enough to hang. Besides, Hayward had ceased writing ages before that, and the last of his letters was sufficient proof of his having taken to drink. Her revulsion of feeling and sentiment made her hunger for romance, and when she met the Said in Paris with his Oriental face and music and flowery, passionate words, she was just in the mood for exactly such things and they tell me was swept off her feet.

The brute had called himself "Said" then! A liar as well as a thief. But I kept my mouth shut on both these points for the sake of that poor girl.

I was frightfully anxious to get back and see what could be done. But a hundred things kept me in London. The liner on which I went out was the one which had carried Mr. and Mrs. Soeliman after their honeymoon. I had many talks with the purser and it was from him that I got everything that had struck him about what he called "that ghastly marriage." He had been in those waters a considerable time and so, of course, he knew all about Soeliman.

There was utter amazement among all the officers when they saw his wife get aboard. But Soeliman's behavior during the trip was perfect. He lay for hours in a deck chair, reading to his wife and, with that curious gift of imitation that goes with men of his kind, he was more like a white man than a mongrel all the way across.

There was no line at Singapore and there I waited, completely in the dark, while I saw my brother through an operation for appendicitis.

Once at Dobbo I headed straight for Vanderpool. We dined together. The first thing he told me was that Hayward had left Dobbo and had gone to one of the other villages about thirty miles away. He had gone out of his way to speak to Hayward one night, several days after the arrival of Mrs. Soeliman, and found him clean and sane. Up to the time of Soeliman's return he had been working regularly on the lugger and been promoted to its charge. The sea and the exercise, the responsibility and probably the fact that he had been trusted had a marked effect.

And, oddly enough, the shock when he had discovered that Phyllis Donaldson had come out as Soeliman's wife had absolutely completed his cure. It was miraculous, Vanderpool said. Hayward was eager to go on working. He gave his word of honor that he would leave the bottle alone in future, and asked for a better job. Allow me to say that for kindness a Dutchman can't be beat. Vanderpool gave my old pal a partnership in the lugger he was working on and Hayward went off at a run.

GOING about among the various white men, I find nothing but astonishment at the new turn of things. The fact that Soeliman had brought home a white wife means nothing at all to them. They had drawn the line against him and they are not going to rub it out. They have ignored Miss Donaldson as though she were either a native woman or one of Soeliman's breed. Already there have been rumors of quarrels in the big bungalow and the servants have brought down word of Soeliman's outbursts and the fact that he has taken native girls to his place and made them dance to his music. Can you imagine a worse hell for an Englishwoman than this?

I sent a note up to Phyllis, told her where I was, and asked her to give a few lines to the boy to make an early appointment, away from the bungalow. The boy brought nothing back except "No answer," and said that Soeliman wasn't anywhere about when he delivered the note.

Night after night, however, I found myself drawn to the bungalow. I wanted to discover if I could be of any use and offer my services. Each time I got fairly near to it I could hear the piano going, and once I crept close enough to see Soeliman's artistic profile against the light of the lamp and Phyllis lying back in a deck chair with a face as white as chalk. She was thin and worn and ill, but her hair was still the color of ripening corn under an August sun. God, how things go wrong!

And the next night I went up. A blob of rain fell through the humid air every now and then and down in the village a dog barked and the minor notes of the natives' songs were blown over in the wind. With them came an acrid smell of wood smoke from the *kampongs* and an occasional nauseating whiff of raw fish that had been drying in the sun. There was a sort of fear among the coconut and palm trees, and all their leaves were shuddering at the thought of the coming storm. I could go as near as I liked to the bungalow then, with no moon to show me up.

There they were in the living-room, that lonely couple. A large room, very comfortable and swagger, with touches of color and in very good taste. Soeliman was at the piano as usual, very smart in a yellow silk suit. On one of his long brown fingers there was a pearl as large as a nut. He played with a steel-like strength, a superb mastership, and the clarity of bells. I could see that his wife's hands were opening and shutting, that she was restless and wanted to scream. Melody and insults, rhythm and cruelty, the music of an old civilization and the lust of a mongrel dog. Ye gods!

He got up in the middle of a bar, posed for a second by the piano, padded over to her side like a panther and dipped his hands in her hair. And when she drew away with a shudder, he showed his teeth and gave a high-pitched laugh. It was worse than a kick in the mouth.

When he went back to the piano she came out and stood on the veranda. I think she must have seen the gleam of my cigar. I struck a match and held it near my face. After a moment's hesitation she came down slowly and I ran forward to meet her.

The storm had come closer by then, although there was no rain to speak of. As the lightning might have shown us up to Soeliman, I led her under the shadow of the bungalow and there we talked in whispers. But not about herself and not about Hayward. Nor about Soeliman either, but England—whom I had seen there and when I had left it. It was the sort of talk that might have taken place between two people at a tea fight. Before she went in she held my hand very tight for a moment, which gave me courage to say, "Gerald's on his feet again. He's working and he's completely at your service as a friend if ever you should need him. So am I." I couldn't see her face. I heard a quick sigh, and she was gone.

I was stopping with Vanderpool, and in the morning, when he came down to breakfast, he was given a note from Hayward that had been brought in by a boy of his crew. He read it and got very excited. He said, "What do you think? Hayward reports a tremendous slice of luck. Six pearls, all of them good. That means three for him. I hope to goodness, Soeliman doesn't hear of it. Hayward's been diving himself since he left here and handling the shells. Hence the haul. We must do our best to keep it dark."

HE went after the boy at a run and I could see him making threatening gestures. When he came back he said, "I put the fear of God into that boy, and as he's off in his canoe, I don't see how anybody else can hear about this. I gather that Hayward's coming round either today or tomorrow."

He didn't come that day or the next. And in the meantime all Dobbo got to talking about his find. It was a nasty blow to Soeliman, because it showed that something had gone wrong with his system. It made me all the more anxious about Hayward. He was in the thick of Soeliman's men. But on the third night, just as Vanderpool and I had finished dinner, Gerald gave his well-known whistle and walked in.

I can't attempt to describe my emotion when he held out his hand to me. I can only say that it was something to have lived for. And he felt like that, I could see. It's true that he was as thin as a herring. But his eyes were clear, his skin healthy, and there was a look all about him of absolute self-control. He was very quiet. And after saying to me, "Jack—my dear old Jack, bless you," he turned to Vanderpool. "Here are yours," he said. "I did the work myself this time and didn't let anyone touch the shells at any time at all. They're nothing very marvelous. But they're

the best I've ever seen, and my three are going to enable me to carry out a plan." He didn't say what that was, but I thought I knew. It was to take Phyllis out of the little hell she had made for herself and put her back in the Canon's garden among her flowers.

Then Vanderpool yelled out to his cook and ordered some food at once! Quick! Later on we sat on the veranda together and, by gum, how we talked! In fact, we went on until long after Vanderpool had turned in and all Dobbo was asleep. It was then that he told me the whole story about Soeliman—the way in which he had manned his (Hayward's) luggers with his own men, so that all his efforts were really those of a hired man and a sucker. He went into details as to the mortgage on his luggers and the foreclosure and his having been tempted to drink, and described his agony of mind at having thrown my money away and finding himself further and further every day from the time when he could go back and marry Phyllis.

HE told me that behind all Soeliman's simulation of friendship there had been the mercilessness of Shylock, and that, instead of getting rid of him, as he could have done over and over again, his revenge took the form not only of turning him into a beach comber, but of bringing Phyllis back so that she might see him in his degradation, to his extreme delight. Then he asked me if I had seen Phyllis and I told him that I had. He listened with painful interest. The last thing he said was, "The rest is up to me then. I shall smuggle her away on the next steamer if I can persuade her to come, take her back to her people, and say 'Good-by.' It's no good my returning to this place. Soeliman will make it far too hot. But I can find another pearling place that's just as good, and carry on. I'm pretty certain that Vanderpool will ask me to work with him. My second job will be to pay you back, old man." After which he went to bed, carrying his three precious pearls in his belt.

All of which brings this statement up to the day before yesterday. During dinner, the night after Hayward's arrival—he had remained all day in the bungalow—he got up with a jerk and said, "Will you wait until I come back? I hope to have something to tell you." And I said, "Right you are," and remained on tenterhooks. Late that night he came back looking very white and with an extraordinary gleam in his eyes. "I've seen her," he said. "Soeliman was playing the piano. When she came out on the veranda I went to her quickly and spoke. There had been a row and I think he must have hit her. She wouldn't tell me that. You know her pride. But when I said that I was going home and suggested that it was about time that she escaped, she jumped at the idea, especially when I assured her that she could look on me as a brother, that I considered myself a washout and never intended to remind her of what had gone before. We arranged to meet in front of the bungalow tomorrow night and run down to the beach at the moment when the ship lies beyond the breakers. Then I shall put her on to a canoe before Soeliman can find out what we are up to and get away. I told her to put her few necessary things in a bag, hide it in a bush some time during the day, and I would fetch it during the heat of the afternoon when everybody was asleep." Then he got up and put his hand on my shoulder. "Jack, old man, I shall need your help once more," he added. "Soeliman knows I'm here. He has a hundred eyes."

I GOT everything off my chest in language I refrain from reporting.

I did all I could to have everything ready. I hired a canoe and gave it out that I was going out to the ship. I spread the fact about so that it might be talked of in the town and be taken up to Soeliman. It was a good thing that the tides made it impossible for passengers to get to the ship in the daytime. I advanced the money to Hayward for the trip and told him to sell his pearls at my office in Hatton Garden and gave him a letter to my people advising them of that. I covered every possible point, even to the extent of going round to the various white men to say good-by. Then I went up to Soeliman's bungalow and told him I was off. He made himself very polite, and pretended to be rather astonished that I was leaving so soon. During the interview he talked about Paris and London, and I came away with the impression that he was wholly unsuspicious.

Hayward was very restless and nervous for the rest of the time. He came back with the bag in the afternoon and put it with a suitcase that I had lent to him. It was frightfully dark that night and a thin, persistent rain fell. I went down to the beach with Vanderpool, and waited. My heart was pumping in my neck. I heard Hayward's whistle and felt his hand on my arm. "She's here," he said. "Where's the canoe?" It was waiting and ready, though we couldn't see it. We could hear the natives jabbering to themselves. All of a sudden Hayward turned to me. "Is Phyllis with you? Where is she? Didn't you see her? She was here a second ago." Then he started running about this way and that, like a man demented.

Vanderpool and I thought she must have missed us in the dark. For about ten minutes we all searched and called her name. It was like being in a fog. We could hear the sound of the breakers, but the only things we could see, far out, were the lights on the ship. I heard Hayward saying, over and over again, "She was here. I brought her down. What's the meaning of this?"

TWO shots rang out. Hayward staggered against me, crying, "Great God!" and ran headlong up the beach. Something went wrong with my knees. But I followed. And Vanderpool came. We got to Soeliman's bungalow at the moment when Hayward was standing like a figure of stone in the middle of the living-room. At his feet were Phyllis and her husband stretched out on the floor. Soeliman had a bullet through his skull. He was dead. And so was Phyllis. She had shot him and herself. The revolver was in her hand.

Pinned to the front of her dress was a note in her graceful writing, "Thank Gerald, with all my love. I have touched pitch and am defiled. I couldn't go home again."

. . . . . .

I have just come in from the missionary's garden, with my friends Hayward and Vanderpool. A grave had been dug under a white hibiscus, and over this we stood with the little missionary and his wife. We were saying "Good-by" to Phyllis, whose pride had prevented her from going home after Soeliman's despoilment. When the solemn words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," rang out in that quiet place, Hayward bent forward and dropped his three pearls in the grave.

THE END

The Small Bachelor

The Funniest Story Ever Written by the Master of Comedy

GEORGE FINCH, a young man from the wide open spaces of East Gilead, Idaho, has a studio in Greenwich Village, New York City, and few worries. For his uncle has conveniently died, leaving him many bonds and mortgages.

George has also a butler, Mullett, who is a reformed burglar. Furthermore he is blessed with a bosom friend, J. Hamilton Beamish, master of destinies and author of weighty monographs.

The course of George Finch's life ran smoothly until true love entered it. Then, of course, eddies and cross-currents began to swirl about him. For George's eye fell upon Molly Waddington, of East Seventy-ninth Street.

George rescued Molly's Scotch terrier from possible death in the crowded traffic. When he restored the animal to its happy mistress, he gazed for the first time into her eyes and upon the cuddly curves of her figure. George thought she encouraged him. At any rate, from then on he was sunk, and he began to spend much time in the vicinity of the Waddington mansion and in the selection of a proper costume to be seen in, should fortune again allow him a glimpse of Molly.

To George, East Seventy-ninth Street was another world. Not so to J. Hamilton Beamish, fixer incomparable. But Beamish, an intimate of the Waddington family, held little hope for George so far as his love affair with Molly was concerned. Moreover, Beamish scoffed at the very notion of love at first sight.

Beamish was engrossed in the problem of teaching Officer Garroway, a literary policeman, the art of writing poetry. He was occupied with many other important affairs as well, but despite these distractions, he was willing to do what he could toward guiding George along the thorny pathway of romance.

PART TWO

"SIGSBEE H. WADDINGTON," said Hamilton Beamish, "is one of those men who must, I think, during the formative years of boyhood, have been kicked on the head by a mule. It has been well said of Sigsbee H. Waddington that, if men were dominoes, he would be the double-blank. One of the numerous things about him that rule him out of serious consideration by intelligent persons is the fact that he is a synthetic Westerner."

"A synthetic Westerner?"

"It is a little known, but growing, subspecies akin to the synthetic Southerner—with which curious type you are doubtless familiar."

"I don't think I am."

"Nonsense. Have you never been in a restaurant where the orchestra played Dixie?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, on such occasions you will have noted that the man who gives a rebel yell and springs on his chair and waves a napkin with flashing eyes is always a suit-and-cloak salesman named Rosenthal or Bechstein who was born in Passaic, New Jersey, and has never

A SERIAL

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"MOLLY," said Mrs. Waddington, "have you been giving your father Zane Grey?"

been farther South than Far Rockaway. That is the synthetic Southerner."

"I see."

"Sigsbee H. Waddington is a synthetic Westerner. His whole life, with the exception of one summer vacation when he went to Maine, has been spent in New York State; and yet, to listen to him, you would think he was an exiled cowboy. I fancy it must be the effect of seeing too many Westerns in the movies.

"Sigsbee Waddington has been a keen supporter of the motion pictures from their inception; and was, I believe, one of the first men in this city to hiss the villain.

"Whether it was Tom Mix who caused the trouble, or whether his weak intellect was gradually sapped by seeing William S. Hart kiss his horse, I cannot say; but the fact remains that he now yearns for the great open spaces and, if you want to ingratiate yourself with him, all you have to do is to mention that you were born in Idaho—a fact which I hope that, as a rule, you carefully conceal."

"I will," said George enthusiastically. "I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, Hamilton, for giving me this information."

"You needn't be. It will do you no good whatever. When Sigsbee Waddington married for the second time, he to all intents and purposes sold himself down the river. To call him a cipher in the home would be to give a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Thirteen]

too glowing picture of his importance. He does what his wife tells him—that and nothing more. She is the one with whom you want to ingratiate yourself."

"How can this be done?"

"It can't be done. Mrs. Sigsbee Waddington is not an easy woman to conciliate."

"A tough baby?" inquired George anxiously.

Hamilton Beamish frowned.

"I dislike the expression. It is the sort of expression Mullett would use. Nevertheless, in a certain crude, horrible way it does describe Mrs. Waddington. There is an ancient belief in Tibet that mankind is descended from a demoness named Drasrinmo and a monkey. Both Sigsbee H. and Mrs. Waddington do much to bear out this theory. I am loath to speak ill of a woman, but it is no use trying to conceal the fact that Mrs. Waddington is a bounder and a snob and has a soul like the under side of a flat stone. She worships wealth and importance. She likes only the rich and the titled. As a matter of fact, I happen to know that there is an English lord hanging about the place whom she wants Molly to marry."

"Over my dead body," said George.

"THAT could no doubt be arranged. My poor George," said Hamilton Beamish, laying a dumb-bell affectionately on his friend's head, "you are taking on too big a contract. You are going out of your class. It is not as if you were one of these dashing, young Lochinvar fellows. You are mild and shy. You are diffident and timid. I class you among Nature's white mice. It would take a woman like Mrs. Sigsbee Waddington about two and a quarter minutes to knock you for a row of Portuguese ash-cans—or, as Mullett would say," added Hamilton Beamish with a touch of confusion.

"She couldn't eat me," said George valiantly.

"I don't know so much. She is not a vegetarian."

"I was thinking," said George, "that you might take me round and introduce me. . . ."

"And have your blood on my head? No, no."

"What do you mean, my blood? You talk as if this woman were a syndicate of gunmen. I'm not afraid of her. To get to know Molly," George gulped—"I would fight a mad bull."

Hamilton Beamish was touched. This great man was human.

"Those are brave words, George. You extort my admiration. I disapprove of the reckless, unconsidered way you are approaching this matter, and I still think you would be well advised to read The Marriage Sane and get a proper estimate of love; but I cannot but like your spirit. If you really wish it, therefore, I will take you round and introduce you to Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

"Hamilton! Tonight?"

"Not tonight. I am lecturing to the West Orange Daughters of Minerva tonight on The Modern Drama. Some other time."

"Then tonight," said George, blushing faintly, "I think I may as well just stroll round Seventy-ninth Street way and—er—well, just stroll round."

"What is the good of that?"

"Well, I can look at the house, can't I?"

"Young blood!" said Hamilton Beamish indulgently. "Young blood!"

He poised himself on his No-Jars, swung the dumb-bells in a forceful arc, and departed.

* * *

"Mullett," said George.

"Sir?"

"Have you pressed my dress clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And brushed them?"

"Yes, sir."

"My ties—are they laid out?"

"In a neat row, sir."

George coughed.

"Mullett."

"Sir?"

"You recollect the little chat we were having just now?"

"Sir?"

"About the young lady I—er——"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I understand you have seen her."

"Just a glimpse, sir."

George coughed again. "Ah—rather attractive, Mullett, didn't you think?"

"Extremely, sir. Very cuddly."

"The exact adjective I would have used myself, Mullett!"

"Indeed, sir?"

"Cuddly! A beautiful word."

"I think so, sir."

George coughed for the third time.

"A lozenge, sir?" said Mullett, solicitously.

"No, thank you."

"Very good, sir."

"Mullett!"

"Sir?"

"I find that Mr. Beamish is an intimate friend of this young lady."

"Fancy that, sir!"

"He is going to introduce me."

"Very gratifying, I am sure, sir."

George sighed dreamily.

"Life is very sweet, Mullett."

"For those that like it, sir—yes, sir."

"Lead me to the ties," said George.

* * *

At the hour of seven-thirty, just when George Finch was trying out his fifth tie, a woman stood pacing the floor in the Byzantine boudoir at No. 16, Seventy-ninth Street, East.

At first sight this statement may seem contradictory. Is it possible, the captious critic may ask, for a person simultaneously to stand and pace the floor? The answer is yes, if he or she is sufficiently agitated as to the soul. You do it by placing yourself on a given spot and scrabbling the feet alternately like a cat kneading a hearth-rug. It is sometimes the only method by which strong women can keep from having hysterics.

Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington was a strong woman. In fact, so commanding was her physique that a stranger might have supposed her to be one in the technical, or circus, sense. She was not tall, but she had bulged so generously in every possible direction that, when seen for the first time, she gave the impression of enormous size. No theater, however little its program had managed to attract the public, could be said to be "sparsely filled" if Mrs. Waddington had dropped in to look at the show. And when she went to Carlsbad or Aix-les-Bains to take the waters, the authorities huddled together nervously and wondered if there would be enough to go round.

Her growing bulk was a perpetual sorrow—one of many—to her husband. When he had married her, she had been slim and svelte. But she had also been the relict of the late P. Homer Horlick, the Cheese King, and he had left her several million dollars. Most of the interest accruing from this fortune she had, so it sometimes seemed to Sigsbee H. Waddington, spent on starchy foods.

Mrs. Waddington stood and paced the floor, and presently the door opened.

"Lord Hunstanton," announced Ferris, the butler.

THE standard of male looks present up to this time in this story has not been high; but the man who now entered did much to raise the average. He was tall and slight and elegant, with frank blue eyes—one of them preceded by an eye-glass—and one of those clipped moustaches. His clothes had been cut by an inspired tailor and pressed by a genius. His tie was simply an ethereal white butterfly, straight from heaven, that hovered over the collar stud as if it were sipping pollen from some exotic flower. (George Finch, now working away at number eight and having just got it creased in four places, would have screamed hoarsely with envy at the sight of that tie.)

"Well, here I am," said Lord Hunstanton. He paused for a moment, then added "What, what!" as if he felt that it was expected of him.

"It was so kind of you to come," said Mrs. Waddington, pivoting on her axis and panting like a hart after the water-brooks.

"Not at all."

"I knew I could rely on you."

"You have only to command."

"You are such a true friend, though I have known you only such a short time."

"Is anything wrong?" asked Lord Hunstanton.

He was more than a little surprised to find himself at seven-forty in a house where he had been invited to dine at half-past eight. His dressing had been interrupted by a telephone call from Mrs. Waddington's butler, begging him to come round at once; and, noting his hostess' agitation, he hoped that nothing had gone wonky with the dinner.

"Everything is wrong!"

Lord Hunstanton sighed inaudibly. Did this mean cold meat and a pickle?

"Sigsbee is having one of his spells!"

"You mean he has been taken ill?"

"Not ill. Fractious." Mrs. Waddington gulped. "It's so hard that this should have occurred on the night of an important dinner-party, after you have taken such trouble with his education. I have said a hundred times that, since you came, Sigsbee has been a different man. He knows all the forks now, and can even talk intelligently about *souffles*."

"I am only too glad if any little pointers I have been able to . . ."

"And when I take him out for a run he always walks on the outside of the pavement. And here he must go, on the night of my big—great dinner-party, and have one of his spells."

"What is the trouble? Is he violent?"

"No. Sullen."

"What about?"

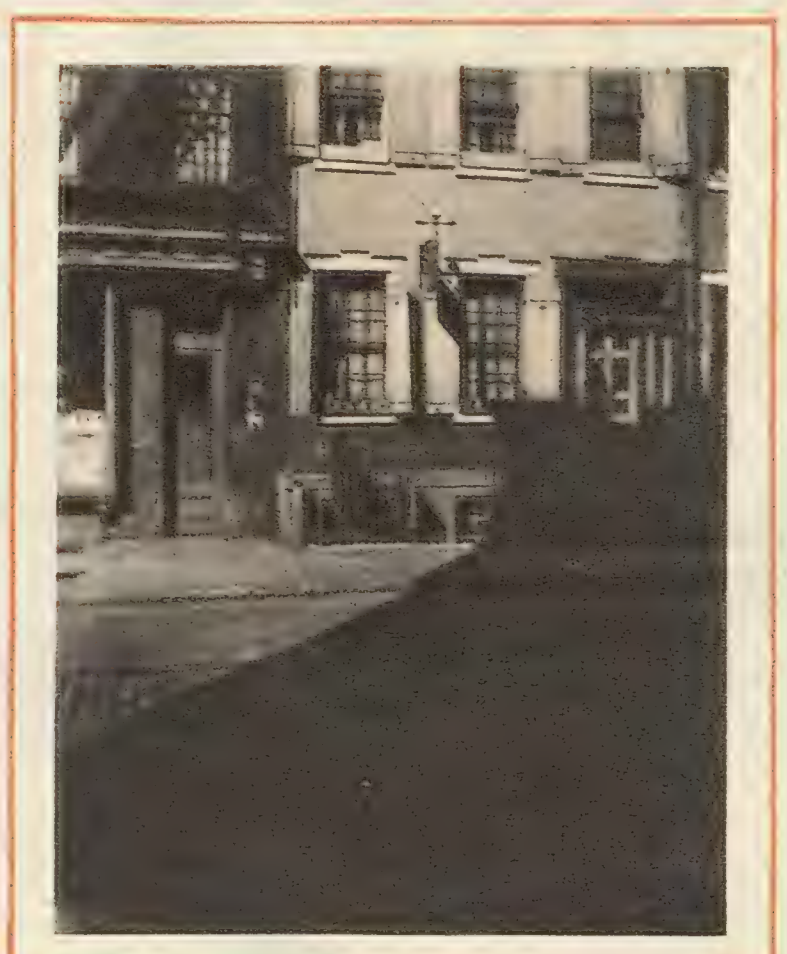
Mrs. Waddington's mouth set in a hard line.

"Sigsbee is pining for the West again!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, sir, he's pining for the great wide open spaces of the West. He says the East is effete and he wants to be out there among the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]



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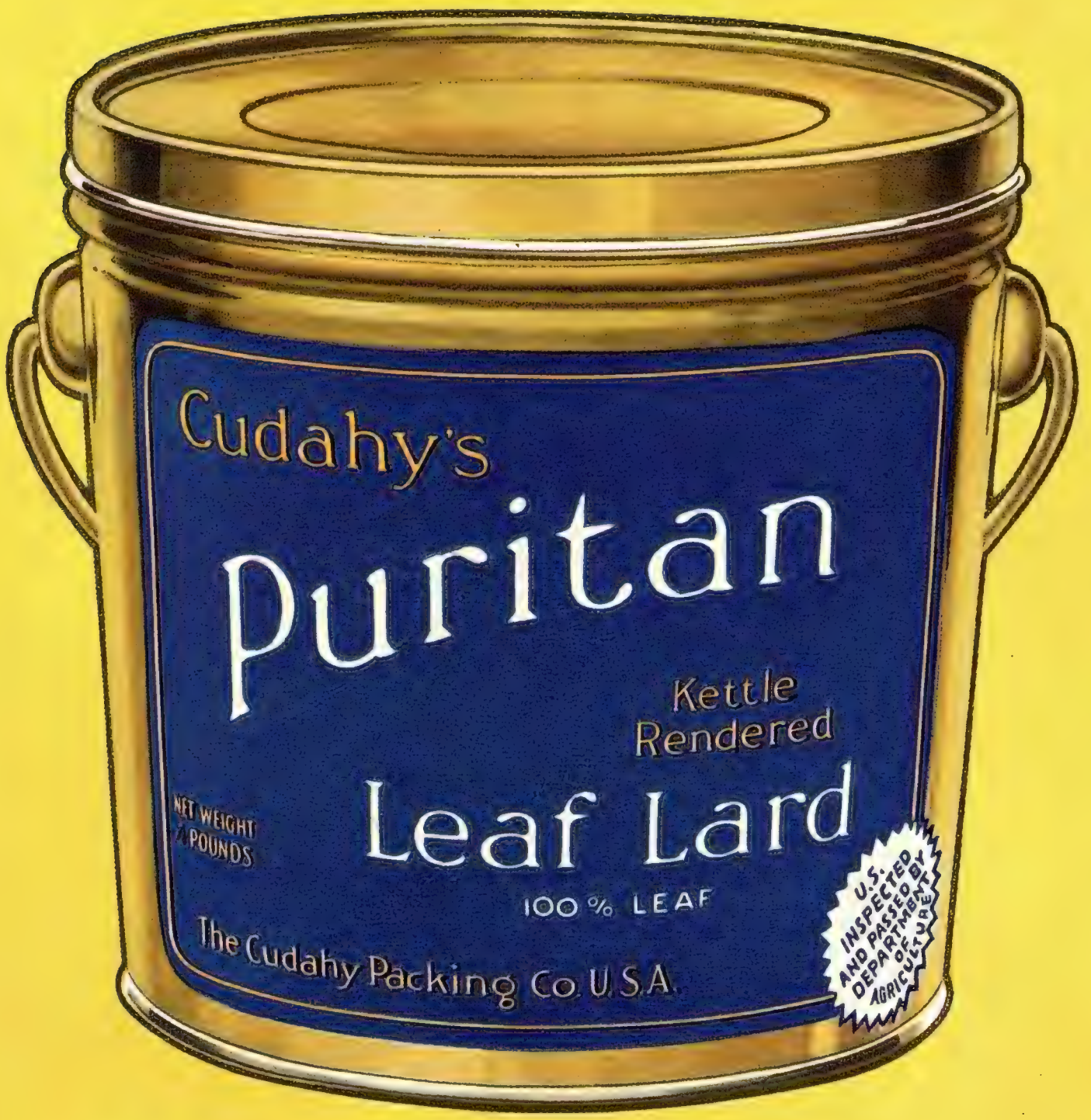

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"Mr. Waddington," said George, "I am proud to meet you."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

silent canyons where men are men. It you want to know what I think, somebody's been feeding him Zane Grey."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Yes—in time. I can get him right if I'm given time, by stopping his pocket-money. But I need time, and here he is, an hour before my important dinner, with some of the most wealthy and exclusive people in New York expected at any moment, refusing to put on his dress clothes and saying that all a man that is a man needs is to shoot his bison and cut off a steak and cook it by the light of the Western stars. And what I want to know is, what am I to do?"

Lord Hunstanton twisted his moustache thoughtfully.

"Very perplexing."

"I thought if you went and had a word with him . . ."

"I doubt if it would do any good. I suppose you wouldn't dine without him?"

"It would make us thirteen."

"I SEE." His lordship's face brightened. "I've got it. Send Miss Waddington to reason with him."

"Molly? You think he would listen to her?"

"He is very fond of her."

Mrs. Waddington reflected.

"It's worth trying. I'll go up and see if she is dressed. She is a dear girl, isn't she, Lord Hunstanton?"

"Charming, charming."

"I'm sure I'm as fond of her as if she were my own daughter."

"No doubt."

"Though, of course, dearly as I love her, I am never foolishly indulgent. So many girls today are spoiled by foolish indulgence."

"True."

"My great wish, Lord Hunstanton, is one day to see her happily married to some good man."

His Lordship closed the door behind Mrs. Waddington and stood for some moments in profound thought. He may have been wondering what was the earliest he could expect a cocktail, or he may have been musing on some deeper subject—if there is a deeper subject.

Mrs. Waddington navigated upstairs, and paused before a door near the second landing.

"Molly!"

"Yes, mother?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Mrs. Waddington was frowning as she entered the room. How often she had told this girl to call her "mater"!

But this was a small point, and not worth mentioning at a time like the present. She sank into a chair with a creaking groan. Strong woman though she was, Mrs. Sigsbee Waddington, like the chair, was near to breaking down.

"Good heavens, mother! What's the matter?"

"Send her away," muttered Mrs. Waddington, nodding at her stepdaughter's maid.

"All right, mother. I shan't want you any more, Julie. I can manage now. Shall I get you a glass of water, mother?"

MOLLY looked at her suffering step-parent with gentle concern, wishing that she had something stronger than water to offer. But her late mother had brought her up in that silly, stuffy way in which old-fashioned mothers used to bring up their daughters; and, incredible as it may seem in these enlightened days, Molly Waddington had reached the age of twenty without forming even a nodding acquaintance with alcohol. Now, no doubt, as she watched her stepmother gulping before her she regretted that she was not one of those sensible modern girls who always carry a couple of shots around with them in a jeweled flask.

But, though a defective up-bringing kept her from being useful in this crisis, nobody could deny that, as she stood there half-dressed for dinner, Molly Waddington was extremely ornamental. If George Finch could have seen her at that moment— But then if George Finch had seen her at that moment, he would immediately have shut his eyes like a gentleman; for there was that about her costume, in its present stage of development, which was not for the male gaze.

Still, however quickly he had shut his eyes, he could not have shut them rapidly enough to keep from seeing that Mullett, in his recent remarks on an absorbing subject, had shown an even nicer instinct for the *mot juste* than he had supposed. Beyond all chance for evasion or doubt, Molly Waddington was cuddly. She was wearing primrose knickers, and her silk stockinged legs tapered away to little gold shoes. Her pink fingers were clutching at a blue dressing-jacket with swan's-down trimming. Her bobbed hair hung about a round little face with a tip-tilted little nose. Her eyes were large, her teeth small and white and even. She had a little brown mole on the back of her neck and—in short, to sum the whole thing up, if George Finch could have caught even the briefest glimpse of her at this juncture, he must inevitably have fallen over sideways, yapping like a dog.

Mrs. Waddington's breathing had become easier, and she was sitting up with something like the old imperiousness.

"Molly," said Mrs. Waddington, "have you been giving your father Zane Grey?"

"Of course not."

"You're sure?"

"Quite. I don't think there's any Zane Grey in the house."

"Then he's been sneaking out and seeing Tom Mix again," said Mrs. Waddington.

"You don't mean . . .?"

"Yes! He's got one of his spells."

"A bad one?"

"So bad that he refuses to dress for dinner. He says that if the boys"—Mrs. Waddington shuddered—"if the boys don't like him in a flannel shirt, he won't come in to dinner at all. And Lord Hunstanton suggested that I should send you to reason with him."

"Lord Hunstanton? Has he arrived already?"

"I telephoned to him. I am coming to rely on Lord Hunstanton more and more every day. What a dear fellow he is!"

"Yes," said Molly, a little dubiously. She was not fond of his lordship.

"So handsome."

"Yes."

"Such breeding."

"I suppose so."

"I should be very happy," said Mrs. Waddington, "if a man like Lord Hunstanton asked you to be his wife."

Molly fiddled with the trimming of her dressing-jacket. This was not the first time the subject had come up between her stepmother and herself.

A remark like the one just recorded was Mrs. Waddington's idea of letting fall a quiet hint.

"Well—" said Molly.

"What do you mean, well?"

"Well, don't you think he's rather stiff?"

"Stiff!"

"Don't you find him a little starchy?'

"If you mean that Lord Hunstanton's manners are perfect, I agree with you."

"I'm not sure that I like a man's manners to be too perfect," said Molly meditatively. "Don't you think a shy man can be rather attractive?" She scraped the toe of one gold shoe against the heel of the other. "The sort of man I think I should rather like," she said, a dreamy look in her eyes, "would be a sort of slimmish, smallish man with nice brown eyes and rather gold-y, chestnutty hair, who kind of looks at you from a distance because he's too shy to speak to you and, when he does get a chance to speak to you, sort of chokes and turns pink and twists his fingers and makes funny noises and trips over his feet and looks rather a lamb and . . ."

MRS. WADDINGTON had risen from her chair like a storm cloud over a countryside.

"Molly!" she cried. "Who is this young man?"

"Why, nobody, of course! Just someone I sort of imagined."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Waddington, relieved. "You spoke as if you knew him."

"What a strange idea!"

"If any young man ever does look at you and make funny noises, you will ignore him."

"Of course."

Mrs. Waddington started.

"All this nonsense you have been talking has made me forget about your father. Put on your dress and go down to him at once. Reason with him! If he refuses to come in to dinner, we shall be thirteen, and my party will be ruined."

"I'll be ready in a minute. Where is he?"

"In the library."

"I'll be right down."

"And, when you have seen him, go into the drawing-room and talk to Lord Hunstanton. He is all alone."

"Very well, mother."

"Mater."

"Mater," said Molly. She was one of those nice, dutiful girls.

In addition to being a nice, dutiful girl, Molly Waddington was also a persuasive, wheedling girl.

Better proof of this statement can hardly be afforded than by the fact that, as the clocks were pointing to ten minutes past eight, a red-faced, angry little man with stiff gray hair and a sulky face shambled down the stairs of No. 16 East Seventy-ninth Street, and, pausing in the hall, subjected Ferris, the butler, to an offensive glare. It was Sigsbee H. Waddington, fully if sloppily dressed in the accepted mode of gentlemen of social standing about to dine.

The details of any record performance are always interesting, so it may be mentioned that Molly had reached the library at seven minutes to eight. She had started wheedling at exactly six minutes and forty-five seconds to the hour. At seven fifty-seven Sigsbee H. was fighting in the last ditch; and at seven fifty-nine, vowing he would ne'er consent, he consented.

Into the arguments used by Molly we need not enter fully. It is enough to say that, if a man loves his daughter dearly, and if she comes to him and says that she has been looking forward to a certain party and is wearing a new dress for that party, and if, finally, she adds that should he absent himself from that party, the party and her pleasure will be ruined—then, unless the man has a heart of stone, he will give in. Sigsbee Waddington had not a heart of stone. Many good judges considered that he had a head of concrete, but nobody had ever disparaged his heart. At eight precisely he was in his bedroom, shovelling on his dress clothes; and now, at ten minutes past, he stood in the hall and looked disapprovingly at Ferris.

SIGSBEE WADDINGTON thought Ferris was an over-fed wart.

Ferris thought Sigsbee Waddington ought to be ashamed to appear in public in a tie like that.

But thoughts are not words. What Ferris actually said was:

"A cocktail, sir?"

And what Sigsbee Waddington actually said was:

"Yup! Gimme!"

There was a pause. Mr. Waddington, still unsoothed, continued to glower. Ferris, resuming his marmoreal calm, had begun to muse once more, as was his habit when in thought, on Brangmarley Hall, Little-Sleeping-in-the-Wold, Salop, England, where he had spent the early, happy days of his butlerhood.

"Ferris!" said Mr. Waddington at length.

"Sir?"

"You ever been out West, Ferris?"

"No, sir."

"Ever want to go?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Waddington belligerently.

"I understood that in the Western States of America, sir, there is a certain lack of comfort, and the social amenities are not rigorously observed."

"Gangway!" said Mr. Waddington, making for the front door. He felt stifled. He wanted air. He yearned, if only for a few brief instants, to be alone with the silent stars.

It would be idle to deny that, at this particular moment, Sigsbee H. Waddington was in a dangerous mood. There is no man so terrible in his fury as the henpecked husband during his short spasms of revolt. Even Mrs. Waddington recognized that, no matter how complete her control normally, Sigsbee H., when having one of his spells, practically amounted to a rogue elephant. Her policy was to keep out of his way till the fever passed, and then to discipline him severely.

As Sigsbee Waddington stood on the pavement outside his house, drinking in the dust-and-gasoline mixture which passes for air in New York and scanning the weak imitation stars which are the best the East provides, he was grim and squiggle-eyed and ripe for murders, stratagems, and spoils. Molly's statements that there was no Zane Grey in the house had been very far from the truth. Sigsbee Waddington had his private store, locked away in a secret cupboard, and since early morning Riders of the Purple Sage had hardly ever been out of his hand. During the afternoon, moreover, he had managed to steal away to a motion-picture house on Sixth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Nineteen]

Avenue, where they were presenting Henderson Hoover and Sara Svelte in That L'il Gal from the Bar B Ranch. Sigsbee Waddington, as he stood on the pavement, was clad in dress clothes and looked like a stage waiter, but at heart he was wearing chaps and a Stetson hat and people spoke of him as Two-Gun Thomas.

A Rolls-Royce drew up at the curb, and Mr. Waddington moved a step or two away. A fat man alighted and helped his fatter wife out. Mr. Waddington recognized them. B. and Mrs. Brewster Bodthorne. B. Brewster was the first vice-president of Amalgamated Tooth Brushes, and rolled in money.

"Pah!" muttered Mr. Waddington, sickened to the marrow.

The pair vanished into the house, and presently another Rolls-Royce arrived, followed by a Hispano-Suiza. Consolidated Pop-corn and wife emerged, and then United Beef and daughter. A consignment worth on the hoof between eighty and a hundred million.

"How long?" moaned Mr. Waddington. "How long?"

AND then, as the door closed, he was aware of a young man behaving strangely on the pavement some few feet away from him.

The reason why George Finch—for it was he—was behaving strangely was that he was a shy young man and consequently unable to govern his movements by the light of pure reason. The ordinary tough-skinned everyday fellow with a face of brass and the placid gall of an army mule would, of course, if he had decided to pay a call upon a girl in order to make inquiries about her dog, have gone right ahead and done it. He would have shot his cuffs and straightened his tie and then trotted up the steps and punched the front doorbell.

Not so the diffident George.

George's methods were different. Graceful and, in their way, pretty to watch, but different. First, he stood for some moments on one foot, staring at the house. Then, as if some hand had dug three inches of a meat-skewer into the flesh of his leg, he shot forward in a spasmodic bound. Checking this as he reached the steps, he retreated a pace or two and once more became immobile. A few moments later, the meat-skewer had got to work again and he had sprung up the steps, only to leap backward once more.

When Mr. Waddington first made up his mind to accost him, George had begun to walk round in circles, mumbling to himself.

Sigsbee Waddington was in no mood for this sort of thing. It was the sort of thing, he felt bitterly, which could happen only in this degraded East. Out West, men are men and do not dance tangos by themselves on front doorsteps. *Venters*, the hero of Riders of the Purple Sage, he recalled, had been described by the author as standing "tall and straight, his wide shoulders flung back, with the muscles of his arms rippling and a blue flame of defiance in his gaze." How different, felt Mr. Waddington, from this imbecile young man who seemed content to waste life's springtime playing solitary round-games in the public streets.

"Hey!" he said sharply.

The exclamation took George amidships just as he had returned to the standing-on-one-leg position. It caused him to lose his balance, and if he had not adroitly clutched Mr. Waddington by the left ear, it is probable that he would have fallen.

"Sorry," said George, having sorted himself out.

"What's the use of being sorry?" growled the injured man, tenderly feeling his ear. "And what the devil are you doing anyway?"

"Just paying a call," explained George.

"Doing what?"

"I'm paying a formal call at this house."

"Which house?"

"This one. Number sixteen. Waddington, Sigsbee H."

Mr. Waddington regarded him with unconcealed hostility.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, it may interest you to learn that I am Sigsbee H. Waddington, and I don't know you from Adam. So now!"

George gasped.

"You are Sigsbee H. Waddington?" he said reverently.

"I am."

George was gazing at Molly's father as at some beautiful work of art—a superb painting, let us say—the sort of thing which connoisseurs fight for and which finally gets knocked down to Dr. Rosenbach for three hundred thousand dollars. Which will give the reader a rough idea of what love can do; for, considered in a calm and unbiased spirit, Sigsbee Waddington was little, if anything, to look at.

"Mr. Waddington," said George, "I am proud to meet you."

"You're what?"

"Proud to meet you."

"What of it?" said Sigsbee Waddington churlishly.

"Mr. Waddington," said George, "I was born in Idaho."

Much has been written of the sedative effect of pouring oil on raging waters, and it is on record that the vision of the Holy Grail, sliding athwart a rainbow, was generally sufficient to still the most fiercely warring passions of young knights in the Middle Ages. But never since history began can there have been so sudden a change from red-eyed hostility to smiling benevolence as occurred now in Sigsbee H. Waddington. As George's words, like some magic spell, fell upon his ears, wrath melted from his soul like dew from a flower beneath the sun. He beamed on George. He pawed George's sleeve with a paternal hand.

"You really come from the West?" he cried.

"I do."

"From God's own country? From the great wonderful West with its wide-open spaces where a red-blooded man can fill his lungs with the breath of freedom?"

It was not precisely the way George would have described East Gilead, which was a stuffy little hamlet with a poorish water supply and one of the worst soda fountains in Idaho, but he nodded amiably.

MR. WADDINGTON dashed a hand across his eyes.

"The West! Why, it's like a mother to me! I love every flower that blooms on the broad bosom of its sweeping plains, every sun-kissed peak of its everlasting hills."

George said he did too.

"Its beautiful valleys, mystic in their transparent, luminous gloom, weird in the quivering, golden haze of the lightning that flickers over them."

"Ah!" said George.

"The dark spruces tipped with glimmering lights! The aspens bent low in the wind, like waves in a tempest at sea!"

"Can you beat them!" said George.

"Say, listen," said Mr. Waddington. "You and I must see more of each other. Come and have a bite of dinner!"

"Now?"

"Right this very minute. We've got a few puny-souled Eastern millionaires putting on the nose bag with us tonight, but you won't mind them. We'll just look at 'em and despise 'em. And after dinner, you and I will slip off to my study and have a good chat."

"But won't Mrs. Waddington object to an unexpected guest at the last moment?"

MR. WADDINGTON expanded his chest and tapped it spaciously.

"Say, listen—what's your name? Finch? —say listen, Finch, do I look like the sort of man who's bossed by his wife?"

It was precisely the sort of man that George thought he did look like, but this was not the moment to say so.

"It's very kind of you," he said.

"Kind? Say, listen. If I was riding along those illimitable prairies and got storm-bound outside your ranch you wouldn't worry about whether you were being kind when you asked me in for a bite, would you? You'd say, 'Step right in, pardner! The place is yours.' Very well, then!"

Mr. Waddington produced a latchkey.

"Ferris," said Mr. Waddington in the hall, "tell those galoots down in the kitchen to set another place at table. A pard of mine from the West has happened in for a snack."

The perfect hostess never displays discomposure. In moments of trial she aims at the easy repose of manner of a Red Indian at the stake. Nevertheless, there was a moment when, as she saw Sigsbee H. caracole into the drawing-room with George, Mrs. Waddington indisputably reeled.

She recovered herself. All the woman in her was urging her to take Sigsbee H. by his outstanding ears and shake him till he came unstuck, but she fought the emotion down. Gradually her glazed eye lost its dead-fishy look. Like Death in the poem, she "grinned horrible a ghastly smile." And it was with a well-assumed graciousness that she eventually extended to George the quivering hand which, had she been a less highly civilized woman, would about now have been landing on the side of her husband's head, swung from the hip.

"Chahmed!" said Mrs. Waddington. "So very, very glad that you were able to come, Mr.——"

She paused, and George, eying her mistily, gathered that she wished to be informed of his name. He would have been glad to supply the information, but, unfortunately, at the moment, he had forgotten it himself. He had an idea that it began with an F or a G, but beyond that his mind was a blank.

The fact was that, in the act of shaking hands with his hostess, George Finch had caught sight of Molly, and the spectacle had been a little too much for him.

Molly was wearing the new evening dress of which she had spoken so feelingly to her father at their recent interview, and it seemed to George as if the scales had fallen from his eyes and he was seeing her for the first time.

Before, in a vague way, he had supposed that she possessed arms and shoulders and hair, but it was only at this moment that he perceived how truly those arms and those shoulders and that hair were arms and shoulders and hair in the deepest and holiest sense of the words. It was as if a goddess had thrown aside the veil. It was as if—well, the point we are trying to make is that George Finch was impressed. His eyes enlarged to the dimensions of saucers; his nose quivered; and unseen hands began to pour iced water down his spine.

No melancholy days in autumn when you have Wodehouse to read. Next week the fun in this story gathers volume like a snowball going downhill.

The Princesse Marie de Bourbon of Spain says:

"They protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful"

Princesse
MARIE DE BOURBON
cousin to the reigning King of Spain, belongs to the illustrious family which, for centuries, furnished the rulers of France and Spain

A PRINCESSE of an ancient, illustrious house, young, appealingly lovely. No wonder Marie de Bourbon's views on how to care for beauty impress all those who've ever seen her.

Spirited youth; hair burnished to copper-gold; the upward curve of a rose-flushed cheek to meet a snow-white brow . . . these would make Marie de Bourbon irresistible even if she *weren't* a princesse, weren't cousin to the reigning King of Spain and high in royal favor.

But she's all these things and wise, besides. For hear what she says:—

"Beauty in women takes such thrillingly different forms; the bloom of the pomegranate on the cheeks of my countrywomen of Spain, in America complexions that are lilies-and-roses.

"But no matter what their tint, their texture, the exquisite skins of beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or, like fragile flowers, like sun-ripe fruit, they wither, they fade."

THIS little princesse, having left Spain and the brilliant life of the court to come and see America, learned that our beautiful women keep their look of youth well into maturity. She was told of Two wonderful Creams which, used together every day, preserve and protect the skin so perfectly that even tiny lines, forerunners of age, are kept out of the face for many years. This is the message Princesse Marie takes back to her country:

"Happily," she delightedly declares, "no woman's skin need fade if she faithfully uses every day Pond's wonderful Two Creams. They keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

Everyday, whenever your skin needs cleansing, and at night before retiring, cleanse deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, pat-patting it lavishly over face, throat, neck, hands. Let it stay a few moments. Its fine oils sink down to the choked, thirsty cells of the skin which lie beneath the surface. It brings up from their depths all accumulations of dust, face powder, perspiration. A soft cloth or tissue removes the cream—and the pore-deep dirt. Repeat this treatment. Finish with a dash of cold water or a quick rub with ice.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it overnight. Morning finds you fresh as a flower whose petals uncurl at the sun's first kiss.

An oily skin can be made normal by judicious use of Pond's Cold Cream. The oil glands at the base of the pores cease their overactivity when they are freed by repeated Pond's cleansings from all deep-lodged accumulations.

AFTER every such cleansing except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin, refreshed and supple, a delicate touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream, brushing it in with light finger tips. It vanishes. Your skin looks like new now—a sort of glow is over it—it's evener, smoother-looking. And now your powder—dab it on—see how smoothly it lies and clings—no patches, no little clods—just a smooth even surface, like the petals of a rose. And how white this cream keeps your hands!

But better than this lovely finish, better than this velvety powder-base, Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin perfect protection from wind and dust and all those unfriendly elements which strive to age and line it. They simply cannot harm your skin if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. Try these Two Creams made by Pond's—see how beautifully fresh and unlined, for years on end, they'll keep *your* delicate skin.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Other beautiful and distinguished women who have praised Pond's Creams:

HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
MISS ELINOR PATTERSON
MISS BARBARA STREBEIGH

Free Offer *If you aren't already a devotee of Pond's, try sample tubes which we will send you, free, if you mail this coupon.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
155 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

We waited two years before announcing this musical instrument. There is no other like it in the world

Now—we want a Name

$5000

IN PRIZES

Read Our Offer

$5,000 in prizes for a name and slogan describing the lovely music of this new Brunswick reproducing musical instrument.

WE have produced a new musical instrument expressly designed to play the new electrical records.

For two years we have worked to perfect this instrument. There is no other like it. We have considered every important new acoustical development in designing it; and have added even more recent important discoveries of our own.

An earlier triumph

As manufacturers of the famous Brunswick Panatrope, the world's first purely electrical reproducing musical instrument, which we perfected in collaboration with Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, we have already achieved a triumph unparalleled in the history of music reproduction.

The Brunswick Panatrope employs *electrical* principles to bring you music and radio of a beauty hitherto undreamed of. When this marvelous reproducing musical instrument was first demonstrated in a concert hall in New York City, the metropolitan newspapers reported the event in front-page space. Critics and public alike proclaimed the Panatrope the greatest musical achievement of the age.

A second success

Brunswick's newest musical instrument is quite as important an achievement as the Panatrope. For it brings the music of the new electrical records within the reach of every one. As inventors of the exclusive "Light-Ray" electrical recording process (music by photography) our reason for developing perfect reproducing instruments is obvious.

Brunswick's new musical instrument does not use the electrical equipment of the Panatrope, and its prices are lower, ranging from $115 to $300. But because it is built by us on thorough knowledge of every development in the whole field of recording and reproduction, no reproducing musical instrument, except the Brunswick Panatrope, surpasses it in the *naturalness* of its music.

To realize this natural quality, you must hear the instrument. It is useless for us to attempt to describe its music.

Not yet named

Brunswick's latest musical instrument is so new that we have not yet found a name for it. So we have decided to offer $5,000 in prizes for a name and an advertising slogan not exceeding ten words, that will convey to others the naturalness . . . the photographic quality . . . of the music of this remarkable instrument.

Read our prize offer in detail. Go to hear the instrument itself. Any Brunswick dealer will gladly play it for you without obligation. Then give us your suggestions. Put them in the special box which the dealer has for the purpose, or mail them to us.

Free booklet gives all details

We have prepared a new booklet which describes Brunswick's new musical instrument and which states in detail the facts about the Brunswick Prize Offer. It is not necessary to have this booklet in order to compete, as all vital information is given here, but it may help you immensely. Write for a copy today.

What Shall We Call It?

WE WANT a name and slogan (slogan not to exceed 10 words) that describe the naturalness—the photographic truthfulness—of the beautiful music of this new Brunswick musical instrument. For such a name and slogan we will gladly pay the following:

First Prize $3000

Second Prize $1500 Third Prize $500

RULES

1. Contest opened August 14. Closes at midnight, December 15, 1926. Anyone may compete except Brunswick employees.

2. The above prizes are offered for name and slogan together, not separate. A name will not be considered apart from the slogan that accompanies it, and vice versa. Any number of names with slogans may be entered. The same slogan may be offered with various names, and vice versa. There is no restriction regarding the kind of name, whether coined, from a foreign language, etc. The slogan **must not exceed 10 words in length.**

3. Write or type on one side of paper only, putting name on one line with accompanying slogan underneath it. Be sure to write your own name and address on each sheet of paper.

4. Entries should be sent to Box 0000, Prize Dept., The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. OR YOU MAY DEPOSIT THEM IN SPECIAL BOXES PROVIDED FOR THE PURPOSE IN BRUNSWICK STORES. Any Brunswick dealer will play the new Brunswick instrument for you without obligation.

5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Contest began August 14th . . . closes December 15th at midnight!

Fill in—clip and mail

Box P-111, Prize Dept.
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,
623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send free booklet describing the new Brunswick musical instrument and $5,000 prize offer.

.....

.....

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

General Offices: 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Death stalks *at the side of* Fashion

The Truth About the Boyish Figure and the Women Who Don't Fit It

Pictures by ARTHUR EDROP

An Article by

LIN BONNER

MADAM, before you start to chisel yourself down from a buxom thirty-six or thirty-eight to a miss's size sixteen, consider:

Strenuous weight reduction, whether by violent exercise, starvation, or an ill-advised diet, or with the aid of "sure thing" drugs, will give you your skinny ideal; but it also will make you scrawny, sag your skin, spoil your complexion, make you prematurely old—and, more to the point, *make you LOOK old.*

Less important from the feminine viewpoint, perhaps, mad reduction methods may run you into anæmia, tuberculosis, chronic indigestion, kidney trouble, and other organic upsets. Even death is a real possibility.

So—it's up to you, ladies, to make the choice between the boyish figure, on one side, and premature senility, disease, or demise on the other.

Weight and overweight are giving the medical profession as much serious concern as any other branch of practice, because the best scientific minds now realize they constitute a two-edged sword which is cutting down thousands of women—and men—annually.

It is hard to determine whether the boyish bob or the boyish figure holds priority in the Hall of Style. Regardless of date, the two are closely related and one, at least, has been tried and found guilty by the medicine men of luring womanhood into the greatest folly of modern times.

Numerous deaths and a large percentage of feminine ills and discontent have been traced by them directly to the boyish figure fad. Beginning about eight years ago and increasing in momentum up to the present, there has been a headlong rush by our women, young and old and middlin', to scourge off poundage so that they could discard corsets and ease

Horrors! Doris Kenyon finds herself half a pound over her contract's weight limit.

into straight-line dresses without bulging at front, sides, or back.

How well they have succeeded, everyone who has eyes to see, from the garter line northward, knows.

Junking the strait-jacketing corset was good health sense, but radical reduction has been a boomerang.

Who started this boyish figure craze, anyway?

Nobody seems to know.

In one sector of Broadway, the theory was hazarded that it was born of the desire to wear clothes like Irene Castle, persistently pictured and publicized at one time as "the best dressed woman in the world."

Paris and the gown designers have been blamed, but they (the designers) contend they only satisfy women's wishes.

The flapper age, with its corsetless dances and petting parties, has come in for its share of finger pointing.

The movie queens also have been suspected.

Thus, it is difficult to serve the warrant on the guilty influence.

I spent weeks investigating and interviewing on the subject of weight reduction, and out of the mass of opinions from biologists, dietitians, physical culturists, and others, two facts are outstanding:

Thousands of women have been made invalids, many have died, as the result of ailments induced by over-reduction.

Anyone desiring to reduce weight should never undertake it without the guidance of a competent physician.

At the present time, in Philadelphia, there is a pathetic instance of family tragedy caused by taking off weight. The people involved are in the millionaire class, high in the social scale. Less than seven months ago, the wife of Mr. S—— was a beautiful woman, in her middle thirties, with a gorgeous complexion and a sunny disposition.

The lady decided to trim down to the prevailing style in figures, estimating that about fifteen pounds off would do the trick. She went on a rigid diet, indulged in strenuous exercises. The poundage came off, but with it she so broke down her tissues that today she is an old woman, with face and neck sagging

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DEATH STALKS AT THE SIDE OF FASHION
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

and her digestive apparatus so badly wrecked she cannot assimilate food. She is nervous, irritable, and hysterical. She is looking forward to death; for, despite the wealth of her husband, the doctors have not been able to repair the damage.

I mentioned this case to Dr. Fenton B. Turck, formerly of Wisconsin and Chicago, now of New York; an eminent biologist internationally famous for his researches in the matter of body cells and tissue.

"What has happened there," he said, "is that the body, starved, has had to obtain sustenance by feeding upon its own tissues. When an animal or a person is prevented from utilizing its food supply, it must break down its own tissue to supply the deficit."

When this occurs, Dr. Turck explains, a toxin which he calls *cytost*, because it is composed of the contents of the cells, is set up in the blood, resulting in a poisonous action that brings on kidney trouble, interruption of digestion, and other harmful effects.

BY injection of *cytost* or *anti-cytost* into young animals, Dr. Turck can produce or arrest old age at will. A kitten two months old, inoculated with the poisonous *cytost* serum, enters upon senile decay, and dies of old age before it reaches four months. The action upon the kitten is the same as that upon humans when, through starvation, diets, or too violent exercises, they break down their tissues.

Almost everyone is familiar with the sad fate of Barbara La Marr, beautiful film star. Because she was full of the joy of life, it was said that excessive living killed her. This, according to one who was very closely associated with her at the time she died, may have been a contributory cause, but it was not the main one. Ill-advised weight reduction killed her. She was taking on too much weight and exhibitors were complaining, so she was ordered to reduce.

Without competent medical advice, Barbara undertook the job. With the aid of a patent medicine and a pineapple diet, she knocked off seventeen pounds in three weeks. She then switched to a diet of white chicken, one glass of milk a day, and an occasional lamb chop. But her diet was wrong, and, when a dormant tubercular condition of the throat became active, her resistance was so slight she could not combat it. Had she been properly dieted so as to retain her strength while throwing off the excess fat, the dormant disease might never have come to life.

Tuberculosis, I am told, is one of the most common results of over-reduction. At Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, I was informed by Dr. Raymond Pearl, noted biologist, that this famous institution has had many cases of tuberculosis—some resulting in death—brought on by excessive reduction.

Not every family physician is competent to prescribe a sound reduction routine and none, if he has good sense, will advise a woman to use the numerous advertised "guaranteed" nostrums.

Yet because a certain medicine, a certain diet or set of exercises enabled Minnie Maginnis to take off twenty pounds, she tells Mollie Mulligan, who thinks it will do the same thing for her.

In most of these cases, one of two things happens: Either Mollie is unable to budge off a pound, or she makes herself sick.

Barbara La Marr, beautiful screen siren, who undertook to reduce without competent medical advice—and died.

The reason is that Mollie is of a different structure from Minnie, with a different family history or background.

For the same reason there cannot be an ideal scale of weights based on height and age. The insurance companies have no standard weight table and almost everyone rolls its own, as it were. Experience has shown them that there are several standards—the normal average, the normal overweight, and the normal underweight.

With these as their guides, the examiners looking over an applicant for a policy take into consideration whether the subject's ma and pa were fat or lean, short or tall, big-boned or fragile, sickly or sturdy, weak or strong. They seek, also, for traces of glandular trouble which might be responsible for obesity. After learning as much as possible of the applicant's family history, they compare their findings with the latter's own structure and decide whether the subject is overweight or underweight, and if so, why.

Overweight, by the way, is considered more dangerous than underweight, except in organic cases, such as tuberculosis; and medical records show that persons packing too much flesh have less chance of a long life than those not so prodigiously padded.

But do not let that lead you into believing you are justified in excessive or ill-considered reduction. There is a proper weight for everyone.

THE table of women's weights printed on page 27 is used by the Life Extension Institute as an *approximate* ideal average, but not as an arbitrary standard.

The figures in that table give you something to "shoot at," but do not mean, necessarily, that you must be at these weights because you are of a certain age and height. You may be so constructed that you are entitled to a little over or under the above scale.

Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, medical director of the institute, a leader in dietetics and overweight research, and co-author, with Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, of the volume entitled How to Live, says that up to the age of thirty it is just as well to be a bit underweight, but after that magic moment in a woman's life, she must not be radical either way—over or under.

If she is overweight and goes in for sharp reduction, she's likely to find herself with a lot of wide-open spaces under her skin, where the fat once filled it out smoothly.

Dr. Fisk is a firm believer in, and teacher of, "see your doctor first." As a matter of fact, that's what his institute exists for. Its experts look you over, find out what's wrong, and then tell your doctor so that he can put you right.

He, like other authorities with whom I talked, believes a great deal of harm has been done by women seeking the boyish figure when they were not made to fit it. He cited one astonishing case of a housewife of forty who brought apoplexy upon herself.

Proper diet and moderate exercise are favored by Fisk as the ideal method of reduction.

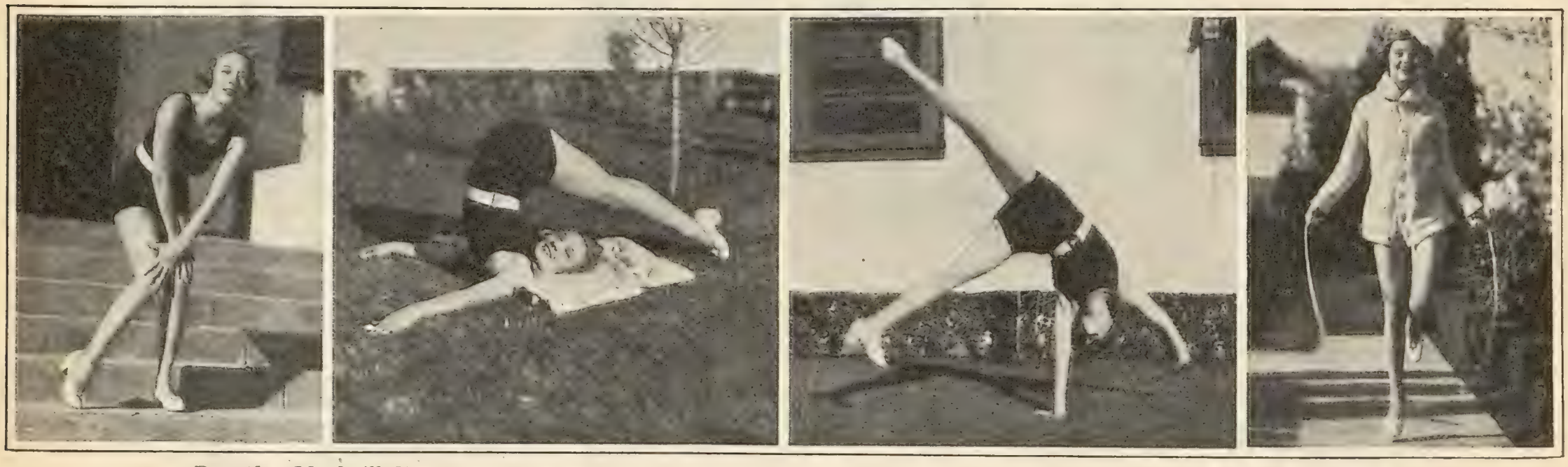
Violent exercise is just as killing in its effects as fat itself.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, ex-pugilist, and now the proprietor of one of New York's largest physical training institutions, doesn't agree with this view, however.

"There is only one honest way of taking off weight," he said, "and that is to sweat it off."

Medical opinion holds just the opposite

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]



Dorothy Mackaill living up to her big movie contract, with gymnastics on the studio lawn in Hollywood.

Are you a woman driver? —then will you read this, please?

YOU know the joys of driving . . . when your car is running perfectly. And you know the nagging irritations of driving when your car is misbehaving. There is something else every woman who drives should know, before she drives another mile.

This: many of the commonest ailments of cars and motors are needless, due to neglect. They can often be prevented by a little intelligent care. Care about the oil you use. Care that it is the *right* oil.

"As if I didn't know oil is necessary" . . . is that what you are saying to yourself? Yes, most women know they can ruin a motor by running without oil. But many still don't realize that much damage can be done by oils that are *not good enough for their job.*

This is what happens . . .

EVERY minute you drive, there are two enemies that are trying to get at your motor. Heat and friction. Heat that is terrific enough to sear and scorch metal! Friction that is fierce enough to wear down one metal part against another! Both eternally menacing your motor.

The only thing that saves your motor from quick destruction is a film of oil, thinner than this page. A pretty big job for a sheer film of oil—resisting elements that could destroy metal. Yet, for all its apparent delicacy this oil film is your motor's most steadfast defender.

Many oil films cannot withstand the ceaseless warfare. They fail. They break and burn. Wherever there is a break, your motor is in danger. There it is unprotected against the heat that lashes it and the grinding friction of metal part gnashing against metal part.

The result may be truly disastrous. Breakdowns, delays, repair bills. Sometimes the damage is so serious that the car never seems to run as well again.

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The Veedol "film of protection"

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When your car needs oil, drive up to the next orange and black Veedol sign. Tell the dealer you want the old oil drained out of your crankcase and a new supply of the correct Veedol oil for your car.

This simple precaution will save delays, damage and dollars. Join the thousands of women motorists who follow this inflexible rule—to get Veedol whenever the car needs oil.

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FOR ADVICE *in regard to your car, write Miss M. E. Brown, Women's Dept., Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.*

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"It's only the faucets in the bathroom," embarrassedly you assure them. "The nurse is in there cleaning up before she retires."

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faucets without a fault

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

view, and points out that the moisture removed from the body by sharp and sustained exercise is soon replaced by liquids consumed to make up the deficit; because moisture is needed to take up the heat of the body.

There is a growing conviction that strenuous athletics is harmful to women. It interferes seriously with their chances of motherhood, and puts them in line for the surgeon's knife when it comes time for their child to be born.

Normally, there should be no danger in childbirth. Nature specially designed woman for this great mission in life. But, apparently, it did not include in that design the strenuous muscle-hardening exercises which it allows man. Hence the trouble.

This may account for the fact that many women who have been champions in the more violent sports do not have children.

Realization of this has caused certain colleges and industrial organizations lately to move in discouragement of such strenuous sports as basketball and hockey among young women. This despite a recent recommendation by the health section of the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs that athletics among girls be encouraged as an asset to their business and professional careers.

Moderate exercise is desirable for both men and women; but the tissue-burning brand which so many use in their reduction routines is not.

The United States Public Health Service, which has been interested in the subject of reduction even to the extent of giving instructions via radio, warns against *violent* exercise, though urging exercise as a companion of the diet in reduction programs.

Vigorous walking (not sauntering) for two to four miles each day, and swimming, are urged as the two most efficacious forms of exercise; golf and the work of cultivating a home garden also are recommended.

"But," the Federal advisers caution, "in performing all such exercises it is important that you avoid fatigue. Stop your exercise before you reach a point where you feel that you do not wish to continue.

"IN effecting a reduction of weight, take care that such reductions are not accomplished too rapidly. A loss of from one to one-and-a-half pounds per week is quite satisfactory, and from four to six months should be taken to effect a reduction of twenty-five pounds."

In the case of women of the stage and screen, dieting and exercise, with many, are business necessities; and one big picture organization, First National, has even gone so far as to put into its stars' contracts a weight-limit clause. The scale of weights provided for the girls under this clause is:

Height. ft.	Weight. lbs.
5.0	99
5.1	103
5.2	110
5.3	115
5.4	120
5.5	125
5.6	130

If you'll refer to the other table below, you will see that these weights are about what are expected for a girl of fifteen; but, then, the movie stars seldom grow much older than that in the pictures, and that may be permitted. Also, at the present time, these figures apply to such young women as Dorothy Mackaill, Doris Kenyon, Mary Astor, Dorothy Sebastian, and Joyce Compton.

WITH the injection of this weight clause, First National installed in its studio a modern gym under the direction of a physical culture expert, who prescribes the right exercise routine for the girls. Their doctors look after their dietary. They keep to the required weight, or underweight, and no harm results.

These young girls represent the ideal boyish figure, but what would happen if any manager ordered weight reduction for Trixie Friganza, Fay Templeton, Sophie Tucker, Marie Dressler, Kate Price?

Fat has been part of the fortune of these, and they'd probably call a policeman if any manager tried to steal any of it away from them.

Dr. W. R. Morrison, a woman's specialist of Kokomo, Indiana, related to me the case of a patient who came to him in a state of decline, due to over-dieting. He ordered her to desist, or he would refuse to continue as her doctor. She persisted and he gave her up. A few months later she died.

"One should not reduce over a pound in seven days," said Dr. Morrison, "for a too rapid loss of weight causes, first, a general relaxation of all musculature; then atrophy takes place. In women this is particularly marked. Later, nervous symptoms appear, likewise a sagging of the stomach. These seldom are relieved, except by surgical interference.

"This atrophy of the tissues causes sterility. One of every ten inordinately thin women is sterile, likewise four out of ten overweight women are sterile.

"Patients that have over-dieted are unable to nurse their babies, which often have rickets. They are susceptible to colds, influenza, and especially pneumonia and heart trouble. All diabetics give a history of overweight before their malady is noticed."

Dietitians generally are in accord on weight reduction and the foods which should be used to accomplish it. But, like the insurance people, they consider each person as an individual unit, to whom a diet must be adapted in order to get safe results.

For the insignificant sum of one dollar and a half I obtained one of the most intelligently written and comprehensive books on the subject of diet that it has been my good fortune to find. It is the collaborated work of Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds, professor and associate professor, respectively, of chemical hygiene at Johns Hopkins University.

McCollum and Simmonds, for fifteen years, have been working out dietetic theory, using rats for their experiments. Using various food combinations, which they know thoroughly from the chemical standpoint, they feed the rats in such fashion that they can stunt their growth or make them large, make them sleek of fur or mangy, blind or bright. The results they obtain they use for the benefit of humanity in dietary guidance. The rat room is not a pleasant place, when you go through it and observe the little martyrs; but it certainly has its place in the world.

Because Minnie dropped twenty pounds with certain medicine, Mollie tries the same—and gets sick.

In Food, Nutrition, and Health, the McCollum-Simmonds book, the subject of diet is covered in every possible phase—from the history of food to menu suggestions for the four seasons of the year. The life-giving elements in vegetables, milk and milk products, lean meats and fats, are all thoroughly explained—but no ideal diet for all humanity is offered. Of fake medicine and violent exercise, McCollum and Simmonds say:

"The publications of the American Medical Association emphasize that it is a very unwise policy to take any of the nostrums advertised as reducing remedies, for they are all dangerous to health. It is not necessary to take violent exercise in order to reduce. It is, in fact, a bad policy suddenly to begin vigorous exercises after a period of sedentary life. It is not even necessary to perspire freely in order to reduce the weight."

FISHER and Fisk, in How to Live, say of reducing remedies: "The public is warned against all preparations for the reduction of weight. There are no special breads, baths, drugs, mineral waters, or other similar forms of treatment that have any merit. Some of these preparations are distinctly harmful."

Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, said in a letter: "The use of so-called 'patent medicines,' drugs, or nostrums for the purpose of reducing weight, is so obviously dangerous that the practice should be discouraged in the interest of public health; and a warning that medicines should never be used for this purpose, except under the supervision of a physician, is timely."

Almost every one of the medicines advertised as reducing agents is a thyroid preparation, carrying the danger of goiter, or a concoction of violent salts; and the American Medical Association for years has been running their makers and purveyors out of business or into jail.

If you have any of these advertised remedies in the medicine closet, ladies, throw them away, because—here's a tip:

The boyish figure is filling out. The Paris designers are sending us models which call for figures constructed more along the Venus lines, with a modest display of hips and busts.

THE END

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN

Age	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
Height Ft. In.									
4.8	101	106	109	112	115	119	122	125	125
4.9	103	108	111	114	117	121	124	127	127
4.10	105	110	113	116	119	123	126	129	129
4.11	106	112	115	118	121	125	128	131	131
5.0	107	114	117	120	123	127	130	133	133
5.1	109	116	119	122	125	129	132	135	135
5.2	112	119	121	124	127	132	135	138	138
5.3	115	122	124	127	130	135	138	141	141
5.4	118	125	128	131	134	138	141	144	144
5.5	122	128	131	134	138	142	145	148	148
5.6	126	132	135	138	142	146	149	152	153
5.7	130	136	139	142	146	150	153	156	158
5.8	134	140	143	146	150	154	157	161	163
5.9	138	143	147	150	154	158	161	165	167
5.10	142	147	151	154	157	161	164	169	171
5.11	147	151	154	157	160	164	168	173	174
6.0	152	156	158	161	163	167	171	176	177

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Grand Opera *Ludicrous* *But* LOVELY *Says* GALLI-CURCI

In an Interview with

Margaret Norris

IF you really don't enjoy opera, but down in your heart of hearts are just a wee bit bored by it, don't write yourself down a lowbrow. If after the opening chorus you begin to count the exit lights, to study the arches of the ceiling, or to stretch your legs and doze—don't get an inferiority complex and think that something is wrong. You're right, says Galli-Curci herself.

According to her, grand opera is not the highest form of musical art. The true aristocrats of the musical world are concerts and symphony orchestras; grand opera is a big, glorified show that falls short of getting across. In fact, Madame went so far as to say that grand opera is often ludicrous.

The astounding thing about this was that Amelita Galli-Curci should say it—Amelita, whose flute-like, coloratura tones have lured more ducats to the opera box office than any other set of vocal cords since Caruso's and Patti's.

"Tell us, Madame Galli-Curci," we implored, "what do you mean, grand opera is ludicrous?"

"I can best answer your question by asking you some more," she said, smiling, oh, so charmingly!

"Why must singing and acting be combined? Why not be content with either one or the other? Why must we emote to music? It is only in the movies that this is done successfully.

"Grand opera combines two very great arts—the art of music and the art of drama—each one of which is complete in itself. Unite them and one must suffer. If the music is beautiful and enthralling, it slows up the action; if the drama is strong and swift-moving, the music is too light to be great. It is like breeding together two super-creatures of wholly different species. The result is an incongruous, hybrid growth, neither horse nor ass, but mule.

"For example, how can you have great drama when the actors and actresses are cast for their roles by an arbitrary selection based on nothing but the singing voice? The soprano must be matched with the tenor, though

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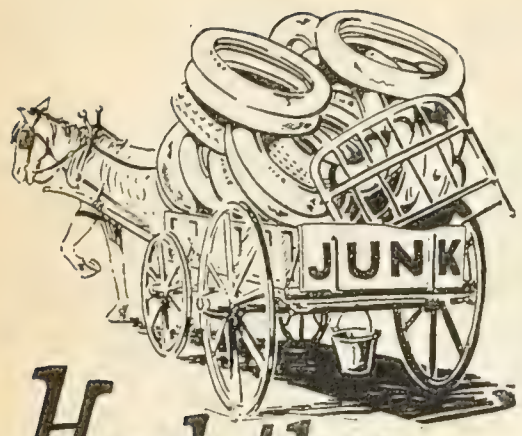
Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, world-famed diva, and (at left) as she appears in the mad scene in Lucia.



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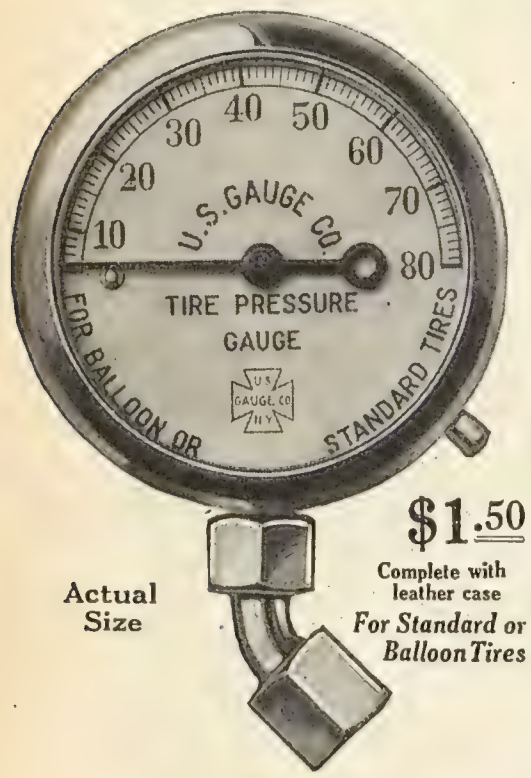

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

she outweigh him fifty pounds and is old enough to be his mother. And at the proper moment she must fall upon him in polar bear embrace.

"Take La Boheme, for instance, one of the most popular operas with American audiences. *Mimi*, the heroine, is a lovely young French girl who, just as the curtain goes down, dies of tuberculosis and starvation in her garret studio, while *Rudolf*, her tenor lover, trills out his grief in ravishing tones. *Mimi* has always been a favorite role for soprano prima donnas, regardless of age, nationality, or cubic feet of displacement. Jack London, at one period in his career a musical critic on a London paper, heard this role sung by a world-famous *Mimi*. But it was not her vocal performance upon which he waxed eloquent. He said that to portray this diva in her overfed prosperity, ruddy in spite of her make-up, as dying of tuberculosis, was an insult to the intelligence of any audience. Now, had her affliction been apoplexy, continued Mr. London—

"Of course all the great operas are tragedies. Everyone dies in the end. And in their dying moments they always sing—reach their highest and greatest climax—in the ultimate throes of death. Now the normal person dies gasping, certainly not lilting arias, and an intelligent audience finds it hard to get the most from the music when it is accompanied by action that is not even plausible."

Right here we might add that Madame Galli-Curci is small and slim and lithe enough to play any role.

"TO continue with grand opera," she said, "the greatest composers never wrote it. Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven wrote only for instruments. Beethoven wrote one opera, but it was not a success. The cream of the world's great music was not meant for the big stage. There is more emotion in one song of Brahms' than in a whole opera. That is why the singing voice is at its best in concert. For instrumental music there are the symphonies. These symphony orchestras are patronized lavishly in America. They are the aristocrats of all music, the presentations for which the greatest masters composed.

"Human reactions on the opera stage seem so pitifully unnatural. Take the opera of Tristan and Isolde, as an example. *Isolde* is the beautiful maiden whom *King Mark* has chosen for his bride. He dispatches *Tristan*, his trusted companion and aide-de-camp, to fetch her. *Tristan* meets *Isolde*, but they don't fall in love at first sight; they postpone it until they drink a love potion given them by a maid in the woods. Then they both swoon with love for each other and forget all about *King Mark*. And what does the King do about it—this absolute autocrat of the olden days? Does he order *Tristan* sliced to ribbons? No, he stands there and sings a beautiful funeral dirge for the next quarter of an hour.

"THE same stupidity of action characterizes the lovers. They know their pursuers are after them, but do they flee? No. They hang around to sing their most heavenly duet. Marvelous music but wretched drama!

"The only place in opera where the acting can be logical is in the mad scenes, as in Dinorah and Lucia, where the heroine goes raving insane; where the music, too, becomes mad and nothing is expected to be reasonable. It is great fun to play those roles! I presume that to most of the public all of our opera scenes seem quite mad.

"Don't think I'm being severe. Grand opera in itself is stupendous. But it isn't art at its best. To know any one art at its finest, one must study that art alone, not in combination with another art that divides the interest.

"Drama is at its best in the theaters with the great actors and actresses. Music is at its best in concert. If the two must be combined you'll find it most reasonably done in the musical comedies of the stage, which make no effort to be dignified and therefore are sincere. Both music and action are very light. The players are cast by their fitness for the part. They have beautiful girls and dancing, tuneful melodies and everything else which the tired business man, that great dictator of American entertainment, wants for his relaxation. It is a bit of a strain upon the layman to sit through forty-five minutes of classical recitative, such as he may get in one act of opera."

"Is all this by way of breaking it gently to the grand-opera-going public that you are deserting the opera stage to sing only in concert?" we interrupted.

"I desert good opera?" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! Never! Never!"

She broke into Italian.

"But you see," she added more calmly, "I love it because I come not from America but from Italy, where opera was born. It is a great national thing, there, like baseball in this country. Caruso was to Italy what Babe Ruth is to you—the great national hero.

"True, all the great artists are over here. But you do not enjoy the very best as they do their second-rate companies.

"America loves concert much better than opera. Unless opera is superbly done in America it is absurd. And if it is superbly done it costs excessively. But America must have the best. Unless they are headliners she doesn't care to hear them. In addition, if they have to listen to the same opera twice during the season they feel they have been cheated in their subscription fee. In Italy they concentrate on two or three operas and give them again and again.

"WHILE every city in Europe of any size supports its own opera, America, with most of the wealth in the world, has only two resident companies, one in Chicago and one in New York. In eleven weeks of opera, the Chicago company has an annual deficit of half a million dollars—under the best possible business management. The capacity of the opera house will not pay for certain performances, so gigantic is their scale. The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, with a season from November until April, must call upon other sources of revenue than box-office receipts."

Madame Galli-Curci, until three years ago, was a member of both the Chicago and the Metropolitan opera companies; one of their greatest stars. Since January, 1924, however, she has sung only with the New York company.

It was Chicago, however, that discovered her. The late Signor Campanini, original conductor and manager of Chicago opera, heard her in South America, recognized her greatness at once, and introduced her to the capital of the Middle West in the winter of 1917.

In private life Madame Galli-Curci is Mrs. Homer Samuels. Her husband is also her accompanist in concert appearances. Their home, for the brief season when she is not strenuously on tour or appearing in opera in New York, is tucked high up in the Catskills.

THE END

The beautiful home, tucked high up in the Catskills, where Galli-Curci finds rest between operatic and concert appearances, and (above) the songbird in her garden.

"Yes, I Am Convinced That Women Can Think Like Men"

Asserts EUGENE NOBLE FOSS

Former Governor of Massachusetts for Three Terms

An Interview

By Sarah Van Rensselaer

I'VE just visited one of the most understanding men I've ever met.

Some men may call him radical for his business methods are unique. He is a pioneer. He dares to do what "isn't done."

I went to Boston to find out what sort of a man was advocating the principle of women buying direct from his factory, offering them greater economies.

The man, Eugene Noble Foss, former Governor of Massachusetts, supposedly a most conservative New Englander, has been announcing an almost radical proposition.

For many years he has been President of the B. F. Sturtevant Company, a $10,000,000 concern, 62 years in business.

This great New England concern employs one of the leading technical staffs in the country. Many of its contracts for air moving machinery run into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In schools, hotels, churches, theatres, in the new Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel there are Sturtevant installations.

In costly homes, for years, Sturtevant vacuum cleaners have been the choice. None are finer, none have the Sturtevant background. With New England ideals of manufacture, the Sturtevant vacuum cleaner has ever been the standard for comparison.

And now, in the height of its success, Governor Foss and the Sturtevant executives say, "We've perfected this cleaner to its limit—now we must seek other ways to give super-value to American women."

Governor Foss says, "I have investigated 7,000 of our recent sales to women. I find our new plan has a tremendous appeal. Before we instituted it, some men warned me that women did not think like men, that they would be hesitant to deal direct with a factory. Our conclusions are different. Everywhere we find women just as progressive as men, just as eager to participate in new-day methods of economical distribution."

So this conservative group of executives sanctions the following sensational offer.

A sturdy Sturtevant will be sent direct from the factory to your home for 10 days' free trial. It must sell itself.

If you agree that it is the finest on the market, regardless of price, you can send $4, then $5 per month until paid for.

The price is $39 with all attachments. You save about $26. We would have to charge our former price of $65, had we not adopted this new policy of "factory-to-you."

If the Sturtevant doesn't sell itself, just ship it back, collect.

When I first heard of this offer, it seemed too liberal to me. But Sturtevant executives tell me that recently 7,000 were shipped out to women on this offer—95 out of every 100 women who tried the Sturtevant became purchasers, agreeing that the Sturtevant is today's supreme vacuum cleaner at today's lowest price.

The Sturtevant is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and the Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. No finer can be bought. The Sturtevant has countless mechanical superiorities, easily self-demonstrated in your own home. To use it 10 days as if it were your own is to realize its sturdy power, its inbuilt betterments.

See how it gets *all* the dirt! Not merely the surface dust. Learn how easy running it is—how it reaches into all the corners.

This trial costs you not one cent. It places you under no obligation to accept a Sturtevant for 10 days' free trial. You become the sole judge. Keep it or return it—the whole transaction is by mail direct with the manufacturer.

Just mail the coupon below for a free trial Sturtevant or for more information.

The Sturtevant Plan Of Simplified Selling

Save $26 If sold in the usual manner, we would have to charge our former price of $65. The $39 price is "factory-to-you."

Free Trial Without obligation, you can use the Sturtevant for 10 days. During this free trial, it must prove its superiority—else you can ship it back, collect.

Easy Terms If you decide to keep it, pay only $4 at the end of 10 days, then $5 a month until paid for. Thus you get its use while you pay.

Completely Equipped

All the different parts—no extras to buy.

Mail the Coupon Now

B. F. Sturtevant Company
Dept. 97, Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

☐ Ship me a Sturtevant vacuum cleaner for 10 days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $39 as follows: $4 at the end of the trial period and then at the rate of $5 per month. If I return the Sturtevant, you are to refund the express charges. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Please send, without obligating me, descriptive booklet of Sturtevant vacuum cleaner and complete information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Shipments are made F. O. B. our plants in Boston, Mass., Camden, N. J., Sturtevant, Wis., or Berkeley, Cal., whichever is nearest to you.

284 The Book of Hosiery

MORE feet to the mile are traveling in Phoenix hosiery today than ever before. And one reason for that is this remarkable men's sock, number 284, which retails in stores everywhere for only

75 cents a pair

It is made of the long strands of pure Japanese silk. It is skillfully reinforced at the places where extra wear naturally comes. It hugs the ankle and fits the calf. It comes to you in an elaborate assortment of smart colors, to blend with any dress scheme. Today it is carrying millions of strenuous feet over long miles of hard travel and at low cost.

PHOENIX

LSB ©

PHOENIX

SILK SOCKS

MILWAUKEE

WAR Birds

AS we dove on them, the man fell overboard and the girl lost her parasol.

The Uncensored Diary of an American Flyer

[The author of the diary was quartered in London, awaiting orders to go to the front. He and a number of his friends are occupying the town house of a British nobleman.]

PART SEVEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: This diary comes to you, uncensored, just as the author wrote it. He was shot down in action on the French front the summer of 1918. The diary breathes the spirit of flaming youth in war time. It tells without reserve of the adventures of the author, mad gayeties, and thrilling aerial combats.

May 11, 1918.

CLARENCE FRY killed himself by stalling a Spad over at London Colney. Too bad. I thought a lot of Clarence. He certainly was a peach.

The lady that owns the house next door has come back from the country, and she wrote a letter to His Lordship complaining about the racket over here. He sent the letter to us and said we had to do something about it. So Springs went over to call on her this afternoon.

He was gone for quite a long time and we thought she must have proved to be young and attractive; but when he came back he said she was awfully nice and that her son was killed last year in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

$4000.00 In Prizes

Be One of 1055 Winners

$500.00 for 5 Minutes Work!

55 REWARDS IN GOLD

1st Prize $500.00
2nd Prize $400.00
3rd Prize $300.00
4th Prize $200.00
5th Prize $100.00
50 Prizes—Each $10.00
AND
1000
$2.00
LIQUID VENEER FLOOR MOPS
Champion of The World

YOU may easily win one of this generous array of prizes. Just think of it. 55 gold prizes and a thousand Liquid Veneer $2.00 Mops, the Champion Mop of the world! Five minutes of pleasant, interesting work and you may win one of the five big capital prizes of $500.00, $400.00, $300.00, $200.00 or $100.00, but even if you don't, a little earnest effort will make you a possible winner of one of the more than a thousand other prizes.

How to Win a Prize!

Give us, in not more than 150 words, a simple expression of what you consider the outstanding and most desirable quality or characteristic of Liquid Veneer and why. Or, you may tell us of a new and unusual use for Liquid Veneer, and what results can be accomplished by it.

For example: If you now use Liquid Veneer you know that it leaves a *hard, dry finish*, that *it is never sticky*. You may have learned of this unusual characteristic by accident. Or, knowing that most polishes are oily and difficult to rub dry, you may have deliberately tested Liquid Veneer by passing a clean white handkerchief over the polished surface and noted the entire absence of any sticky, oily residue.

And again; years ago a Liquid Veneer user discovered that a few drops of Liquid Veneer on her dusting cloth worked wonders, not only in picking up the dust and holding it in the cloth but in keeping her furniture completely free from the usual furniture ills. The daily contact with Liquid Veneer had kept it shining, new, and protected with no extra effort. Since that time, millions of housewives have adopted the Liquid Veneer dusting idea.

LIQUID VENEER

MORE THAN JUST A POLISH

Begin Now.

Secure an entry blank from your nearest dealer and get started now on this simple, easy way of winning one of these splendid prizes.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send in the coupon printed below and we will mail you entry blank direct and will include a free two-weeks dusting supply of Liquid Veneer, if you so desire.

Judges will be John A. Kloepfer, Pres. Liberty Bank of Buffalo, S. C. Moss, Secy.-Treas. The Moss-Chase Advertising Agency, Edwin Lang Miller, Vice-Pres. Wright-Hargreaves Mines, Ltd. In case of a tie each tying contestant will receive full amount of prize. For complete rules of contest see entry blank.

The contest closes December 31, 1926, but do not delay. Show this ad to your dealer and get your entry blank or mail the coupon to us *today*.

Contest Editor
Buffalo Specialty Co.
60 Liquid Veneer Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Mark an X in squares if you wish us to send free and post-paid

☐ entry blank for Liquid Veneer Contest.
☐ two-weeks dusting supply Liquid Veneer.

Your name.....

Street.....

City .....State.....

(If your dealer does not sell Liquid Veneer, fill in below.)

His Name.....

.....

His Address.....

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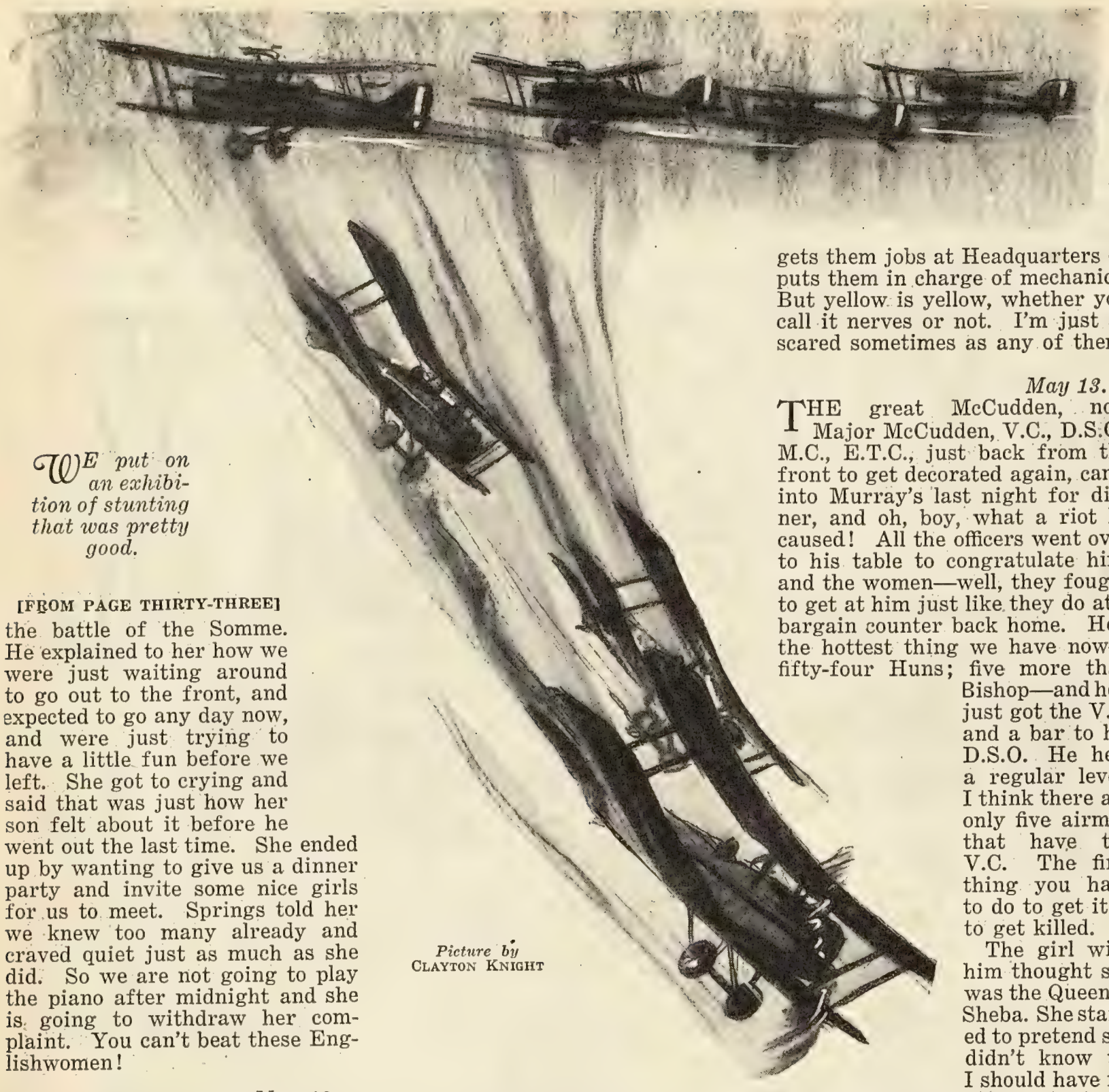

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

WE put on an exhibition of stunting that was pretty good.

[FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

the battle of the Somme. He explained to her how we were just waiting around to go out to the front, and expected to go any day now, and were just trying to have a little fun before we left. She got to crying and said that was just how her son felt about it before he went out the last time. She ended up by wanting to give us a dinner party and invite some nice girls for us to meet. Springs told her we knew too many already and craved quiet just as much as she did. So we are not going to play the piano after midnight and she is going to withdraw her complaint. You can't beat these Englishwomen!

May 12.

LAST night we had another choice assortment of callers. Halley, as usual, was responsible for it. 'Twas a motley crew. But one of them! Oh, la, la! What a knockout! Her name was Billie Carlton. [Editor's note: Billie Carlton, referred to by the author, was an American musical comedy actress whose death after the famous Victory Ball in London was declared due to an opiate and caused widespread comment.] She and I get on like Antony and Cleopatra. How that woman can dance! Well, she ought to be able to, seeing as how she is leading lady in a musical show. She is about twenty-three and has been on the stage since she was eighteen. She sure is witty. She kept us laughing all evening. She had a General in tow that wasn't at all friendly to me. There was a little monologue she gave.

"What, you coward!" she would say. "How dare you strike a poor, defenseless woman! You contemptible cur! Why don't you have courage enough to hit a man? Why don't you hit me? Whow!" And with that she would throw herself on the floor as if she had been knocked down. She had a lot of little stunts like that.

Then she has a cockney song she sings:

She was poor, but she was 'onest,
  Victim of a rich man's crime.
First 'e wooed 'er then 'e left 'er.
  Ain't it all a bleedin' shime?

Chorus

It's the sime the whole world over—
  It's the poor wot tikes the blime;
It's the rich what tikes the pleasure.
  Ain't it all a bleedin' shime?

Then the girl went up to London,
  For to 'ide 'er bleedin' shime.
There she met another squire,
  And 'e dragged 'er down agine.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and kerridge,
  Ridin' daily through the park.
Though she 'as a dozen rubies,
  They don't 'ide 'er bleedin' 'eart.

There she stands upon the corner,
  Sellin' flowers to the gent;
She's grown fat about 'er middle,
  And 'er golden locks 'as went.

There are a lot more verses and variations to it, but these are the only ones I know.

I took her home and the General wasn't very mad! It's getting to be a disgrace, the way we welcome our friends and then put them out and keep their girls. Well, they ought to know better!

She has a gorgeous flat and there was a supper waiting for us when we got there, and a maid to serve it. She slipped on a negligee and looked like a million dollars.

"I was sitting in jail with my back to the wall, and a redheaded woman was the cause of it all."

About ten of the boys have given it up and just quit flying. No nerve. They never should have enlisted if they didn't intend to see it through after they found out it was dangerous. Jeff Dwyer gets them jobs at Headquarters or puts them in charge of mechanics. But yellow is yellow, whether you call it nerves or not. I'm just as scared sometimes as any of them.

May 13.

THE great McCudden, now Major McCudden, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., E.T.C., just back from the front to get decorated again, came into Murray's last night for dinner, and oh, boy, what a riot he caused! All the officers went over to his table to congratulate him, and the women—well, they fought to get at him just like they do at a bargain counter back home. He's the hottest thing we have now—fifty-four Huns; five more than Bishop—and he's just got the V.C. and a bar to his D.S.O. He held a regular levee. I think there are only five airmen that have the V.C. The first thing you have to do to get it is to get killed.

The girl with him thought she was the Queen of Sheba. She started to pretend she didn't know us. I should have reminded her where we met, but I didn't. I saved her life once.

Well, I'm not jealous. I'm going to be hot myself some day.

I'm either coming out of the war a big man or in a wooden kimono. I know I can fight, I know I can fly, and I ought to be able to shoot straight. If I can just learn to do all three things at once, they can't stop me. And Bishop is going to teach me to do that. I've got to make a name for myself, even if they have to prefix "late" to it.

The groundhog captain at London Colney finally got his wish and killed himself in a Pup. He was rolling over the tree tops and his motor cut out and he didn't have enough speed to get around and went into the ground.

I hear that Kissell has been shot down and killed at the front. He was the best Camel pilot we had. He could fly upside down as well as right side up.

Cherubim and Seraphim invited us down to Maidenhead for the week-end at Cherry's house. Vic, Jack May, Barney, Cecil, Dora, and the three of us went down Saturday afternoon.

Cherry has a cottage right on the river, with a pretty little garden in the back. Jack brought the food down from Murray's and a good time was had by all. Vic found attraction next door and left us for a while. We called on

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

In TRUCKS and BUSES

Sturdy trucks and fine, safe buses are becoming more and more a vital part of the nation's transportation. In hundreds of thousands of trucks and buses, dependable ChampionSparkPlugs are contributing to better engine performance and standing up under the tremendous stress of such operation because of Champion sturdiness.

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used.

Champion X— exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors— packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each.
Set of Four $2.40

Champion— for trucks and cars other than Fords— packed in the Blue Box—
75 cents each.
Set of Four $3.00
Set of Six 4.50

CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine
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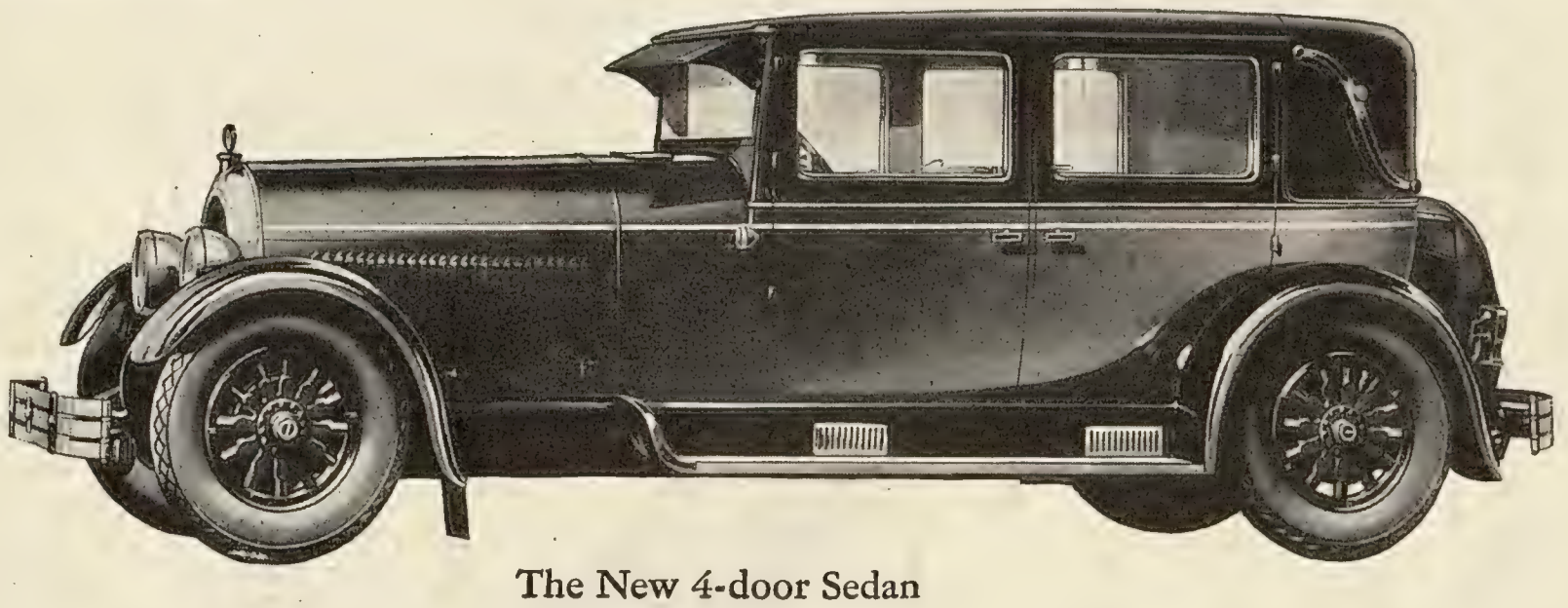

The New 4-door Sedan

The only American-built car that has all major units completely CUSHIONED-IN-RUBBER

In this beautiful new 4-door Sedan, you will find a buoyancy, a roadability, a travel ease different from anything you have ever known before.

All major units are completely *cushioned-in-rubber*. That means there are no shackles, spring bolts or working joints! No more oiling of these and other points! No more rattles or squeaks!

You will also find other notable improvements which stamp Kissel as a leader in fine car building. For instance, this new car is lower cradled —the distance from the ground to the top is only 70 inches. It fairly hugs the road at high speed without sidesway, slipping or wandering.

Extra riding comfort is afforded by a new wheelbase. The Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery, Marshall Springs and form fitting seats are indicative of the interior luxury.

There is a new Straight Line Drive which means still greater smoothness of performance. No change, however, has been made in either the Six or Straight Eight Engines. Anyone who knows motors will tell you that the Kissel power plants are recognized to be as near engineering perfection as motors can be.

You will be captivated by the striking beauty of the body and the tasteful harmony of the new colors. Note particularly the new flat fenders and the narrow corner posts which give a wider sweep of vision. The new 4-door Sedan is unquestionably America's greatest fine car value. Demand for it has already broken all Kissel production records for a single model.

$1895
for the 4-door Sedan
f. o. b. factory

$2295 for the
4-door Straight Eight
f. o. b. factory

Standard Equipped

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY ◆ HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

His Lordship and he showed us his country place, but I'm not sure he was glad to see us. We were supposed to go to a dance, but none of us ever got there, or even came near it. Everybody went back to town Sunday except Cherry and Sherry and the three of us. We chartered an electric punt and spent the day on the Thames. It's a beautiful spot, a regular fairyland. Little estates come right down to the water's edge and at night it's beyond description. These punts are big flat-bottomed canoes and are run by storage batteries. They have no seats, but the bottom is filled with cushions. We had lunch on the terrace at Skindle's, which is a big restaurant with a terrace down to the water's edge. We had tea in the punt up at some place above the locks. We went back to Skindle's for dinner and Springs got chummy with a girl over at another table and made a date with her to meet him there later.

WE all got back to the cottage after dinner and then Springs got a rowboat and went back to Skindle's after the girl. He couldn't find her, and went in the bar. There were a couple of Guards officers in there and they all got to chewing the rag. The Guards officers began taking cracks at the American Army. One of them—a long, tall bird—said, "I've been reading in the papers until I'm jolly well sick of it about the number of American troops that have come over. But what I can't understand is why none of them will fight. Paris is full of them, London is full of them, but they all jolly well stay away from the front. None of them will fight."

"Well," says Springs, "here is one of them that will." And with that he hauls off and stretches the long, tall bird on the floor. The other one makes a pass at him, but he ducks and beats it out and jumps in his boat and shoves off. But in his haste he forgot his oars. He floated down the river and missed the falls by a miracle. There were no lights showing anywhere and I don't see how he found his way back, but he did. He's got more lives than a cat and needs all of them.

I heard today that Hash Gile is missing at the front.

Bob Griffith is dead. The wings of his D. H. Nine came off at 10,000 feet.

May 14.

All aboard for France. Our orders have come through and we leave next Wednesday.

A ferry pilot brought over my new machine day before yesterday and smashed it all to pieces landing. He got tangled up in the wires coming in. So I decided I'd fetch my own service machine, and got Springs to fly me over to Brooklands in an Avro yesterday and I flew it back. It certainly is a beauty. I like these 180 Viper Hispanos made by Wolsey much better than the 220 Peugeots. Brooklands used to be an automobile race track, but is now the depot and test park for the R. F. C. I saw some of the new experimental planes down there. One was the Snipe, which has the 200 Bentley motor and is going to take the place of the Camel at the front. Another was the Snark, which has the big A. B. C. air-cooled radial. It has a wonderful performance, but I understand there's some hitch about it. The Salamander and the Hippo and the Bulldog were all there, too. The Hippo is a sort of two-seater Dolphin.

I gave my new plane a work-out in the air today. It flies hands off. I put it level just off the ground and it did 130. Then I went up high and did a spinning tail slide. Nothing broke, so I have perfect confidence in it. I've been cleaning and oiling the machine guns, tuning up the motor, and testing the rigging. The best part of it is that it's mine—no one else has ever flown it and no one else ever will. It's painted green and I have named it the Julep and am having one painted on the side of the fuselage. Nigger has the Gin Palace II and Springs has the Eggnog First.

Larry has had trouble with his motor and is losing sleep over it.

Tomorrow I've got to synchronize my gun-gear, set my sights, swing my compass, and then I'm ready. Death, bring on your sting! Oh, grave, hoist your gold star!

The bus certainly is plentifully supplied with gadgets. The cockpit looks like the inside of a locomotive cab. In it is a compass, airspeed indicator, radiator thermometer, oil gauge, compensator, two gun-trigger controls, synchronized gear, reservoir handle, hand pump, gas-tank gauge, two switches, pressure control, altimeter, gas-pipe shutoff cocks, shutter control, thermometer, two cocking handles for the guns, booster magneto, spare ammunition drums, map case, throttle, joystick, and rudder bar. That's enough for any one man to say grace over. It has two guns: one Vickers and one Lewis.

THE Vickers is mounted on the fuselage in front and fires through the propeller, with a C. C. gear to keep from hitting it. The Lewis is mounted on the top wing, and fires over the top of the propeller. It has two sights: a ring sight and an Aldis telescopic sight. I set both sights and both guns so that they will all converge at a spot 200 yards in front of the line of flight.

When you aim, you really aim the plane and the guns take care of themselves. The Vickers has a belt of 400 rounds and the Lewis has a drum of 100 and we carry three spare drums. To change drums you have to pull the gun down on the track with your hand and then take off the empty drum and put on the full one. It's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

SPRINGS was a great sight when he came walking back. His face and head were all covered with mud.

Foot-Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

MEN walk much more than they think they do, and nearly always on concrete, tile or macadam—the best substances known to resist wear and the worst for the well-being of your feet.

No wonder you are tired out at 5 o'clock at night—no wonder thousands have availed themselves of the comfort of FOOT-JOY Shoes to overcome these conditions. You cannot avoid walking, but you can wear FOOT-JOY Shoes and walk in comfort. FOOT-JOY Shoes are made in styles for all occasions, and are the last word in smartness.

Ask us to send you the FOOT-JOY book—a valuable aid to those who would keep their feet in good condition.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton Massachusetts

Also Makers of

The famous *Anatomic* Shoes for Men

Name.....

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Foundry Man—then Office Man—at $12 a Week
His Salary in 1924—$9,000!

COULSON B. HYDE
General Auditor
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Plant of Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.

And—as General Auditor of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.—he is still climbing!

COULSON B. HYDE, moulder in a local foundry, was discontented. He checked on a LaSalle coupon the business field that most appealed to him, signed his name, and mailed it in.

It brought him a free book, but a book worth many times its weight in gold—*for in it he found the opportunity that started him toward bigger things.*

Today he is General Auditor of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company; and in his letter of May 12, 1925, he writes, "My compensation for the past year was $9,000, and I fully expect to double that the coming year."

Tremendously inspiring, Mr. Hyde's career! "I quit the job at the foundry," he writes, "for a position in the office of a local baking company—at $12 a week—where I applied the principles of the accounting I was studying. The opportunity for advancement was small, *but the opportunity for studying business principles was big (as it always is to the ambitious).*

"Three years later I resigned the position as cashier to go into public accounting with a local accounting concern. This led to my connection with the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company.

"When I started with this company, in 1919, we had only four branch offices and did not even manufacture our own product. Today, in a little less than six years, we have twenty branch offices and about 600 factory employees. This does not include our sales and service staff at our various branches.

"I started with this company at $150 a month, and have never asked for a raise in salary. That comes thru service. Naturally you can see why I am such a booster for LaSalle and take great pleasure in recommending it to any one who is interested in doubling or trebling his salary. *It can be done.*"

Repeated Promotions—Now General Auditor and a Stockholder in Company

"Mr. C. B. Hyde started with our company in 1919 as a bookkeeper. Our business has grown very rapidly since that time, and we have made many promotions to employees who were deserving of it and showed the inclination to grow with the business.

"I am pleased to advise you that Mr. Hyde has had several promotions, until today he holds the position of Manager of our Auditing Department and has under him several Auditors, together with the entire Bookkeeping Department of our business.

"In reward for his faithful service we made him a stockholder in our company on January 1st of this year. His work is most satisfactory, and I only learned today that he acquired the basic principles of his auditorship thru the course he took with your University. If every student becomes as proficient as he in his work, then you are making it possible for many men to hold much better positions."

(Signed)
FRED WARDELL, President
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.

Send for Free Book About Your Own Field

A sixty-four page book—just such a book as showed Coulson B. Hyde what he must do to go from $12 a week to $9,000 a year—is yours for the asking. It clearly describes the opportunities in your field of business and outlines a definite plan that will enable you to *realize* them.

If this 64-page book can place you on the direct path to greater earning power—*as it has done for literally thousands of LaSalle-trained men*—you'll agree that it would be cheap at $100—even $1,000 a copy . . . Yet LaSalle will send it to you *free.*

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LASALLE!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 931-HR CHICAGO

I would welcome free booklet outlining opportunities and describing LaSalle training in the business field checked below, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturers' Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance.**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ **Commercial Law.**
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**
- ☐ **Business English.**
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish.**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking.**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants**

free! mail coupon now

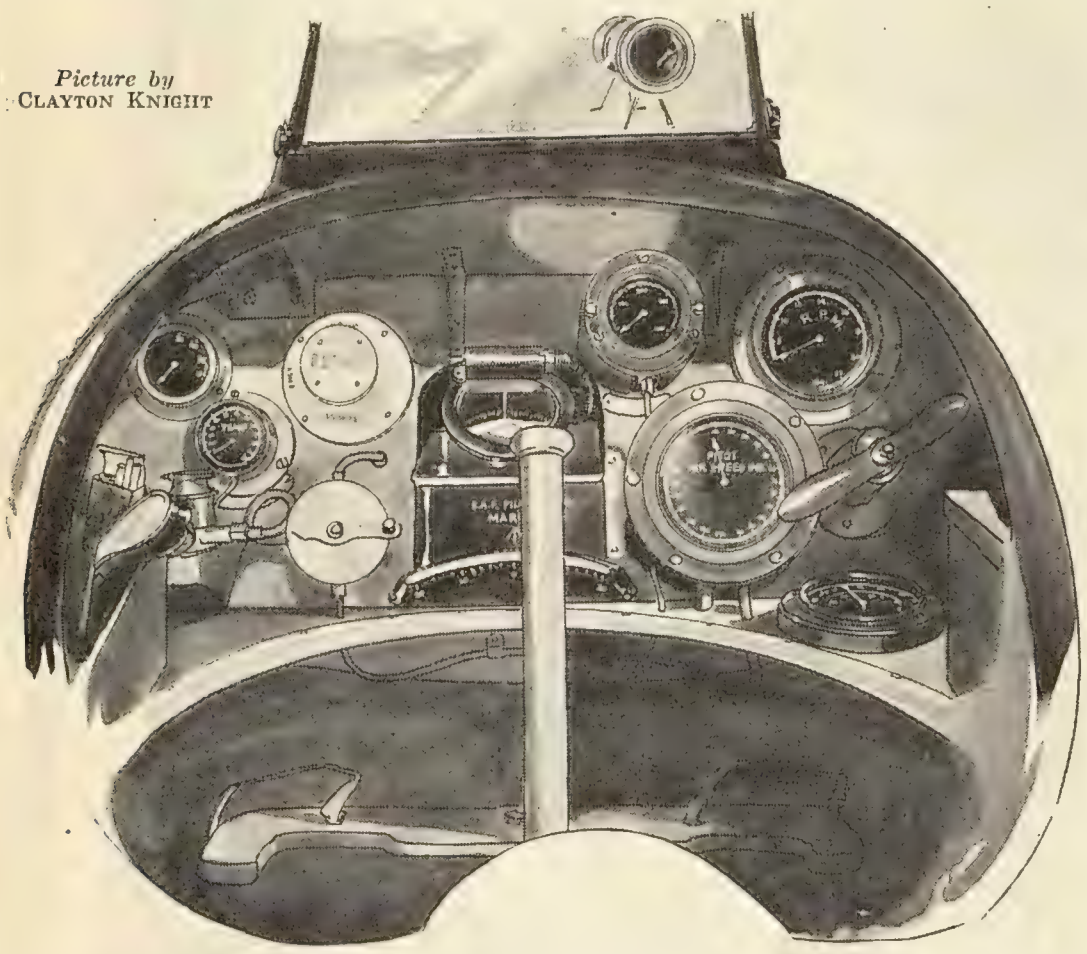
Name..... *Present Position*.....*Address*.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

not hard to do unless you let the wind get against the flat of the drum; then it will nearly break your wrist. We've practiced changing until we can do it in our sleep. The Vickers is the best gun by far.

OF course, I can't resist the temptation to add a few devices of my own and have also put a cupboard and shelf in for spare

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT



The bus is plentifully supplied with gadgets. The cockpit looks like the inside of a locomotive cab.

goggles, machine-gun tools, cigarettes, etc. I am also decorating my cockpit. When you're in the air for two or three hours at a time, you get awfully bored.

We saw Fair and Warmer last night. It was opening night and Billie sent us tickets. She's in it. It was quite amusing, especially the audience, which always laughed at the wrong time. Their idea of American slang is about as good as our idea of theirs.

Yet it is surprising how well Americans are getting along over here; much better than I expected. Everyone that has come in contact with the British swears by them. And the British will do more for us than they will do for their own troops. Every club in England that is open to English soldiers is open to Americans. We have every privilege that is offered to their own troops. If the English soldiers are entitled to special prices on anything, so are we. We ride on the train at half fare and are entitled to anything we want from their canteens. We even draw what we want from their quartermasters. Yet when the American Commissary was opened up in London, the first rule they made was that no one could buy anything who wasn't in American uniform. To me it hardly seems fair; is almost discourteous. I went down to get some canned stuff the other day, but I couldn't get near the counter because the place was so full of Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross and K. of C. Those boys are going to have the best of everything or know why.

As for me, I'm for the British and I don't care who knows it. Irish papers please copy.

The three of us and Nigger flew up to Maidenhead to call this afternoon. We ground-strafed the place and chased everybody off the terrace at Skindle's. Vic was down there and fell off a haystack watching us. Then we steeplechased all the way back down the river and kept our wheels just out of the water. Nigger dipped his once. Cal missed hitting a bridge by inches and Springs landed with about 200 feet of telephone wire dragging on his undercarriage. There was one funny thing! At one long, open stretch there was a punt in front of us, right in the middle of the river. A man in a bright blazer was standing up in the stern, punting, and a girl was sitting in the bow with a big pink parasol. As we dove on them, the man fell overboard and the girl lost her parasol. I looked back to see it floating down the river and the man in the blazer floundering about in a regular whirlpool.

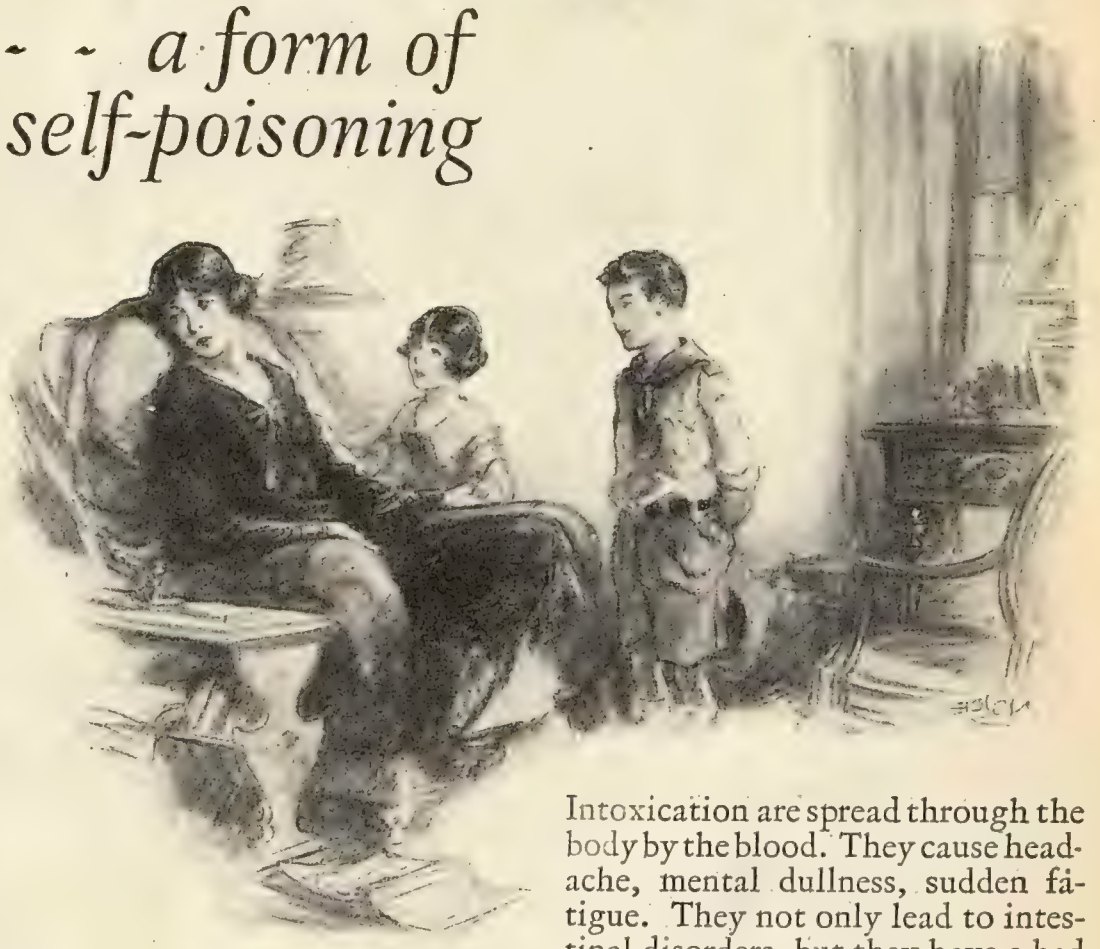
WE heard that Sanford has been killed at the front.

When I think of all the good men that have been killed and then see all the bums that are still alive, hanging around town, it makes me mad. Justice is blind, all right. And God is not fair about it. Why should He take men like Fry and Stillman and Nathan and all the rest of the good ones, and leave bums like me hanging around? It's not right. I feel sort of ashamed to be here still. I'll bet what the government owes me that I can name those who will be the survivors, if any, of our outfit.

One of our crowd got ambitious and not only got married to two different girls, but tried to give

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Auto-Intoxication - - - a form of self-poisoning



The poisons you yourself set up within you weary your nerves ~ cheat you of good health

OUR grandparents walked, but we ride in motor cars. They bent to heavy tasks—we touch a switch and our work is done for us.

This is the age of ease—the era of comfort. But it is not the age of sane and normal living.

We have too many pleasures and interests. There are so many things to do—so little time to do them. We skimp on true rest—we overtax our nerves. We eat too often and too much—we work our muscles far too little.

How Auto-Intoxication affects the health of nearly everyone

Our bodily functions need prompting. We've lost the regularity of habits that goes with the state of perfect health. All too often food remains within us for more than the span of a day, fermenting, setting up poisons—causing intestinal toxemia, or as it is more usually called, Auto-Intoxication.

These poisons of Auto-Intoxication are spread through the body by the blood. They cause headache, mental dullness, sudden fatigue. They not only lead to intestinal disorders, but they have a bad secondary effect upon the central nervous system. Sapping vitality and fraying the nerves, they make men and women listless, irritable and inefficient.

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication for few of us are able to lead lives that would keep us free from the troubles of an over-civilized existence.

* * *

Sal Hepatica relieves and helps prevent Auto-Intoxication by clearing away stoppage. Its use is the correct method, for the best results are had by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts promptly and directly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in correcting this self-poisoning, where the first step is always to wash the intestines clean of those waste products that are at the root of so many of our modern ills. You ought to keep Sal Hepatica in the house always.

SAL HEPATICA is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
New York

Sal Hepatica

© 1926

How 200,000 Women Cook Electrically

Every woman who wants electric cooking can now have it. White-Cross has made the finest electric cooking available to the women of America at prices never before possible. Thirty-four years of experience and unparalleled facilities find their greatest expression in these remarkable new stoves.

The NEW WHITE CROSS 2-BURNER ELECTRIC STOVE, Only $6

ALMOST a quarter million women are enjoying the luxury of this electric stove. You, too, will find daily use for it. It cooks breakfasts, luncheons, and buffet suppers complete. It takes the place of a chafing dish. Keeps cream sauces and chocolate bubbling hot all through the meal. You can cook right at the table. You can use it for bridge luncheons or midnight suppers.

Built for a lifetime of service. Finest, extra heavy sheet steel construction. Its lustrous satin finish is triple baked. Newest and highest grade nichrome heating elements. Finest White Lava plates. Heavy nickel trim and gleaming porcelain fittings. All connections concealed. Bottom completely enclosed against heat. Cord and 2-piece plug included!

Unequalled volume production makes this wonderful quality possible at $6. The size is 18 inches long, 9 inches wide, 5½ inches high. Burners operate independently and draw no more current than a toaster. No electric stove, at any price, cooks with more amazing speed! This is the stove that has made electrical cooking—in its most efficient form — possible in more than 200,000 American homes. See it today.

Now On Display in 15,000 Stores

Go to your electrical or hardware dealer. Ask to see the genuine White-Cross 2-burner stove. Test its rugged strength. Note its jewel-like finish. Insist upon the genuine White-Cross, the unquestioned standard of excellence.

If your dealer can't supply you, order from the factory. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon below and test this stove six days in your own home. Then, if not delighted, return it.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
Dept. L-1. 3212-50 West Lake Street Chicago, Ill.

WHITE CROSS

TRADE MARK

Quality that never disappoints

COMPLETE CABINET ELECTRIC RANGE, $29

Now you can simply turn a switch to fry, bake, roast, boil, or broil. Here is a range that answers your every demand. You get every essential feature to be found in ranges costing four times $29! Size is 34 in. high, 14 in. wide, 12 in. deep. Top, 12 in. x 22 in. with 2 burners operating independently with rotary "on and off" switch at each burner. Oven with 3-heat switch, gives heat range up to 400°—enough for any need. Its size is 12 in. x 10 in. x 11 in. Warming closet below. Uses no more current than a toaster! If your dealer can't supply you, order direct for 6 days' trial use. If you are not more than delighted, return it, and we will promptly refund full price. Note full offer in coupon.

DEALERS White-Cross stoves and ranges are the fastest-selling electric appliances of the decade. They sell on sight. Get your share of these big-unit sales. Write your jobber or direct for special bulletin.

BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE SELL WHITE-CROSS APPLIANCES

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
Dept. L-1, 3212-50 W. Lake St., Chicago

☐ Send me on approval the new No. 100 White-Cross Two Burner Stove. I will pay postman only $6.00 ($7.00 West of Rockies). If not delighted I will return it after six days' use, and you will at once refund full price.

☐ Send me by express prepaid No. 106 Cabinet Range. I enclose remittance for $29 ($32.50 West of Rockies) with the understanding that I may use the range any way I like for one whole week. Then, if I am not satisfied, I will return it and you will refund full price without question.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

My Dealer's Name.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

both of them an allotment. That takes nerve!

I hear the American lieutenant that was at London Colney distinguished himself the other day. His squadron ran into two layers of Huns and leapt on the top layer. He was trying to turn his Camel to the right and he got into a spin and down he went. He got it under control and came out of the spin right in the middle of the lower flight of Huns. They didn't do a thing but shoot him full of holes. He got back a sadder and wiser man. They say he is stout enough and has made a good man. More power to him!

May 17.

WE had a bunch of Brass Hats from the War Office down at Hounslow today and we put on an exhibition of formation flying and stunting for them that was pretty good. Nineteen machines in close formation are a stirring sight. Everything went off well except Spring's landing. His wheel hit a soft spot and turned him, and the other wheel gave way and he turned over on his back and his head was shoved into the mud. He was a great sight when he came walking back to the tarmac, where all the generals were standing. He had on slacks and a white shirt and wasn't wearing helmet or goggles and his face and head were all covered with mud. He's got to go over to Brooklands again tomorrow after another plane. I'm going to fly him over in an Avro.

Captain Elliott White Springs, one of the author's chums, now a well known writer. From a picture taken at Princeton, New Jersey, early in 1917.

Mrs. Bishop had a lady with her and she invited us to tea with them. We explained that we were all pretty dirty, which we were, but she said to never mind that and come along as we were. So we did. We all went into the squadron office and had tea brought over from the mess. The lady with her proved to be very nice and was very much interested in Americans and America. She was the most patriotic person I've met over here, because she was always talking about the King. When I told her how much all the Americans liked serving with the British, she said she was so glad, and she knew the King would be delighted to hear it. That sounded a bit far fetched to me. We got on fine with her and we told her some funny stories and she nearly died laughing. We had a taxi waiting for us and offered to take her back to town with us as soon as we got dressed. She said she'd rather take a bus and get the air, and it would take her right by the palace. I didn't get that either. As we went out we saw Cunningham-Reed's mother and she nearly broke a leg curtsying and I noticed Mrs. Bishop doing the same thing when we left her and took the lady out to the bus. I asked Cunningham-Reed why the gymnastics, and he told me it was for royalty. I asked him wherefore, and he told me the lady was Princess Mary Louise. All three of us have been trying to remember whether we cracked any jokes about the King or not. Mrs. Bishop must have been laughing merrily. She's a peach. We're all crazy about her. Well, I have pressed the flesh of royalty now. My hand has got accustomed to the grasp of nobility and now I know the feel of the real thing. Who said we were democrats? We're all snobs underneath the cuticle.

When we went in to tea, an American lieutenant-colonel asked to see Bishop. I think he wanted a plane. Bishop said to tell him to wait and asked us if he should invite him to tea. We said certainly not; no colonel would ever invite us to anything but a court-martial. That colonel got the surprise of his life when he saw these three disreputable-looking Americans, with non-reg uniforms and slacks, coming out with Bishop and realized what had kept him waiting. He wasn't very mad. I hope we never see him again.

WE had a series of farewell dinners and parties. Nigger's father gave us a banquet at the Criterion. He's a fine old fellow, eighty-two years old. He has five sons in the British army.

The next night Billie came round to the house with some friends. She started to kid me and said I was her cave man. She had a little actress named Babs in, too, that was sweet and girlish. Springs said that if the cave man stuff would work with one, it ought to work with another. Whereupon he starts to grab Babs. Babs thought that was fine and she entered into the spirit of the game with great glee. She responded to the cave-man treatment by hitting him playfully over the head with an empty port bottle. She was no sylph and it didn't do a thing but knock him cold.

Babs spent the rest of the evening making a fuss over him. Springs sent her a nice brick all wrapped up in tissue paper the next morning and later a bunch of orchids.

From now on this diary is packed and crammed full of action. There were deadly air fights at the front every day. Watch for next week's thrilling installment of War Birds.

A Hint to Parents

The youngsters must have sweets.

It is a natural demand which should be *wisely* supplied.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Sweets satisfies their craving, and benefits them at the same time.

Lasts long, too — giving continued joy to the sweet-hungry child.

Teeth, appetite and digestion all derive benefit from it.

Take home a package now and then, to please the kiddies *and* to benefit them.

Made clean and wholesome and kept pure and fresh and full flavored in this sanitary wax-wrapped package

The Fords and the Future

Showing the foot gear shift, on which Mr. Ford stands pat—

as compared with the hand shift of the new competitive cars.

The Greatest Battle Ever Waged in the Automobile Industry Is On

An Article by

William F. Sturm

HENRY FORD is a world figure and his affairs suffer the penalty that being a world figure imposes. The question: "What will Henry Ford do?" is a great one in the automobile world today.

Statistics show that the sales of Ford cars over the country in the first six months of 1926 have not kept pace with sales in other years. One theory is that the matter of pride and social standing of a sort has entered into the question. Another is that prospective buyers are demanding in the Ford just what they are demanding in the other cars. They wish the gear changing done by a hand lever, rather than by the foot. They wish a car with a different type of steering. The reasons for the decrease in sales of the Ford and the increase in buying of other cars in the $1,000 class probably are varied.

It must be recalled that, until a very few years ago, the Ford had its particular field practically to itself. Mr. Ford made a good car, a better performing car than any other, and he sold it at a comparatively low price. He had no competition, price or otherwise, to speak of. It was simply a question of supplying the demand for a utility car.

But times change. A contributing factor of the Ford's phenomenal sales was undoubtedly the poor condition of the roads a few years ago. It took a light-weight car with plenty of power to negotiate the muddy ruts.

Today the vast improvement in roads, with cement and other hard surfaces and well kept gravel, has given the other cars more of a look-in, especially with the farmer. There is less chance of the heavier cars' bogging down.

The State of Michigan, with Detroit the retail automobile battleground of America, may be cited as showing how Ford sales have fallen off in that section:

In the calendar year 1924 the total number of new passenger cars titled in Michigan was 171,363. Ford came first with 87,898; Chevrolet followed with 16,170; then came Dodge, with 8,106, and Essex, with 4,370, to name three cars that are credited with breaking into Ford sales.

In 1925 the figures were: Total number of cars titled, 195,277—Ford, 82,023; Chevrolet, 22,405; Essex, 10,908; Dodge, 9,011.

The figures for Wayne County, in which Detroit, with its million and a half population, is situated, are: Fords titled in 1924, 33,000; Chevrolet, 5,349; Dodge, 2,789; Essex, 1,724. For 1925: Ford, 34,608; Chevrolet, 8,315; Essex, 4,895; Dodge, 3,486.

In 1926 the picture begins to change. The total number of Ford passenger cars titled in Wayne County in the first six months of 1926 was 13,229, as against 21,274 for the same period in 1925; Chevrolet, 5,955, as against 4,372 in the same period of 1925; Dodge, 3,768 for the first six months of 1926, as against 2,179 for the same period of 1925; Essex, 3,144 for the first six months of 1926, as against 1,970 for the same period of 1925.

Comparison of production figures of Ford, Chevrolet, Dodge, and Essex during the first six months of 1925 and 1926 follow:

	First half 1925	*First half 1926*
Ford	828,000	714,000
Chevrolet	231,000	326,000
Dodge	114,000	168,000
Essex	73,000	95,000

Notice that Ford shows a decrease while all others show an increase.

Ford's production during the combined months of August and September of 1925 was only about 65,000 cars, compared with what should have been a normal production during the same period of 250,000 or 300,000 cars.

This low production in August and September of last year was said to be due to a serious error that was made in body measurements when Ford was changing to the present body design. Various parts of the body did not fit the chassis and this was not disclosed until production actually was under way.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Good milk for good babies

The one best baby food, of course, is mother's milk. But it is a fact worth knowing that some babies that can't have mother's milk get along famously on Carnation Milk. Especially babies with weak digestions . . . for Carnation is milk in its most easily digested form.

Carnation Milk is just the purest, wholesomest dairy farm milk with part of the natural water evaporated—but with nothing else taken out and nothing added. (Don't confuse it with *sweetened* milk.)

All the food value is retained in Carnation Milk—butter-fat, with its growth-promoting vitamins, for fuel; protein for building tissues; carbohydrates for energy; and the minerals necessary to the sound development of the bones and teeth.

Carnation Milk is "homogenized"—its butter-fat evenly distributed and atomized into minutest particles, which form a fine, soft curd, easy for little stomachs to digest.

Carnation is *safe* milk. It is sterilized, and protected by air-tight sealing. You can get it anywhere, take it anywhere, with utmost confidence that this milk's purity and *controlled uniformity* will protect your baby from the upsets so often caused by milk of changing and uncertain quality.

Carnation is *good* milk for babies. . . . And it is better than bottled milk for cooking. *And* it cuts two-thirds off cream bills.

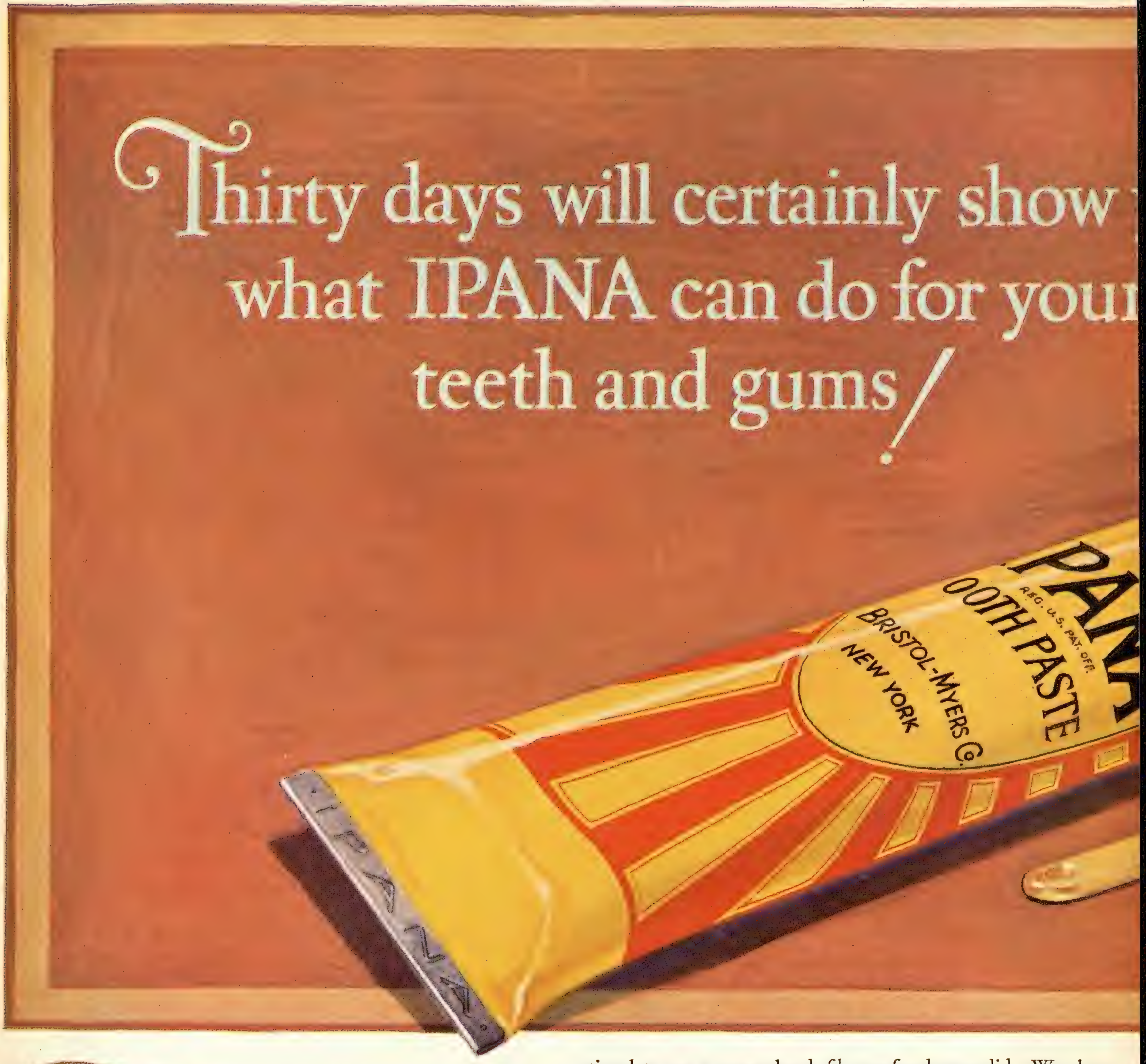
Write for Carnation Infant Feeding Chart; then consult your physician for the correct formula for your baby. Also send for "My Hundred Favorite Recipes," Mrs. Mary Blake's well-known cook book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY

938 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wis. · 1038 Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash. · New York · Aylmer, Ont.

© 1926, Carnation Milk Products Co.

Thirty days will certainly show what IPANA can do for your teeth and gums!



FOR the health of your teeth and your gums, we ask you to make an experiment for one month. Just ask your druggist for a full-sized tube of Ipana. Use it faithfully for one month.

The delicious taste of Ipana should win you from the start and its power to keep your teeth brilliant should delight you. But Ipana will bring you another benefit—it will help you to keep your gums in perfect health!

Our food is soft—our gums need daily care!

The real reason why we moderns are so beset with troubles of our gingivae is that our diet fails completely to keep our gums in health. It is soft, creamy, delicious, but it fails to stimulate our gums as hard, fibrous food once did. We chew too little—we eat too quickly. And, robbed of exercise, our gums grow soft, tender and flaccid.

Sometimes our gums bleed—ever so slightly. "Pink tooth brush" comes as a herald to warn us, perhaps, of some stubborn gum trouble to come.

How Ipana and massage help to restore the gums to perfect health!

With Ipana and massage, light cases of bleeding will be gone in one month! With Ipana and massage you can bring your gums back to firmness and health.

Your own dentist probably will tell you how with this simple treatment, you can restore to your gums the stimulation not given by the mastication of our modern food. Thousands of dentists recommend that the massage be

olished with Ipana after the usual cleaning with Ipana
e brush. For Ipana's virtues have been demonstrated
r 50,000 dentists. By their professional advice Ipana
came known to the general public.

gentle friction of the brush against the gum walls
the circulation, speeding clean, fresh blood to make
e gum tissues. And because of its ziratol content, Ipana
elp make your gums healthy and resistant to disease.

Switch to Ipana for a full, fair trial

n-day tube the coupon offers will no doubt prove
taste and cleaning powers. Use it if you wish. But a
ube from your druggist will last a month. And when
irty days are done—when you know Ipana's beneficial
probably you, like many thousands, will want to
t your tooth paste for life.

IF "pink tooth brush" has never brought its warning to you—if your gums are firm and hard—be thankful and let Ipana help you to keep them so. For the time to fight troubles of the gums is before they start!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB*96*, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partially the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

A Custom Car for Your Wife
~a One-Profit car for you!
THIS Studebaker Custom Sedan gives you the pride of custom lines at the price of a conventional car! It offers you the coveted symmetry of a low-swung custom body—the rich gleaming surface of a duo-tone lacquer finish—the luxury of fine Chase mohair upholstery—together with four-wheel brakes, disc wheels, and a ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) which insures fresh air without drafts or moisture.
Concealed under its custom exterior is the enduring stamina of the quiet Studebaker L-head motor, the most powerful in any car of its size and weight.
Flung from its radiator cap is the silvered figure of Atalanta, emblem of speed and symbol of custom beauty. Commands admiration for its beauty—respect for its power—and extraordinary consideration for its value!
STUDEBAKER STANDARD SIX CUSTOM SEDAN $1385
f. o. b. factory, including 4-wheel brakes, disc wheels and other equipment as listed
Big Six Custom Brougham $1985
The President, a Big Six Custom Sedan (for seven) $2245
Equipment
No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; bumper and bumperettes; engine heat indicator and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror; 4-wheel brakes; full-size balloon tires; and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering-wheel.
STUDEBAKER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

This necessitated a suspension of operations until dies and machinery could be made to take care of the new design.

Theoretically, at least, sales figures should balance production figures. A look at Ford passenger-car national sales figures shows: Sales for the first six months of 1925 were 705,337; first six months of 1926, 613,709. There is thus an apparent spread of 100,291 cars between production and sales figures for the first six months of 1926.

These records show that Ford sales declined nationally 91,628 for the first six months of 1926, compared with the first six months of 1925; this, in spite of the impetus they should have received from the announcement of the change in design in August, 1925.

The Ford decline in national sales for the first six months of 1926 would not be of consequence if it came on a falling car-buying market. But it is regarded as significant in the face of national buying statistics, which show that the increase in combined sales of Chevrolet, Dodge, and Essex was 144,000 cars, or 41.8 per cent, in the first half of 1926 over the corresponding period of 1925.

Comparison of the national sales of Ford, Chevrolet, Dodge, and Essex for the first half year of 1925 and the same period in 1926 follow:

	First half 1925	*First half 1926*
Ford	705,337	613,709
Chevrolet	184,000	264,000
Dodge	104,000	141,000
Essex	56,000	83,000

In addition to the Chevrolet, Dodge, and Essex, it would seem that there is a determined effort on the part of the retailers of all cars selling under $1,000 to go after the business that once was considered as exclusively belonging to the Ford retailer. That the effort is having its effect cannot be doubted by those who study these figures.

IT is generally understood that Mr. Ford has been urged by his advisers, if he may be said to have such, to issue a statement that will set at rest all the rumors concerning his future course in automobile building. But Mr. Ford, at least at the time this article was written, had not seen fit to do this. The world gabbles concerning the alleged differences with his son Edsel; it gabbles about a six-cylinder car, a model of which is alleged to have been running about Detroit and environs for a week, or a month, or a year; it gabbles about a change from a foot-operated gear shift to one that is used in every other car in the world.

Meanwhile Henry Ford pursues the even tenor of his way out at Dearborn, Michigan, where is located the Ford airport and various offices in a building that also houses the *Dearborn Independent* and the experimental department for all the Ford interests—railroads, Ford factory, and the Lincoln factory.

The Ford estate is near by. Mr. Ford spends much of his time around Dearborn. I was told that he sometimes reaches the experimental department by 7 o'clock in the morning, when the shop goes to work. He has been described to me by his employees who come in contact with him, as a kindly man, one who may come along and plop himself down in an office and chat for a while. Certainly, when he came into the office of the *Dearborn Independent* while I was there and I was introduced to him, he smiled and shook hands very cordially. Then he went on his way.

There is not a great deal of credence to be placed in any rumor that there has been a rift between Henry Ford and his son. Rumor has it that in April of this year Edsel and his father disagreed on the construction of the Ford passenger car. Edsel wished changes that would make the car more nearly approximate to other cars of today. Mr. Ford did not feel that these changes were necessary, so the story goes. Edsel left for Europe, presumably to look around and perhaps study the foreign situation a bit. When he came back, the 1st of June, he found that it had been decided to dispense with the services of Mr. E. C. Kanzler, a vice-president of the Ford Motor Company, Edsel's brother-in-law and his good friend.

EDSEL'S friendship was not enough to have Mr. Kanzler retained, so the story continues, and later Edsel issued a story from his own home that Mr. Kanzler had been shifted to some special work in connection with the vast Ford interests. Be the facts concerning this what they may, one thing is certain, and that is that Mr. Kanzler is no longer a vice-president of the Ford Motor Company.

But, getting back to the rift rumored between father and son: It is hard to believe that there is any real difference, aside from just differences in policy. Mr. Ford, Sr., feels that his greater experience entitles him to have his way, no doubt. Without question, he has it. Edsel is the president of the Ford Motor Company, but his father, as chairman of the board of directors, and no office aside from that, is the big boss. It is said that Henry Ford's wife, Clara, is not without her influence and that he values her advice highly. But even Mrs. Ford's influence, if she exerted it, did not save her son's good friend and brother-in-law, Mr. Kanzler, when his time came.

Edsel is Mr. Ford's only child. Henry Ford is devoted to his son's children. The love of a father for an only son, one whom the world may be sure the father is proud of, is not going to permit of any vital difference.

Photo by P. & A.

Edsel Ford, who is rumored at loggerheads with his father over proposed modernization of the "flivver."

Within the past year there have been two outstanding efforts to combat the effects of the raid being made on prospective Ford buyers by competitive lines. The first of these came in August, 1925, when body and chassis refinements were made, with no advance in the price of the car. The body was lowered, new lines were adopted, the radiator was made higher, and a change made to a flat cowl and a raised rear deck.

Ford got away from his alleged remark of "any color, just so it is black," by jazzing up the radiator shell, making it nickel plated, and adding green and maroon as body color schemes. In some of the models—runabout, touring car, coupe, and tudor—the gasoline tank was placed under the cowl, with the filler cap hidden by a cover similar in appearance to a cowl ventilator. There were other slight changes in addition to those mentioned. Mechanically, an important change was the improvement of service and emergency brakes.

Just to indicate how rumor buzzes at the least opportunity, it will be recalled that there spread over the country at the time these changes were about to be announced a report that Ford's new car would absolutely be a six-cylinder.

In June of this year a price reduction was advertised on all Ford cars, considered one of the most drastic in the company's history. Under the new prices, balloon tires, formerly optional equipment at $25 extra, were made standard on all cars. On the new list the coupe was priced at $485, a reduction of $40; the tudor sedan at $495, a reduction of $50; the fordor sedan at $545, a reduction of $45; the runabout at $360, a reduction of $40; the touring at $380, a reduction of $40 also. These prices are f. o. b. Detroit.

A very closely held rumor is that Mr. Ford had fully made up his mind to a much greater reduction, one that would have startled the motor world and that could not have been met by any of Ford's competitors. The story is that he was in some way persuaded not to put this drastic idea into effect. Thus the automotive world is said to have been deprived of the fight of the ages, a fight, it is freely said, that no competitor could possibly have won.

Immediately following on the heels of this advertised price reduction came an order canceling much advertising of the Ford Motor Company. The rumor was that the cancellation of advertising came because Ford was getting ready to put a radically new car on the market and was using up his old stock before he got into production on the new. The six-cylinder car was brought into the conversation again. Later Edsel is said to have sent out a letter, at least to the Ford branches, saying there was nothing to the rumor. But even this has not killed it.

The Ford Motor Company was incorporated June 16, 1903, according to information issued by the company. The capital originally subscribed in the company was $100,000. There were twelve stockholders, including Henry Ford, who held 25 per cent of the common stock. In 1906, Mr. Ford acquired sufficient stock to bring his holdings up to 51 per cent and shortly thereafter he purchased an additional 7½ per cent. In 1919, Edsel B. Ford, who had succeeded his father as president, purchased the remaining 41½ per cent of the outstanding stock. On July 9, 1919, the Ford Motor Company was reorganized under the laws of Delaware for an authorized capitalization of $100,000,000.

For the first time in years the Ford Motor Company in 1925 failed to show the largest estimated earnings of any organization in the automobile industry. Its 1925 profits are estimated at $94,560,397, while those of General Motors were $107,070,531. But in 1925, Mr. Ford crossed off his balance sheet an item of $20,517,985, which had been carried in 1923 and 1924 as the value of goodwill. Had this item been included in the 1925 statement, there would have been little difference between Ford and General Motors earnings. The public will be eager to see the 1926 report.

The Ford Motor Company's assets in 1924 are said to have been $644,624,468; in 1925, $742,913,568. General Motors assets in 1924 were $592,570,918; in 1925, $703,786,664.

* * *

FORD has been facing steadily increasing competition in the last few years and that increase will continue. Ford dealers in many places have been deserting to take on lines that offer a close price appeal in addition to the pride appeal. The constant circulation of Ford jokes furnishes amusement to thousands, but to the prospective buyer some of these merry quips may react disadvantageously.

If all cars of today were sold for cash only, the complexion of the auto market would no doubt be changed. But the payment plan has had its effect on the Ford. A high-priced car may be purchased for a down payment that is less than the total cash price of a Ford.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Twenty-one Years of Ford Production

1903, short period.	195
1903-4	1,513
1904-5	1,695
1905-6	1,599
1906-7	8,759
1907-8	6,181
1908-9	10,660
1909-10	19,051
1910-11	34,979
1911-12	76,150
1912-13	181,951
1913-14	264,972
1914-15	283,161
1915-16	534,108
1916-17	785,433
1917-18	708,355
1918 to Dec. 31, 1919	939,434
1920	1,074,336
1921	1,013,958
1922	1,351,333
1923	2,090,959
1924	1,993,419
1925	1,990,995

Lincoln motor cars—*1920*, 652; *1921*, 2,249; *1922*, 5,505; *1923*, 7,825; *1924*, 7,116; *1925*, 8,415.

"DANDRUFF? ME? No sir—Not any more!"

"NO SIR, there's no reason now for not having a clean scalp and a clean coat collar.

"Just try Van Ess, it means *no* dandruff in 10 days. Use it occasionally afterwards; and dandruff can never stage a come-back."

You don't have to take this man's word. There's a *written* guarantee in every package. In 10 days it's good-bye dandruff. If not, write to us and get your money back promptly—without question.

That's fair, isn't it?

Rather an unusual offer, you may say. But we know we're playing safe. We've already tested this product for 4 years—on several thousand people. We *know* it eliminates dandruff and itching scalp.

We make several products. So be sure to ask for the Van Ess Special Dandruff Massage. It comes in a bottle with our patented rubber massaging cap. Your druggist gives you the *money-back* warrant.

P. S.—It also keeps the hair well-groomed.

Pleasant, Clean Odor

VAN ESS
Special Dandruff Massage

[THE FORDS AND THE FUTURE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

The wily salesman of today often talks a prospect into a buy through his knowledge that it is not the total cost of a car that counts. "Why, the down payment on this car isn't a whole lot more than that on a Ford, and look at the car you get!"

Other competitive cars have a distinct finance plan. Mr. Ford's dealers have none with the sanction of the factory. General Motors, some of whose lines are proving highly competitive to Ford, has a subsidiary finance company.

While there is no doubt that the G. M. C. finance plan is not operated at a loss, its real purpose is not to make money out of the payment plan *per se*, but rather to stimulate sales. It means something as a sales argument, too, to be able to say: "The factory is right behind its own car—it finances the sale for you."

No doubt Mr. Ford believes that those who buy automobiles should be able to do so. Thus he keeps hands off. But if he does not wish to use part of his great surplus to finance his own product, he could, with his great power, make a very good arrangement with one of the independent companies.

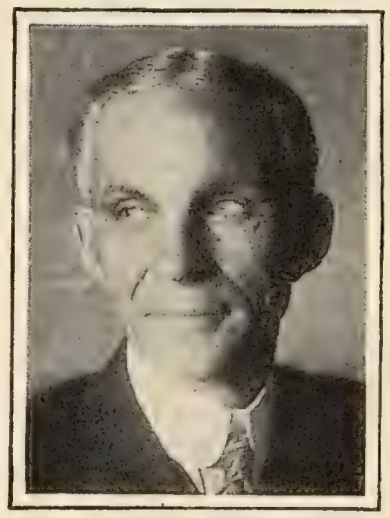


Photo by Paul Thompson

Henry Ford, creator and sole controller of the $100,000,000 Ford Motor Company.

There are in the United States fewer than 4,500,000 families without automobiles. The new buyer market is lessening. While statistics are not available, it is perhaps true that Ford's greatest chance for increased business lies in opening up new buyer sales. Repeat orders for Fords are numerous, but there is a tendency to start out with a Ford and to keep on stepping up.

THERE are at least nine other manufacturers making cars that sell for under $1,000. Some of these sell for less than $750. And anything that sells for $750 is real competition for Ford, as his dealers know.

Ford has an immense plant. He can manufacture cars at a price that will enable him to undersell any one else. But his big plant must be operated at practically capacity as a matter of good business.

The world credits Henry Ford with being a financial genius. It also credits him with being firm in holding to a purpose. Henry Ford has seen his big executives come—and go. The world whispered that this engineer, that sales executive, this financial genius was the basis of Mr. Ford's success. But they have all gone, and Mr. Ford's march has gone on uninterrupted.

The impression I get is that Mr. Ford still is going to tell the world what it needs in the way of changes on a Ford car. I take it for granted that Mr. Ford still believes that the foot gear shift is the proper transmission for the popular-priced car of today. Mr. Ford is not alone in believing in the four-cylinder motor. Plenty of his competitors do. So there seems little chance for a motor change.

But—

HENRY FORD bought the Lincoln and is making it one of the fine, really high-priced cars of today. The Lincoln idea is not production, but a carefully built, almost, one might say, a hand-built car. So that Mr. Ford can see beyond the Ford of today.

A Ford executive will not give an interview saying that Mr. Ford may in time build a line midway between the Ford and the Lincoln. No, indeed. But a Ford executive may say that it would seem within reason that Mr. Ford, in his wisdom, may some day see fit to develop a medium-priced car. This new car would make of every present Ford buyer a potential buyer of a Ford product that will be free of all bugbears in the mind of the average owner.

It surely is not beyond the bounds of reason. A new car, developed not for the Highland Park plant, where the present Fords emerge from their chrysalis, but a new car developed, perhaps, at the experimental plant at Dearborn. A car with the conventional gear shift, six or eight cylinders, and good body lines. A car that will have embodied in it all of Ford thoroughness, with all the other appeal necessary.

What more could be wished than a middle line of this kind, with the millions of Ford owners as prospects?

Meanwhile, Henry Ford is going ahead with his development of aviation.

He has centered his thought on the all-metal airplane, with both single and multiple engines. He has developed and demonstrated a new flivver plane.

The all-metal transport service of the Fords is working on a regular schedule between the Ford airport at Dearborn and Cleveland and Chicago.

The Stout Air Services, Inc. (in no way connected with the Ford enterprises), has another line of Ford-Stout all-metal ships traveling to Grand Rapids from Detroit, and this line is being projected to extend to St. Paul within a year.

Henry Ford owns all the patents on the Stout all-metal plane and he owns all the stock of the original Stout Metal Airplane Company.

The airplane business is in its infancy today, just as the automobile business was in its infancy when Henry Ford, the far-seeing, got into it.

THE END

"I HAD a hunch something like this would happen," cried Howard, and slumped into a chair.

No Mother To Guide Her

The Story of a Pretty Girl Who Went to a Young Man's Rescue

By DANA BURNET

Pictures by W. P. COUSE

IN the days when, at the age of nine, Fay Landseer rode joyously about town on the seat of the grocer's truck, her red curls springing in the wind, people in Great Cove said that really it was too bad about that child. She came of such good stock (though Jack Landseer had married a bit dubiously) and was such a pretty little thing. But, of course, with no mother to look after her. She was bright, and gay, and clever. Such a shame, really.

Her father was one of the Long Island Landseers, a family once prominent and wealthy. But Jack had an unimportant beauty he had chanced to fall in love with and who, rumor said, once had been on the stage. But after her death the rumor was charitably forgotten. Then Jack Landseer had invested very foolishly in an elaborate oyster farm—or whatever you call it—and when that blew up had even more foolishly taken it upon himself to pay all the debts of the defunct enterprise. After which he had retired, with a good-natured shrug for his folly, to live on the remainder of his patrimony, which was small.

The Landseer place was on the Shore Road, facing the Sound, and about two miles from the village of Great Cove itself. That is to say, it was in the heart of the fashionable section. Standing alone, the old, white house, generally described as Colonial, might have fallen contentedly to pieces without shame; but in the midst of all this post-Rooseveltian splendor its pathos was public. And since Jack Landseer never would sell, the only hope for it—and them—was that Fay some day would marry money.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We're Sending Men

10-day tubes of Palmolive Shaving Cream, free, to prove its case.

GENTLEMEN:—We have a shaving cream that softens the toughest beard in one minute—that does things, men tell us, no other shaving preparation before it has ever done.

Its success is a national sensation. Thousands of men, once wedded to rival preparations, are flocking to it. Eight in ten who try it become enthusiastic.

Now in courtesy to us, will you accept a 10-day tube to try?—give it a chance to prove its claims to you?

* * *

We are the makers of Palmolive Toilet Soap. Are soap experts, as you know.

Now the best that we know, we've put in this new creation. In this amazing shaving cream, which, in a short time, has gained high place in the field.

Over 60 years of soap study stand behind it. There is no other like it. We made it to the expressed order of 1000 men who told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream, plus a fifth . . . strong bubbles . . . the supreme requirement of all. We made and tested 130 formulas before perfecting it.

Note these five

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2—Softens the beard in one minute.

3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.

5—Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Send the coupon

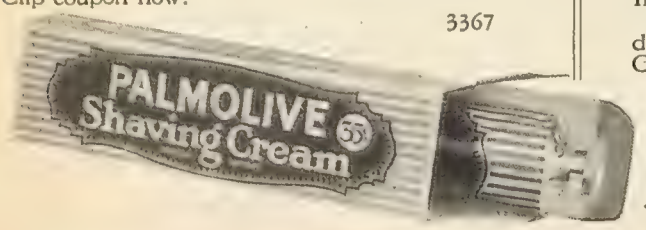
You may think your present cream is supreme. But you can't be sure without trying this new creation.

Let us send you a tube . . . both for your sake and for ours. We'll rest our case on what you find. Send the coupon. Mail it before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.) CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3367



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1242, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY

[NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER Continued from Page Forty-nine]

At this time she was nineteen years old; her red curls had darkened to auburn and, having been smartly bobbed, no longer sprang in the wind. But the pertness and the joyousness of the child who had ridden in the grocer's truck still modified the manner of this girl who was, undoubtedly, as mature as most girls of her day and age. Yet in Fay Landseer this maturity seemed not to have produced that definite safeguard of sophistication which marked the other girls—the really nice girls—of Great Cove; and which, as every mother of a marriageable daughter knows, may be counted on more than anything else to keep a young girl in the ways of social righteousness.

THERE was a certain recklessness, a certain dash and disregard of consequence in Fay Landseer's make-up.

She was popular enough; and really very pretty. Too pretty, said the mothers of Great Cove, to go dashing about as she did, in that absurd old car of hers—an ancient Fiat roadster that she had bought from a junk dealer and had painted a dark red—at all hours of the day and night. Nevertheless, she might have done fairly well for herself, chanted the chorus of mothers at this time, if she hadn't aspired so high. With her fatal habit of going to extremes, she must turn her blue eyes on Howard Eggleston, who was by all odds the best catch in Great Cove. Howard was the son of J. Martin Eggleston, of Eggleston & Company, bankers; and was sole heir to a fortune reckoned in the scores of millions, as well as to a social position of the first magnitude.

Fay had known Howard all her life; they had been childhood friends, and at one time, shortly after Howard had achieved long trousers and a thrilling bass voice, he had fallen desperately in love with Fay. But that, of course, meant nothing; was nothing. He was a senior in Harvard, and had come home for the Christmas holidays, when suddenly he and Fay began to take notice of each other again; or, to state the general viewpoint, when Fay tried deliberately to bewitch him. On New Year's Eve, during the course of a ball at the Polo Club, they disappeared in Howard's car and were gone for hours, returning only in time for breakfast served before an open fire in the club dining-room.

Possibly if they hadn't returned for breakfast nothing would have been thought of the incident. For after all it is not considered startling, nowadays, for a young couple to desert a dance for the joys of a little excursion *a deux*.

But under the circumstances it was meat for the hungry. J. Martin Eggleston heard of it, inevitably, and while no one knew exactly what happened between him and his son, everyone knew there had been a scene, and that Howard had been ordered back to Cambridge two days before his vacation expired.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Death to the Traitor!"

Clack—Clack—Clack came the sound of the watchman's stick. Something held Anne's heart still. Then came his voice, "Thr-e-e-e o'clock in the morning, and a traitor has been caught! God bless the King—and death to all traitors!" Anne knew it was David. "Dear God---" But let the inspired pen of Curwood tell you what happened—you will be enthralled by—

James Oliver Curwood's

FIRST HISTORICAL NOVEL

The BLACK HUNTER

A romance of Old Quebec and the best of its kind since Cooper wrote "The Deerslayer"

Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

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[CONT. FROM PAGE FIFTY]

And that, said public opinion, was the end of Fay Landseer's dream.

She herself, incidentally, had been questioned by her father regarding her disappearance with Howard on the night of the New Year's ball.

"Say, Red, I hear you and young Eggleston ducked the festivities the other night. Weren't up to any devilment, were you?"

Fay looked at her father—a big, boyish appearing man with incongruous gray hair.

"We were right here all the time. In the living-room. Fed up with that darned mob. Wanted to talk. So we came back here and built a fire. You were in bed."

LANDSEER nodded. "I'd been guzzling eggnog," he remarked, with a ruminative sigh. Then: "I suppose young Howard kissed you a few times, eh?"

"Certainly he did."

"Of course he did. Well, that's all right. No harm done, eh? But, look here, what I mean to say is, I wouldn't get too involved in that direction if I were you. Eh?"

"I can take care of myself," replied his daughter.

"All right, Red. Don't mean to butt in, but if I ever catch you getting your silly heart broken, I'll darn well smack you, d' y' understand? Don't care what you do as long as you don't get your heart broken. Bad thing."

And then the thing happened that shook the very foundations of Great Cove society. Suddenly, here were reporters and newspaper photographers swarming over the place like an invading and hostile army; for young Howard Eggleston had run away from college to marry a chorus girl whom he had known, so said the fatal headlines, only a week.

A party after the theater—an automobile ride, a sudden proposal ("it was said the young couple had been drinking")—and then the elopement. And after that, a room in an uptown hotel in New York, a telephone conversation—never fully reported—between the young bridegroom and his father. And then an official "statement to the press," in which J. Martin Eggleston announced that his son's marriage was contracted without his knowledge or approval. Further than that, he had nothing to say.

Nothing to say. But behind that stereotyped defensive phrase the first families of Great Cove knew that J. Martin Eggleston was stifling a cry, a shout of anguish, to high heaven. For here were the plans, the hopes, the ambitions of a lifetime tumbled into the dust, lying destroyed at the feet of a dancing girl.

"I'M an old man," he said. "I have no more pride. I've come here to do something I've never done before. I want my son."

On the morning the story broke, Jack Landseer lingered longer than usual at the breakfast table. He was waiting for Fay to come down. When finally she came, he mumbled his usual: "Up early, aren't you, Red?" Let her drink her coffee, and then handed her the newspaper.

Fay read the story in absolute silence. At last, putting down the paper, she got up and, walking over to the dining-room window, said quietly: "It'll all blow over—in time."

"Eh? Blow over! Oh, yes, I suppose it will."

"*His* fault," said Fay, after a pause.

"Whose fault? Howard's?"

She shook her head; but didn't answer directly.

"It can't last," she went on, in the same quiet tone, as though speaking to herself. "It isn't real. I don't see how it could be."

"Hits you pretty hard, does it, Red?"

She turned and faced him.

"I guess I'll live. Anyway, you're not going to have to smack me—yet awhile."

The story did, of course, blow over. It always does. But not before Martin Eggleston let it be known that, henceforth, so far as he was concerned, his son Howard was as good as dead to him. Which meant among other things, as everyone in Great Cove knew, that Mr. Eggleston had cut Howard out of his will.

The winter ended; and spring came to Great Cove.

One Saturday afternoon in April the Landseers' telephone rang. Fay answered it. A man's voice said: "Hello, may I speak—? Hello! Fay?"

"Yes? Hello— Oh, it's you."

"Fay, I had to! I had to call you, speak to you. Fay! Listen! You're not going to ring off, are you?"

"Ring off!"

"WELL, then— Gee! it's good to hear your voice again! Listen, Fay. I want to see you. Can I? Will you let me? There's nobody else. I mean—well—I'm damn near crazy, Fay, and I——"

"Wait a minute, Howard. Wait! I've got to think. You want to see me—alone, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! Sure! Alone!"

"Well, that—that ought to be simple. Why don't you drive out here?"

"I couldn't, Fay! I haven't got a car. And then, I might meet someone—not that I give a damn whom I meet, but—I don't want to get you mixed up in this!"

The girl was silent so long that he cried anxiously: "Fay? You still there?"

"Yes. I'm thinking." What she thought was that she was already mixed up in it; had been mixed up in it, inevitably, from the beginning. "All right, then, Howard. I'll meet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Want sparkling teeth? Gums like coral?

Here's simple new way to gain them

Please accept full 10-day tube free. Note the great difference in the color of your teeth when dingy film is removed as dentists widely urge. Note the gum firmness.

THERE is now a way to restore "off-color" teeth to clear and sparkling whiteness. A way that firms tender gums and brings them healthy coral tint. Very often one's whole appearance is thus changed amazingly.

Modern dental science has found teeth rarely are naturally clouded or off color. But simply clouded by a dingy film coat that ordinary cleaning methods do not successfully remove.

Send coupon and full 10-day tube of this new method will be sent you. World's dental authorities now are widely urging it. It may quickly work a transformation in your smile.

What film is—Dulls teeth, invites gum disorders

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a film that forms on teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Old ways won't clear it off

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

Clears film off—Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1

The Pepsodent Co., (Australia), Ltd.
137 Clarence St.,
Sydney, N. S. W.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 759, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family 2167

[NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

you in town. Anywhere you say."

An hour later Fay, driving her ancient roadster, turned into Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street, stopped for a moment to pick up a tall, dark-haired, nervous, and rather disheveled young man who was waiting there (how thin and pale he looked!), and then drove on again.

"Fay! You darling!"

"Howard! Don't talk. Gosh! I almost hit that taxi! Don't talk to me just yet. Only tell me—have you been sick?"

"Sick? No. I don't think so."

She drove for a long time mechanically. Finally, on the slope of an undistinguished looking street in Riverdale, overlooking the Hudson, she found herself pulling at the hand brake and then turning, in a sudden quiet, to look at the boy beside her.

"Howard! First of all, tell me—do you love that girl?"

HE was silent a long time, sitting with his hands pressed between his knees. Then he said, "Fay, I've been through hell in the last three months. And the worst of it is that I don't know—I can't figure out who or how it happened. It's easy to say I was drunk. But I wasn't, really. I knew what I was doing, and yet—it was just as though the whole thing was happening to someone else—some other person who was pretending to be me—impersonating me. You can see how that would split your mind in two? You can see that?"

"Yes, Howard."

"There was this other person doing this thing—wanting to do it for some reason I don't understand. And there was my *real* self thinking it was all a ghastly joke and not really taking it seriously. Because, the truth is, I love you, Fay. I loved you all the time it was happening, and I love you now, so much."

He was trembling. His voice was strained and uncertain; but there was no whine in it. If he was shaken, it was by emotion rather than by weakness. This she sensed unerringly. "I'm glad, Howard! Because I love you, too, you know."

"Oh, Fay!"

"But wait——"

"I can't help it; I can't help this. And I don't want to! I've tried to make a go of—the other thing. Gee! I've done my best. I thought as long as I'd made a mess of my life I'd at least see it through. Trying to be a good sport, you know!" Howard lifted his head and laughed. "A good sport! You can't fool life with a few heroic gestures. Why, I couldn't even fool Pearl."

"Pearl! Yes. That's her name, isn't it?"

"She knew, and she—well, I'll say this for her: She's honest."

"Honest?"

"She doesn't try to fool herself, or me. She had a chance—or thought she had—to step on to Easy Street. And she took it. She had nothing to lose, you see. Oh, yes, Pearl plays fair with her-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You Need Clear Soap To Make Skin Clear

Dancer's Death Proves Danger of Clogged Pores

Stage history reveals the case of a girl dancer who died as a result of painting her body with paint which clogged the pores.

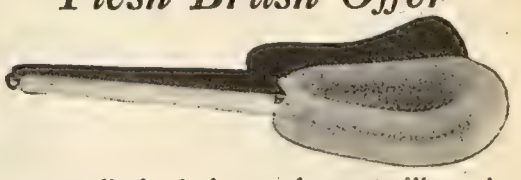
An exaggerated case perhaps, but on a smaller scale the same thing goes on every day when women use ordinary soap.

Only a soap so pure you can see through it is fine enough to enter tiny pores and cleanse them without clogging.

So you find careful women, beautiful women, using Jap Rose.

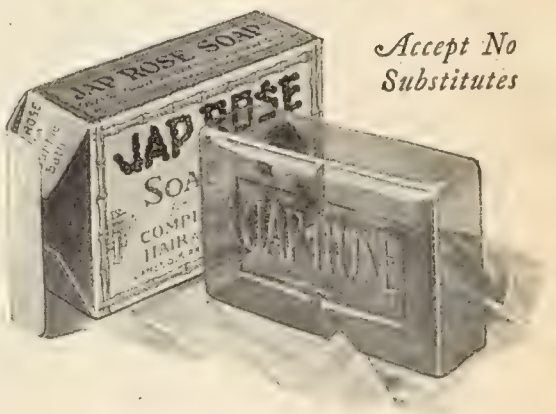
Its magnificent lather cleanses, stimulates and invigorates skin. The safest and most delightful soap a woman can use. Try it!

Flesh Brush Offer



For a limited time only, we will send you, postpaid, this health flesh brush with skin stimulating, live bristles. Merely buy 3 cakes of Jap Rose, and mail us empty cartons with 50c. Brush is 14 inches long, with ivory finish handle, $1.00 value. Address Dept. F, James S. Kirk & Co., 1232 W. North Ave., Chicago.

JAP ROSE



Accept No Substitutes

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

self. She's told me more than once—she told me again this morning—that she was just going to sit tight and hope for the best. Which means that she still expects to be bought off. She still expects my father to come across and—'be human.'" Here Howard laughed again, a savage, bitter laugh. "But she doesn't know my father! She doesn't know what an inhuman, absolutely selfish, cold-blooded——"

"Don't, Howard. That won't do you any good."

"Oh, yes, but it will! It does! Somehow it does me a world of good to say what I think about him. Gee! If you only knew! Why, ever since I was a little kid——"

And then followed, in a steady stream, in a torrent of words, this boy's indictment of his father. She listened to him pouring out his soul in bitterness, emptying it of the resentments of childhood and young manhood.

When he had finished, she turned to him.

"Now, look here, Howard! It's all right to talk — get things off your chest. But I want you to *do* something for me—two things. In the first place, I want you to go away somewhere, just for a few days."

"But I can't. I'm—working. I—I've got a job—in a department store — selling neckties!"

"WELL, chuck it. And go away—to the country. Tell her—tell Pearl that you're going away to rest; to think things out. Have you got any money?"

"A little. Oh, I guess I've got enough."

"Then go. Promise me you will?"

"Yes, I—I will. But, Fay, what about you? I mean, I've got to see you again! Because I—when I'm with you I feel that it isn't all hopeless, or——"

"Of course it isn't hopeless. And—you can telephone me when you get back to town. I'll be thinking—trying to think—what to do."

"All right, Fay—bless you! And now, what's the other thing you want me to do?"

"Well," she answered, drooping a little against his shoulder and smiling—half smiling—up at him. "I thought it might be nice if you kissed me."

"Fay!" he cried.

. . . . . .

The man servant, who had ushered her into the formal drawing-room and who had taken her message to J. Martin Eggleston, now returned and said: "Mr. Eggleston will see you in the library, Miss Landseer."

The library was vast and solemn, with a restricted area of sunlight at one end of it, and at the other books piled up smugly and with military precision, row upon row. By one of the windows a small, neat, gray man rose from a deep and lustrous chair.

"Ah. You wished to see me, Miss Landseer?"

The girl went steadily toward him.

"You used to call me Fay," she said.

"I used to do many things that I no longer do, Miss Landseer. Will you sit down?"

"Thanks."

They sat facing each other.

THEY sat and talked, and decided that Howard was to go in business for himself, at once.

"I've come to tell you something, Mr. Eggleston. Something I think you don't know. It's about—Howard."

Martin Eggleston stiffened; his hands gripped the arms of his chair; his face was like a parchment mask. "You are not to utter that name to me, do you understand? You are not to mention——"

"But I must," interrupted Fay, gently. "Because I've seen him, and I've found out why he ran off with that girl."

"Miss Landseer, I must ask you——"

"He did it because you made him do it. He did it to hurt you, and for no other reason, because all your life you'd been hurting him."

Mr. Eggleston's lips moved, but no sound came. Would he, she wondered, die before her eyes? She fought down panic. She mustn't lose her head at this moment.

"I love Howard, Mr. Eggleston. Otherwise I wouldn't be here."

"He sent you to me?"

"No. On my honor."

"Your honor!"

THE girl, perceiving a tactical opportunity, instantly took up the challenge in his tone. "Mr. Eggleston, I don't like the way you said that. After all, you know, I'm Jack Landseer's daughter."

"Miss Landseer, I apologize."

"You must," replied Fay. "Because what I'm telling you is the truth."

"The truth!" he cried suddenly. "The truth! Yet you say I made him do it! You say I hurt my son!"

Fay seized her advantage.

"Mr. Eggleston, do you remember—one time, years ago, when Howard asked you to let him drive me home—in your car—from dancing school? We were kids, then. But just the same it was all very important.

"And he was so proud—and so shy—that he began to show off a little. He began to brag about the speed of the car. You corrected him, and he insisted that he was right. Then you said—in front of me—and the chauffeur: 'You're an insolent young puppy. If you speak to me again like that I'll slap your face.'

"Don't you remember?"

"No, no! Why should I? A little thing like that!"

"Yes, a little thing like that. But I remember it, and Howard remembers it. You told him you'd slap his face. Well, he's slapped yours, that's all. You've been unjust to Howard. You've never given him anything but—well, it comes down to money. And now, when your money could save him—save his life—the best years of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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all tied for you
50¢ - 75¢ - $1.00

The tie chosen by a star for—and after—good reflection

SLIP a Spur Tie into your collar—soft or stiff. Give it a twitch and twist to set it the way you like it. That's all you have to do to wear the best-looking bow knot that ever attracted a feminine eye. You have no knots to worry with, for the Spur Tie comes all tied for you. It is tied by the trained fingers of girls who know knots and how to knot them.

The Spur Tie stays the way you like it, too. It will not wilt, wrinkle or curl up. In it is the H-shaped Innerform, a patented device, exclusive in the Spur Tie shown in the illustration below.

Look on the counters of smart shops for men. There you will find Spur Ties displayed. Make sure that they are Spur Ties before you buy. Feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. Then make sure that it is the real H-shaped Innerform. Look on the back of the tie. When you find the red Spur label on the back—illustrated below—then you know that you are getting the real Spur Tie.

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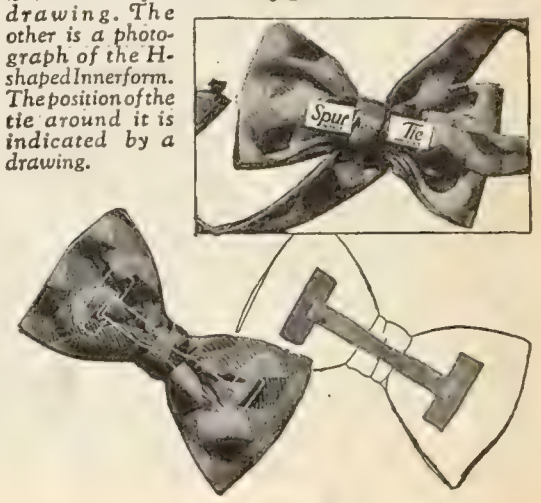
Below are two pictures. One is a photograph of a Spur Tie. The position of the H-shaped Innerform is indicated by a drawing. The other is a photograph of the H-shaped Innerform. The position of the tie around it is indicated by a drawing.

The smiling First National star pictured above is Johnny Hines. The tie he wears is a Spur Band Bow, which is shown below. The back of the tie is shown, to display the label which appears in red on every genuine Spur Tie.



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[NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

it, anyway—you wouldn't help him. This girl he married is only waiting to be bought off, and yet you——"

"Stop! So that's it? You want to get money out of me. I might have known. Well, let me tell you, my dear Miss Landseer, that I know as well as you do that this girl is waiting for me to offer her money—I could almost name the sum—to divorce Howard. Well! Let me tell you—and you can tell him—that not one cent will either of them get out of me. Not one penny. He's made his bed; let him lie in it."

Fay rose. Tall and slender, well poised, perfectly self-possessed, she stood before him. But there was in her manner, in her faint smile, a certain recklessness.

"All right, Mr. Eggleston. If that's your final word. But I want to tell you this: that Howard and I aren't going to be kept apart by anything so wrong, so stupid and hateful as that silly marriage of his. I'd rather, of course, have it legal, and I'd rather, for all our sakes, avoid any more talk, any more scandal. I'm really rather old-fashioned in my ideas. But Howard and I love each other, and we're going to be together, live together, no matter what happens. And now I'll say good-by."

HOW much does truth count in this world? And how much does cleverness? And how much comes, let us say, of a shaft of sunlight falling by accident on the bright hair, the smooth cheek of some girl who, having been delivered of the truth, stands silent and secure in her own youth, her own beauty, facing her adversary?

"Wait," said Martin Eggleston. "Sit down, if you please, my dear—my dear Fay."

So she sat down; and after that they talked together, quietly, for a long time.

The next afternoon Fay again drove into town. This time she stopped in front of a small hotel on West Seventy-fifth Street, near Broadway. Leaving her car near the entrance, and glancing at a newspaper clipping she had tucked in her glove to make sure of the address, she went in and asked for "Mrs. Howard Eggleston."

"Sixty-four B. Sixth floor. The boy'll show y'."

Her knock was answered by a small, rather plump, rather pretty, and very blonde young woman, who said: "Oh, yes, you're the one that telephoned. C'me on in, won't cha?"

Pathos was in every aspect of the cramped and stuffy living-room into which Fay now walked. Pathos, and a kind of sleepy horror. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "So this is where—" and then stopped.

"Sure. This is where we live. Not very swell, is it? Still, I've seen worse. Sit down, won't cha? Who are ya, anyways? Newspaper woman?"

"I'm Fay Landseer. I'm an old friend of Howard's. In fact, I—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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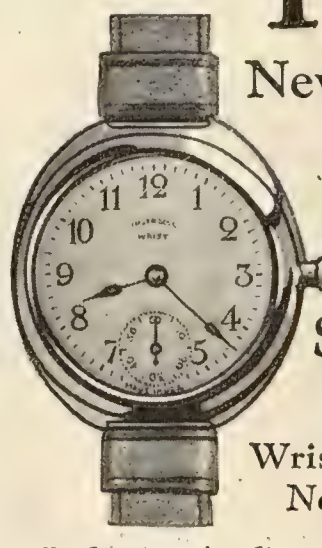

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

How was she to say it? "Howard and I are——"

But there was no need to say it. Pearl possessed a wit sharpened by much experience.

"Oh, you was Howard's sweetie. Yeah! I knew they was somebody he kep' thinkin' about. Say! Whaddaya doin' here? Whaddaya comin' to see me fer? I'm his wife, and I——

"Say, I bet it was you that put Howard up to beatin' it away from here! Say, if you think you can put anythin' over on me——"

"I don't want to put anything over on you. I wouldn't if I could. I think—I'm sure you've earned—already—all——"

"Whaddaya mean I've earned?"

"It hasn't been easy, has it? Come on, Pearl, tell me the truth. What is it you want? I want Howard. That's straight enough, isn't it? And you?"

But the predatory creatures, the little vixens that prowl about the edges of what is so quaintly called organized society, are wary.

"Well — say," replied Pearl, reaching for a package of cigarettes, "you seem to know your onions. What'd you say I wanted?"

"A chance to have some of the things that you've never been able to afford. Money enough to do what you like. A chance, for instance, to buy a nice present for the man whose gloves are on that table there."

Pearl jumped up with a gasp, snatched for the gloves—they were a soiled and sickly yellow—and then slowly withdrew her hand.

"Say! How do you get that way?"

THEN a silence, during which the two young women looked at each other. Finally Fay said: "Well?"

"Well? What's the big idea? Say I was willin' to listen to reason. What do I do?"

"You go downtown tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to see Mr. Eggleston's lawyer. Here! I've got it all written down on this piece of paper. And don't be afraid to ask for what you think is—right. And when you get to Paris——"

"Gee! I never been—I always sorta wanted to go to Paris."

And at that moment Howard Eggleston burst into the room.

"Fay!"

"Howard!"

"I knew it! I saw your car down there. For God's sake, what are you doing here?"

"I've been talking to Pearl. What are you doing here? I thought you'd gone away."

"I came back. I had a hunch something like this would happen."

"Sure it's happened," spoke up Pearl coolly. "And everything's fine and dandy."

Howard slumped into a chair.

"Well," proceeded Pearl, with hardly a pause, "I guess I'll go take a bath. Funny how dirty N' Yawk's gettin' to be."

With which delicate and friendly bit of diplomacy, Pearl vanished from the room.

Fay laughed. She couldn't help it. But Howard, appalled, lifted his head to stare at her in wretched bewilderment.

"Tell me," he said. "Tell me what you've done. I've got to know. I'm not going to let you

ON the morning the story broke, Jack Landseer lingered at the breakfast table.

—take it all on your shoulders."

"Yes," said Fay, "I'll tell you everything."

And then, for the first time, she was afraid, afraid that she had done too much, dared too much, for herself—for him.

But she told him that she had seen not only Pearl but his father. And when she had finished he took her face between his hands and kissed her.

"All right, Fay! You darling! That's fine. You've been brave and fine, and I—I've been a rotten quitter. But I'm not altogether a coward. Come on—let's go."

"Where? Where are we going, Howard?"

"Home," said Howard; and then, quickly: "I mean to Great Cove—see my father. Only this time I'll see him alone. You understand that, Fay?"

"Yes," she answered, with a long sigh, a long breath of relief and thankfulness. "But what are you going to say to him?"

"WHY," he answered, as though surprised at her question—there was an odd, puzzled smile on his lips—"there's only one thing I can say. Two things, rather. One is to thank him for seeing me out of this mess. And the other's to tell him that he'll never have to do anything for me again as long as he lives. I've had my—education. He's paid for it. It's only decent to tell him that I—that I appreciate it. But from now on I'll never go near him again."

She looked at him. Her eyes were very bright.

A little more than a year later Fay and Howard Eggleston were married in the parlor of the old Landseer house in Great Cove. The ceremony was performed by a local justice of the peace, a friend of Jack Landseer. Only the necessary witnesses were present; and afterward, as Fay said, "the bride and bridegroom left for an extensive tour of the Landseer rose garden," where they sat and talked, incidentally, of Howard's business prospects. Ought he, they wondered, to leave the bank where he was now employed and with what money he thought he could borrow start a brokerage business of his own? Or ought he to stay on a while longer?

The moon rose; and forthwith they decided that Howard was to go in business for himself, at once. Then, thrilled by this decision, they hurried back into the house to tell Jack Landseer.

They found him in the living-room; but he was not alone. There was another man with him. A small, neat, gray man, who rose as they came in and stood, bending toward them a little, peering across the dimly lighted room.

"Mr. Eggleston!" cried Fay.

"Ah! Yes," replied the peering, stooping figure. "I was not invited to the wedding, but I thought I'd come. I thought I'd come."

"If we'd known," mumbled Jack Landseer. "If we'd had any idea. Silly of us not to have thought. Eh, Red?"

"Oh, Mr. Eggleston, I'm glad—I'm so glad you did come. I wish we'd—" Fay paused, then said, almost in a whisper: "Howard? Aren't you going to——?"

"NO," said Howard, quickly and clearly.

Martin Eggleston seemed to stoop more than ever; his hands hung down limply at his sides.

"I'm an old man," he said. "I have no more pride. I can't stand being alone. I'm afraid. I can't stand being afraid. I want my son."

Howard stood absolutely still, rigid, staring at his father. The silence—the unbearable silence continued. Fay could feel it choking her; feel the burden of it on her heart.

She turned to her husband and put her hand on his arm. "Howard. Please. For me, on our wedding day."

With something like a sob in his throat and a quick, awkward lurch of his whole body, he stepped forward and held out his hand to his father.

The mothers of Great Cove have revised somewhat their early opinions of Fay Eggleston, nee Landseer. Really, that girl—for a girl who had no mother—had turned out better than anyone could have expected. But, then, she always had been smart. And, of course—said the united mothers of Great Cove—of course she knew perfectly well, all along, that old Mr. Eggleston would forgive Howard and put him back in his will *some* day. But wasn't she clever to have managed it all so smoothly—and so soon!

THE END

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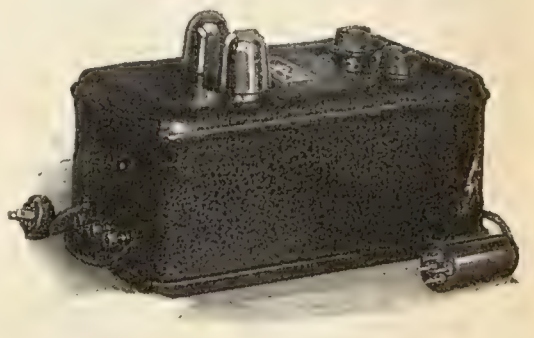

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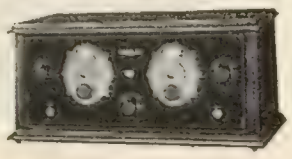

Vox Pop

From One of the War Birds

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Please allow me to congratulate you on the opening installment of War Birds.

The writer happened to be one of the lucky boys who went over on the R. M. S. Carmania, September 20, 1917; and also enjoyed the return trip from France—a privilege this unfortunate boy was denied.

I can assure you that every word in this diary is absolutely correct, as is also the description of that wonderful afternoon of September 21, the day we left Halifax some time between 4 and 5 P. M., filing out of the bay. Boy, what a sight! What a thrill to be one of that bunch!

I have a diary which I started and managed to keep up through October and my entries jibe in every respect with those of this poor unfortunate boy.—*M. T. Kennedy, Chicago, Ill.*

Childridden Mothers

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I read the article by Mabel McElliott Clarke, called: I Love My Children, But—Gosh, How They Wear Me Out! Now I have just finished reading the letters in the Sequel. One of them made me sorry I am a man, because an excuse for a man—"A Westerner"—had the unequaled gall to write to Mrs. Clarke: "You have missed the meaning in life and need a touch of life and love for yourself and your children"—and much more in that same vein.

If a woman says the game of child-raising isn't worth the candle, she has my vote.

I am also a Westerner, but all Westerners are not horsefaced hypocrites.—*Just a Man, Omaha, Neb.*

A Question of "Woman Interest"

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Mrs. Ada Bennett Boyd, who wrote you that LIBERTY is being ruined by too much "woman-interest stuff," makes me tired. She, no doubt, has no use for clothes, eats no canned foods, would like babies to get off the earth—and never was one herself.

A Baby Page is all you need to make LIBERTY the most interesting magazine in the United States.—*Mrs. Agnes Gerhardt, Hannibal, Mo.*

P. S.—My baby, who almost ate the latest LIBERTY cover this morning, before I could stop her, joins me in asking for a Better Babies page.

Guns and Gunmen

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Samuel Spewack writes in his article, How Johnny Gets His Gun, as though being able to buy guns was something new. He claims that the reason you have so many young gunmen today is because they can buy guns so easily. He writes trash. Were not guns on the market fifty years ago? They were.

You should be ashamed to use the name "Liberty" on such a magazine as the one before me now, one in which you advocate taking away our liberty by disarming us, the honest Americans, while you leave the yeggs and highwaymen armed. —*S. Y. Palmer, Shreveport, La.*

Nice Words, Jack

EDITOR, LIBERTY: What in the world would happen if all the magazines now in publication should print the straightforward letters you do? I admire your courage.

Undoubtedly, teachers, housewives, etc., are not interested in your sport articles. But thousands are.

The average citizen likes to know what's going on in the criminal world and what measures are being used to stop crimes. You tell us in an interesting manner.—*Jack Robert Scheib, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Is Liberty Limited?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I cannot see why you confine your appeal to such a limited number of people. Namely, those between the ages of seventeen and twenty. Your business statement claims a large circulation and observation shows an excellent start in advertising. But why do you find it necessary to employ a sign painter to do all your covers? Why do you find it necessary to use him as his own model? Models can be had for one dollar an hour. Why is it necessary to include in his duties the role of endless serial writer? Why is it necessary to allow him free rein in the choice of his characters?—*E. T. Everett, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Who Agrees with This?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Say, do you and Ralph Barton think his News of the World funny? If you do, I disagree with both of you. If you want to print something funny, why don't you print a page of meritorious cartoons or jokes? If you want to print news, why don't you print a page of real, current world news?—*J. H. A., Greenville, S. C.*

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When 2017 people were asked what they used to keep their hair in place, the dressing which they overwhelmingly preferred to all others was—*Stacomb.*

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How many words do you know?

Pictures by
R. B. FULLER

There Are 515,000 in the English Language, but Mr. Average Man Can Get By with Only 800

An Article by

Angus McNeill

"In its first year a child acquires a vocabulary of ten to twenty mispronunciations."

ARE you an average citizen? The sort of chap portrayed by newspaper cartoonists as Mr. Common People? Of the caliber found by the army tests of 1917-18 to possess the mentality of a twelve-year-old boy? Not one man among the 115,000,000 inhabitants of our beloved land will admit it; but if you are, you'll probably be amazed to know that you are really passing through life with a working set of just about 800 words! This doesn't include proper names. But for the purpose of living your little moment in your little groove of eternity you are adequately equipped if you are familiar with 800 English words.

Suppose, though, that you are a bit higher in cultural rating than Mr. Common Voter. Then you know how to use 2,000 words. If you are a fairly schooled person, you will know the meaning of about 8,000 words. The prompt and proper usage of this syllabic equipment will stamp you as an educated man, assuming that your vocation or profession is not such as to require the knowledge of specialized terms. In such a case, your vocabulary will suddenly wing to unexpected heights.

But, unless you are addressing a convention of your fellows, your added store of words in no whit increases your ordinary conversational status, and to all purposes you might as well not know more than the 2,000 words which experiments have shown constitute an ample vocabulary for any man.

It is when we regard members of what are called the learned professions (*sic*) that we encounter profuseness in the matter of word knowledge. Lawyers, preachers, and doctors of good standing are acquainted with 25,000 words, even if what they say often is of little or no importance.

The medical man, for example, requires familiarity with the names of 707 arteries, 71 bones, 79 convolutions, 433 muscles, 230 nerves, 85 plexuses, and 103 veins. There are, too, 1,300 bacteria, 224 eponymic diseases, 500 pigments, 295 poisons, 88 eponymic signs and symptoms of diseases, 744 tests, and 109 tumors, or a total of 4,968 subjects relating to his profession alone.

IN addition there are the names of about 10,000 chemicals and drugs of which he must have adequate knowledge, or 14,968 in all. Patently, if he should start to recite this vast bulk of words, he would be unintelligible to anybody outside his own sphere. And we have not even considered the other words he must know, such as those employed in the specialized branches of psychiatry, psychoanalysis, etc. Nor have we paid heed to the thousands of words he will use in his home and club life, in connection with his motor car and his radio, the theater, world events and politics.

All these things will give the better grade physician and surgeon command of about 25,000 words. And these will be equaled by the lawyer, no matter whether he deals in torts, corporation law, mining statutes, criminal practice, divorce litigation, or the ordinary branches of legal activity. Congress, State legislatures, and municipal governing bodies keep the alert and conscientious lawyer from getting rusty or stale. They pass about 50,000 laws a year in this law-cursed country, and if he tries even remotely to keep pace with this torrential and endless output, you may be sure he'll know lots of new words, or at least new combinations of old ones, every year.

The preacher, likewise, has to know a lot of words. He should know the meaning of 8,674 different Hebrew words in the Old Testament and 5,624 Greek words in the New Testament, and mountains of other words to explain his explanations, to say little about the words he needs in proclaiming the banns, comforting the bereaved, interring the deceased, and describing the glories beyond the grave. Also he is kept at a smart gait to acquire and utilize about 10,000 additional words in his domestic and public relations.

Not long ago Dr. Frank Horace Vizetelly, lexicographer and managing editor of the New Standard Dictionary, probably as well fitted a man as there is to talk about our talk, held forth on the subject now in hand:

"More than 515,000 English words have been brought to my attention within the last few years in connection with the publication

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ROTARY INTERNATIONAL — KIWANIS CLUB

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CHICAGO

[HOW MANY WORDS DO YOU KNOW?]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

of the dictionary," said the learned doctor. "I cannot pretend to remember all. Of course, I'm reasonably acquainted with a great percentage of them.

"In studying this avalanche of words and glancing at some of the investigations lately made into our splendid language, I found some interesting things. I learn that the average, well educated man knows about 8,000 or 10,000 words, although he won't use all of them very often or, indeed, be able to give an exact definition of most of them. The ordinary uneducated man will be familiar with 3,000 to 5,000 words, even if he doesn't give them much intelligent exercise. For commonplace purposes both men can get along handsomely with 2,000 words.

"In its first year a child acquires a vocabulary of ten to twenty mispronunciations, which, however, mean something to both child and mother. During its second year this total will increase to 300 or 400 words, depending on how educated the family is. At the end of the third year the infant probably will know 800 words. These will last him a life-

If you are a specialist, your vocabulary will wing to unexpected heights.

time if they must. Of course he will increase his vocabulary as his interests and activities expand, but the 800 will serve him, even if he never learns another word.

"Shakespeare, the emperor of the mental universe, used about 23,000 words. Any doctor, lawyer, or parson knows more—words. What Shakespeare did with the words he knew—Good Lord!

"Woodrow Wilson knew plenty of words, and used them all. In seventy-five speeches between 1913 and 1918 the President made use of 6,221 words. But in three books he wrote—The State, Congressional Government, and his History of the United States—he used more than 60,000 different words.

"Milton's immortal poetry employs 13,000 words, although his state papers contain many others. Today, the professional user of the language, such as H. G. Wells, Havelock Ellis, George Bernard

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Please send me one large $1.00 bottle of Blondex Hair Tonic—Am enclosing 25c. and end of Blondex Shampoo Box.

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LB 96

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, H. L. Mencken, and one or two of our leading critics probably can make use of 100,000 to 200,000 words.

"The average intelligent salesman in this era of complicated inventiveness will use about 10,000 words. A college man can, if he has anything to say, parade a vocabulary of 20,000.

"Among the classic writers, Victor Hugo led with 35,000 words. Carlyle, who almost wore out the language before he died, had only 20,000 words. But how he could assemble them in giant mobilizations and march them thundering across the pages of history! Curious discoveries made while analyzing the writings of the old masters show that Shakespeare used more words of four letters than any other. Ben Jonson used more three-letter words.

"Bacon's deathless contributions to literature show a trend of word usage different from Shakespeare, which may or may not disprove the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Christopher Marlowe, incidentally, used almost identically the same style and the same length words with the same frequency as the Bard of Avon. John Stuart Mill liked two-letter words—in, an, on, to, and of comprising a large part of his total output. Simplicity seems to have been natural, or the goal, in these celebrated writings.

"Out of four primitive words of the English language it is possible to build up *seventy-four* derivative words. Of course, not all primitive or root words have the same startling crop. But anybody who really controls 10,000 base words can easily acquire 40,000 to 60,000 words in his vocabulary, not including the ordinary proper names, geographical words, descriptions of modern civilization's inventions, etc. The -er and -est we add to ordinary adjectives allow us to add two more words to our store.

If a doctor recited all the words he knows, he would be unintelligible outside his own sphere.

"Similarly, the verbs yield still other words to our repertoire through their various forms, and their derivatives, formed with prefixes or suffixes such as *-im, -in, non-, -able, -ible, -ive, -ly,* and *-ness.*

"Almost any English verb will serve as an illustration. Take, for example, the verb imitate. Working from this as a base, we find that we can erect a word structure of large proportions. We have the noun, imitator; the adjective, imitative; the noun made from that adjective, imitativeness; the adverb, imitatively; the negative forms, inimitable and inimitably, etc.

"Consider the number of active, busy verbs that embellish your conversation or letter-writing in the course of a day. Then multiply their total by the number of variants you know of each, and you will discover your working vocabulary mounting with surprising rapidity.

"From the Latin verb *ponere, posui, positus,* for example, dozens of English words have been derived. There are the verbs, pose, posit, suppose, dispose, oppose; many adjectives, like positive, imposing, reposeful, with their adverbs; and a variety of nouns, such as position, exponent, compound, impostor, depository, opponent. In fact, a whole regiment of English words has been mobilized to do various kinds of service under the leadership of that one old Latin root.

Keeping pace with the endless output of new laws is a good way to learn a lot of new words.

"IT would take much more space than there is on this page merely to list the English words derived from the one Greek word, *logos.* This list would include all of the ologies and, besides, a considerable array of words with the prefix, *logo.*

"And here are some astonishing facts:

"With the prefix un-, 6,000 words have been added; with co- and con-, 2,800; with im- and in-, 3,000; re-, 2,500; dis- 2,000; the root fac, 540; stan, 440; pos, 300; graph, log, and ply, 200.

The suffix -ly has yielded nearly 3,000 words; -al, -ion, and -ness, about 1,800. Then we have -er, -or, -ity, -ible, -ive, -ance, or -ence, which give 9,000 more words. The prefixes a-, ab-, and abs- modify 500 English words; while di- and dis- affect 2,000. But to be able to use all these, one must have knowledge, of course, of the parent term to which they can be applied.

"Many things contribute to large inventories of words—archæology, criminology, economics, endocrinology, art, mechanics, different businesses and trades, etc. As humanity is split up into specialized branches, every one of us acquires what may be called a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Richard Dix

Richard Dix, popular screen star, hero in "The Quarterback" and other feature films, pictured above with his Lyon & Healy Saxophone—he certainly knows what he is talking about. Why should you envy the other fellow his popularity, good times, leisure, extra spending money, when you can enjoy the same things too?

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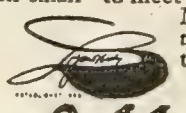

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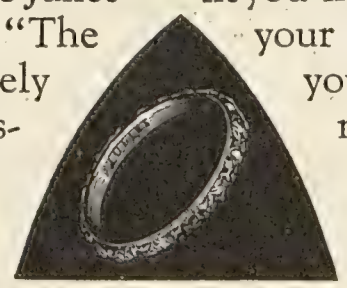

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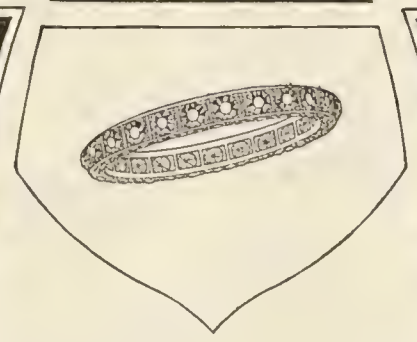

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FIFTEEN-SEVENTEEN-NINETEEN MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

[HOW MANY WORDS DO YOU KNOW?]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

share in the general pool of intercourse, the 10,000 or 20,000 words the average fairly educated human being knows, with a great reserve of words that are comprehensible only to those in similar lines of interest and endeavor.

"For instance, three men will discuss intelligently and with plenty of slang some episode that occurred on the golf course the day before. But, if one of them is a journalist, one a radio manufacturer, and one a geologist, not one will understand the others when they talk of their own particular fields.

"Slang, too, adds its temporary riches and additional words to the language. Contrary to popular opinion, slang does not originate in the unlettered mind of ordinary folk in some mysterious, inexplicable manner. Slang, itself a Norse word, is usually the product of witty, agile-minded individuals and not infrequently the creation of the tramp, the pariah, and the criminal. The public 'gets' the phrase immediately if it is a pat description of an idea, and the word or sentence springs into popularity. That it is soon worn threadbare and passes into oblivion is at once a tribute to its fresh appropriateness while alive and a symptom of a smart-minded people."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Properly Introduced

Jackie, our new neighbors' youngster, stood at the gate, looking at our dog through the openings. The dog barked and I stepped out to see what the excitement was.

"Will the dog bite?" he asked me.

"Not if he knows you," I told him.

The boy thought a while, then said: "My name is Jackie Long."

I didn't know just what to say to that, so I simply murmured: "Isn't that nice."

A silence. Then Jackie completely upset my dignity by saying: "Tell the dog, please."—B. S., Deming, N. Mex.

* * *

A Pertinent Question

A few weeks ago we made a tour of second-hand stores in quest of antique furniture. Our young son, aged four, was with us. We acquired several pieces of furniture, and on our return home talked over our purchase.

About a week later my son came in and asked, "Muvver, when you and daddy get through buying furniture in second-hand stores do you think you can afford to buy me a bell for my bicycle?"—Mrs. W. E. Ver Wayne, 539 Eddy Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

He has Noticed those Graying Strands

Trial Bottle by Mail 10c

HE may or he may not have remarked about them but you can be sure that he daily contrasts your appearance with that of other women no older than you.

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Brownatone is not only guaranteed absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin, but will instantly bring back the original color and beauty to your hair.
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Just send 10c for a test bottle, specifying the color desired (1) Blonde to Medium Brown (2) Dark Brown to Black.

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Millions know how to

Keep Slender

In every crowd now note how slenderness prevails. Fat has become the exception. It is a blight to beauty, health and fitness, and people have learned to combat it. Go ask your friends how they lost their fat and follow their example.

The leading way for 19 years has been Marmola Prescription Tablets. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. People simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal.

Those delighted users have told others until the use of Marmola has spread the world over. Your friends will tell you if you ask them. People who know are using over a million boxes yearly.

Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Watch the weight come down, the vitality go up. Note the change that appears in a month. You'll be glad you learned about it.

All druggists sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed direct in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The Foremost LINE in Fall Fashions is the WAIST LINE

By BETTINA BEDWELL

THE fifty-seven varieties of fall fashions that Paris presents in the dying days of July and the first days of August have all been seen and some of them bought. Paris couturiers have said their say, and American buyers have edited this, so the first fashions can be said to be established.

One line of concentration, and the line of greatest importance in your autumn silhouette, is the waistline. It isn't at all a matter of *where* Paris is putting the waistline, but a great deal a matter of *how* Paris is placing it, and the surroundings that play up to and accentuate it.

A COAT and skirt of red velours, a red-and-gray striped sweater, and a red suede belt.

You don't have to adopt the normal line if, for some reason, it doesn't suit you. Some couturiers blouse the waist above and tie the waistline tight to accentuate it. Others put a flare below the waistline and thus make it a headliner.

I should advise you to shut yourself up with a full-length mirror, a very loose slip of lining or any material useful for experimentation. Get a stout piece of wrapping twine and try out the effect of a blouse above, a blouse below, and normal and high hip waistlines. Then, when you get ready to buy your autumn clothes, you can be sure that what you choose will be becoming.

I am giving as an illustration here a model which Nicole Groult is wearing herself, and which she thinks is the best thing she has designed for autumn styles. The material is an old-rose velvet with black polka dots. It has a normal waistline, tied about very closely with a narrow sash of self material, and it is bloused in no uncertain way at the sides above the waistline, to further accentuate this point of chic. The sleeves are loose and full of accidental folds, and tied at the wrists with black velvet.

POLKA-DOTTED velvet, very much bloused, is the latest Paris wrinkle. This Groult model has a normal waistline, black scarf collar, black tie cuffs, and a big black velvet handkerchief for decorative purposes only.

On the right wrist a big black velvet handkerchief, passing through the ties, hides the hand. That's a point to remember. The low, rounded neck has a throat-hugging black velvet sash, tied on the left shoulder and hanging down in front in a long end. The skirt is a simple tale, soon told, with gathers at the side, not too short, and an easy, graceful movement.

At right of the center figure is another favorite. It, too, shows the normal waistline. This time there isn't a speck of blouse. But there is a very decided flare below the waistline, just to the lower point of the hip. This dress is in black velvet. You really can't have too much velvet in your autumn wardrobe, and it can be anything, from the new real chiffon velvet to the velours Anglaise, which we call velveteen.

The bodice is fitted above the normal waist and has a side circular peplum below. It is attached by four steel buttons at the side front, and embroidered in a varicolored bead flower below on the peplum. The skirt is straight. Seems so simple, but this model has the grand chic and no mistake about it.

Our remaining models come from Jean Patou. As you see by observing the first figure, Monsieur Patou understands the spirit of sports clothes. It is a little symphony of gray and Oporto red (port wine color, if you remember pre-prohibition times). The coat is red — oh, pardon, Oporto — wool velours, with the softest gray fox collar and cuffs. It is all dolled up with bias bands around the sleeves and down the sides, under the arms.

Then there is a skirt, naturally. It is straight, except on the right side, which shows four deep plaits that supply the stepping-out room. The sweater—and it *is* a sweater, a very special and exclusive Patou knitted sweater—is of two tones of gray, with a lot of little red stripes running around it and a big red stripe circumnavigating the collar and the hemline. It has a belt to show the actual location of the waistline. The vestee is red and light gray, two-inch-striped.

THE flaring hipline on this straight dress of black velvet is one of the chief novelties of Paris.

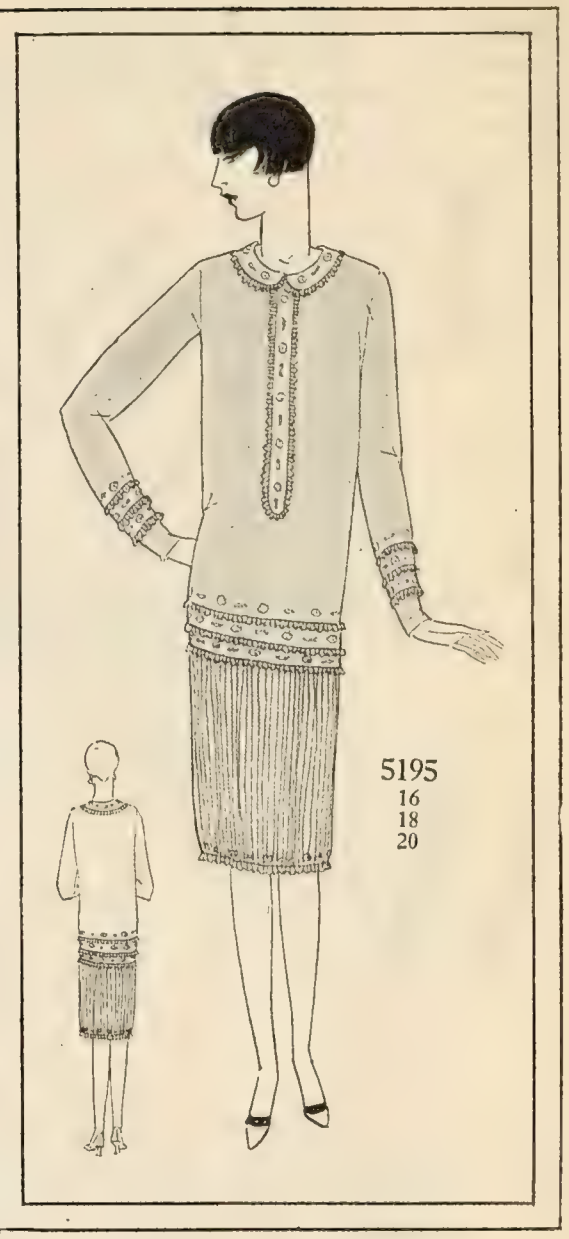
PATOU'S version of the bloused back is shown on this blue velvet coat trimmed with gray fox fur.

Our last model is a new Patou coat, which everybody in Paris has pronounced a real knockout. It has a blouse in the back, above the above-the-hip belt, beautifully balanced by the draped upper front, with its shawl collar of gray fox.

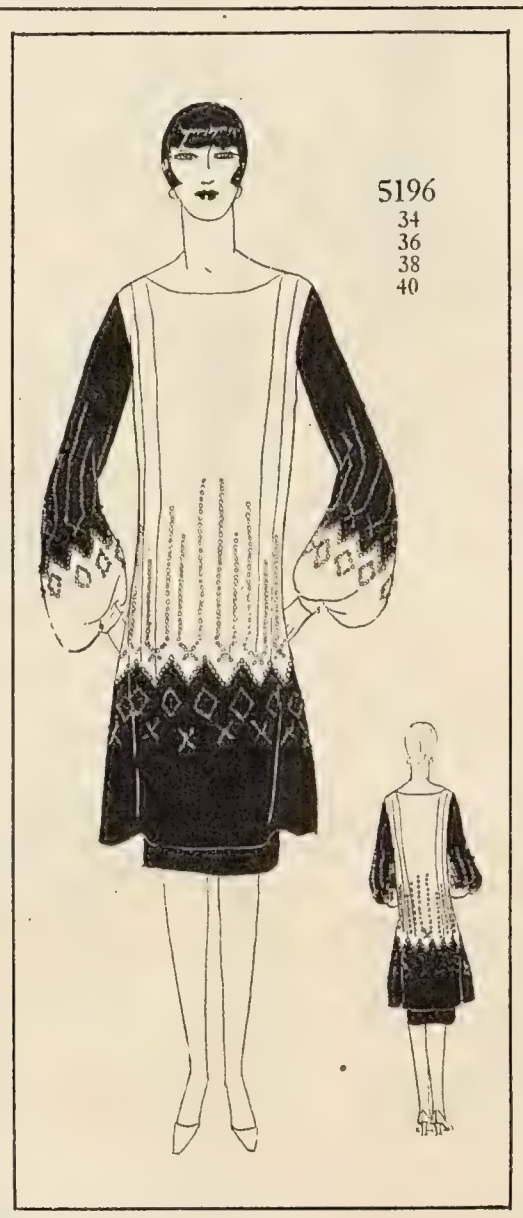
The coat itself is of dark blue velvet, a live dark blue that borders on royal. The skirt of this coat is full in front, and has some little fluting in the back from knees to hem. The velvet girdle that ties in front is the center from which all lines range.

Embroidery *and* Elaborate Sleeves *Adorn the Latest* Gowns

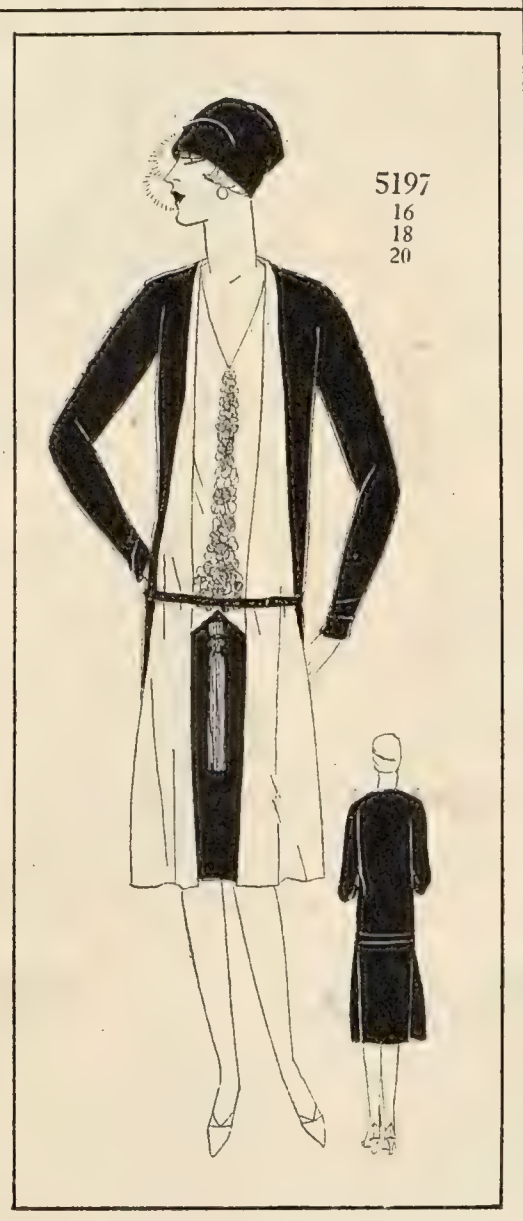
By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS



THIS sports dress shows the new tendency to elaboration. It is of deep but dull rose silk crepe, heavily trimmed in plaited frills and embroidery.



ONE of the elaborate afternoon dresses of the season, made of rose crepe de Chine and black velvet, embroidered lavishly in gold thread.



OF heavy black crepe and white satin, embroidered in royal blue. The white revers may be turned over, thus closing the front.

A COAT of pearl gray gabardine, trimmed with goat fur. The plaited godets are placed rather high, giving a suggestion of a raised waistline.

HALF the people who are buying the model at the extreme right in Paris are probably saying this very morning: "I have to try on my little afternoon dress today." The other half are saying of the very same costume: "I must go round to the Champs Elysees and try on my new sports frock." In other words, where the sports and afternoon clothes meet is even more definitely visualized in this dress, just received from Paris, than in any ever presented before.

It is rose in color and crepe de Chine in material. Usually we do not wear this color and material out in the rain on a golf course. Still, we all know that sports clothes long since ceased to be for that purpose alone. It is in the much loved jumper effect, with the plaited skirt, and this is an ensemble favored even by Englishwomen for their longest, most drizzly days of real sport. But the real feature of this dress and the reason we present it is because it is frilled. It illustrates the new movement, greatly heralded, which has for its motto, "Down with simplicity!"

You will observe the minute, carefully box-plaited ruffling in three tiers round the bottom of the jumper and the cuffs. A single edging of it goes round the collar and down the front opening. Then, newest feature of all, we have heard that skirts may be plaited, but it is better for them not to waft out in any fullness round the bottom. This one is held in place there by a band of the narrow ruffling, which has no give to it, and dictates what the exact width of that skirt shall be. For the word "width" we really should substitute its exact opposite, and comment on how narrow is the unelastic hemline of that skirt.

The dress isn't in two pieces, as it would be if it were really a sports frock, and its frills are frillier than those sanctioned even on clothes that were for dress occasions in the seasons just past. It is appropriate indeed to wear when attending the country club tea after the sporting events. Also, it is excellent for tea and other wear in town all winter.

The second model shows the new passion for highly evolved sleeves. It further shows another new movement bidding for favor, and that is the long tunic. It, too, shows elaborateness.

This dress is of rose crepe de Chine, but takes a turn for sophistication by combining with black velvet.

A black velvet coat, heavily fur trimmed, completes the costume as it is shown in Paris.

The third dress seems to be getting afraid of its own elaborateness. But if you feel yourself to be a little fancily clad, those long revers will turn forward, showing their black backs, and fasten demurely down the front, skillfully concealing any idea that they cover up trimming.

This is a good dress to wear on the train and to the tea after you arrive.

The coat at the left, with its shaggy goat fur, clearly shows the raised waistline, with its high insets of godets.

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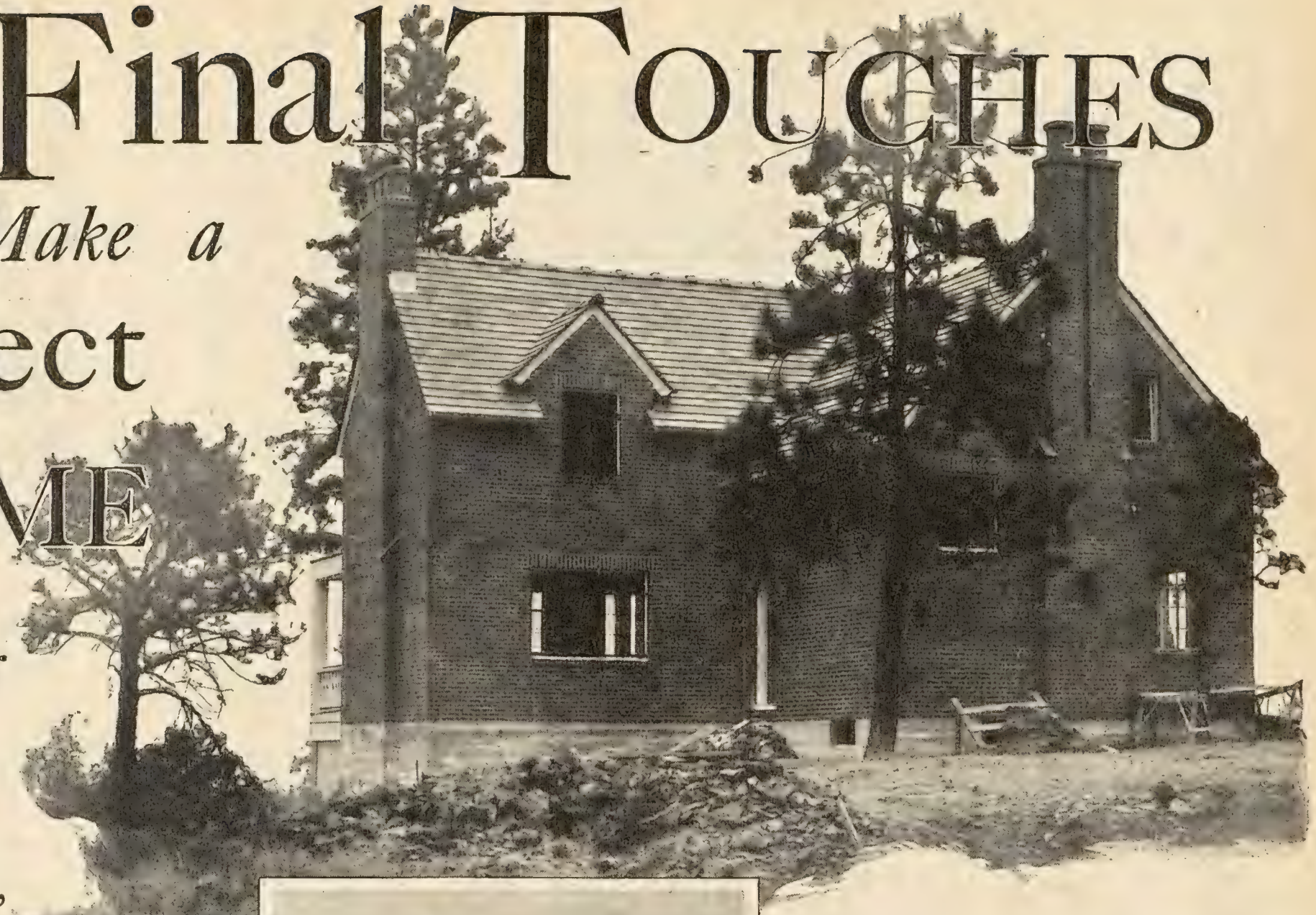

The Visk home in Spokane nearing completion.

SPOKANE HOUSE
(Final Report)

By CHARLES G. FRASER

TEN years ago George and Johanna Visk decided that some day they would build themselves a home on Overbluff Road, and in the years between they have saved and worked toward that goal. Today the home is a reality, a material proof that anyone may have what he wants if only he will strive. When George and Johanna step inside their own front door, cross the entrance hall, and enter their living-room, they are atop the rocky shoulder on which they stood so long ago and determined the place should be the scene of their social and home life.

With the trials and joys of building fresh in mind, the Visks now believe that ten years is a period none too long for the planning and execution of a home. All they learned through unending study of plan books, articles on home-building, interior decoration, landscaping, the value of different materials, how to do this and that—this preknowledge gained through the experience of others, has proved a constant asset and a source of economies not contemplated by the average person who only *wishes* he had a home.

This store of knowledge has given them ability to decide what they wanted, and so they have escaped much of the expense that goes with flitting from one idea to another and in the end wondering if something else might not have been better, after all. Their experience with construction problems also has emphasized the tremendous importance of securing the services of a capable architect.

M. Randolph Smith, who drew the plans for their home and has supervised its building,

The Visk home from the north, showing entrance to basement garage.

has saved them hundreds of dollars, they believe, and at the same time obtained the sturdiest of materials and a degree of efficiency in workmanship that is reflected in every item of the dwelling. When Mr. Smith is not engaged on contract, he puts up houses on his own account, and the group of homes in Spokane he has built are among the finest in the city. His services are greatly in demand. The Visks hope that all who are following their activities in these reports will engage an architect, whether the home consists of one room or twenty. They are economists and they know it pays.

THE accumulating turmoil of artisans of one variety and another, whose presence and manifold activities leave the home-builder's mind awash as to the final outcome, came to a temporary lull during the last month with the advent of the plasterers. It seems these knights of the mixing bowl have a way of clearing the decks and only Johanna proved brave enough to enter her castle during their ministrations.

She wanted to see how the arched bookshelves flanking the fireplace were going to look, and to cast an eagle eye at the arched china rack, which matches the arched door to the dining-room. The results were gratifying. Johanna set out with a plan for forty arched windows. As costs piled up, the arches came down, one by one, until none remained. The loss has been somewhat equalized by the two above the bookcases, the front doorway, the entrance to the dining-room, and the open, built-in china shelves.

ALL the woodwork throughout the house is white pine from Idaho forests. It is being surfaced with a heavy enamel, from six to eight coats of covering in all, and is expected to endure for years without chipping.

In the kitchen has been installed a ventilation apparatus propelled by a small motor. This device extends through the wall above the sink. When the motor is started, a series of leaves, like those on the shutter of an automobile, are opened automatically, and the fresh air is drawn in to expel the used air within the room. Mrs. Visk considers a well ventilated kitchen an important feature, especially in view of the breakfast nook that opens off the room.

The cooling device is another late development. When a faucet is turned on, the pressure forces the stream flowing through the pipes to expand across wide metal plates contained in a metal covering. The result is a reduction of temperature ample to preserve foods within the ice box.

The Visks found that building one's home on a rock is expensive. The removal of nearly 100 yards of stone proved costly, and there yet remained a wide area to be improved if it was to blossom as all Spokane yards do blossom. The landscape situation was determined largely by the slope of the hill. A rock wall eight feet high was placed across the north end of the lot. This was then filled in with loose rock taken from the basement. From

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Sixty-five]

the level so formed a second wall was thrown across and the first process duplicated. A wall of reinforced concrete was used along the west lot line as insurance against the loose rocks' giving way under the weight of the family car going to and from the garage.

At the south end of the lot (the street), a rock wall five feet high was extended the width of the property, except for the driveway entrance, which was walled up along the slope from the street level to the lot level. Mr. Visk signed a contract for 250 cubic yards of dirt at ninety cents a yard. Of this, 175 yards are fill dirt and the rest good black soil.

ON the terrace is being erected a rock house eight feet wide and twelve feet long, with a sloping roof ten feet high at the ridge. A fireplace of stone is the feature of this garden bower. It will be the outdoor castle of George, Jr., and the headquarters for marshmallow and weiner roasts in the days ahead.

Johanna also must have her lily pool. This picturesque delight of the garden is to have a place on the lower terrace and about it will be planted a balanced array of shrubs and ferns. Wide steps of stone will provide descent from the house level to the terrace.

Vines, shrubs, and low trees are being installed. The plan is to avoid high growths. The purpose is to provide only a setting for the house, which stands, a four-square, tall structure, perfectly in harmony with the surrounding pines.

Final Cost Analysis of the Visk Home:

Excavation: Under entire house, which provides for garage, sewer and water ditch, driveway..	$664.60
Concrete Work: Foundation walls, driveway, floor of entire basement, retaining wall for portion of distance along west lot line, footings, drains, bearing partitions. All Lehigh Portland cement	520.17
Millwork, Lumber, and Celotex: Finished flooring of oak throughout, rough lumber for floors, interior partitions and roof framing, exterior and interior trim.....	1,590.60
Furring, Lathing, Plastering: Hard-wall plaster throughout. Lehigh Portland cement	475.20
Plumbing, Fixtures and Installation: Fixtures from the Crane Co.....	528.00
Heating and Radiation: Hot-air system. Success hot-air furnace with fan	445.19
Painting: Material and labor. Ripolin enamel. Campbell Paint and Varnish Co.	487.50
Electrical Work and Fixtures: G-E Wiring System, General Electric Co. Fixtures from Brown-Johnson Co.	325.00
Finish Hardware and Ironwork: P. & F. Corbin	222.65

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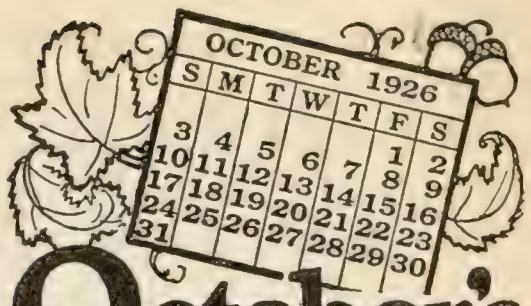

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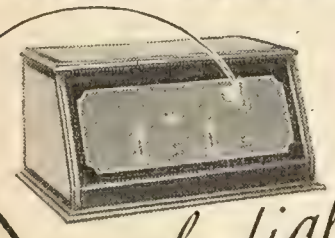

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

Roofing: Clay shingles graduated as to color, shading from dark brown at eaves to light brown at the peak of the roof. Washington Brick, Lime and Sewer Pipe Co.	$450.00
Steel casement windows, glazing and weather stripping, Fenestra Sash. Detroit Steel Products Co. Monarch metal weather stripping, manufactured by Monarch Steel Products Co., St. Louis, Mo.....	350.00
Carpenter labor: By contract from bid	1,135.00
Brickwork: By contract from bid	440.00
Total labor and materials cost	$7,633.91
Architect's fee: The architect also supervised construction, and checked materials as well as workmanship	764.00
Landscaping: Day labor, rockwork, including rock house and fireplace, lily pool, 150 loads of dirt..	700.00
Legal fees, mortgage, etc.	19.05
Extras: Galvanized lining for clothes chute; alteration in master bedroom, requiring a change of closet space	71.35
Workmen's compensation insurance	42.00
Value of property	1,500.00
Total	$10,730.31

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Kitchen equipment: Hoosier cabinet and unit. Tull & Gibbs	$104.00
Range: General Electric range	197.00
Refrigerator System: Water Cool System.....	127.50
Ventilation: Suction ventilating system installed in kitchen. Ilg Electric Ventilating Co., Chicago, Ill.	45.50
Total	$474.00
Grand total	$11,204.31

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

Decorating and Furnishing Liberty's Homes

LIBERTY'S four homes are completed, but not ready for occupancy. Our readers demand that we go one step further, and tell how they will be furnished and decorated. So Miss Grace Daggett, internationally known interior decorator, has joined our staff, and will advise readers on problems of making mere houses into comfortable, beautiful homes. She will visit LIBERTY'S houses, consult with the owners, and tell, in detail, how they overcame their difficulties.

Miss Daggett's first article, on the Bronxville house, will appear next week, and will be followed week by week by other articles describing the furnishing and decorating problems of the LIBERTY homemakers in Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane.

Beauty Question
Biff

REMODELING An Old House

This and Other Phases of Home Planning Discussed by LIBERTY Readers

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid one another in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed, LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

A Woman Tests Herself

EDITOR, Home Page: I am the average housewife. I attend to my household duties, read a little, write a little, and amuse myself generally.

My daydream, if I had a little money, was to buy an old house, in a good neighborhood, remodel it to suit my taste, sell it at a profit, buy another, and so on until I was a successful business woman.

The opportunity came last year. I won a "wits" contest. The prize was $5,000. With $5,000 all my own I was determined to test myself. If I lost my money, it was my own to lose. If I made money, it was my own to spend.

The problem was, now, to find the house of my dreams. I finally settled on a six-room shingled cottage on a fifty-foot lot. The house was old and in bad condition, but the location was admirable.

My first work was to find carpenters. I knew they existed, but where to find them I did not know. I advertised and they came in droves. I hired half a dozen young fellows and we went to work. I say "we" literally, for I was on the job at 8 o'clock every morning. Each man was given his work and I was there to see he earned every cent I agreed to pay. I was no Shylock, but I demanded my pound of flesh.

A partition was torn down to make one room where formerly two had stood. The pantry was eliminated and a breakfast room substituted. A huge fireplace was built in the living-room. The rear southwest bedroom was a dungeon vile, with one lone window, dark woodwork, and incongruous wall paper.

A wrecking house supplied me with six large windows that had been salvaged from an old-fashioned office building. On two sides of the room we placed these sun gifts, which reached from the ceiling to the floor. The dungeon room was transformed into a cheerful sun-room by day and sleeping porch by night.

Porches were widened, windows cut out, and hard-wood floors laid in. Everything was purchased at the minimum cost.

At last the house was ready for my "For Sale" sign. My experience thus far had cost me less than $5,000, including everything. With my ambitions complete, I waited for a buyer.

My third prospects fell victims. They were newlyweds, seeking a "love nest." My nest of love and ambition appealed to them. The price was $7,500. There were no objections! In fact, everything pleased them.

I am now looking for my next "bargain." I have enjoyed two months of interesting work that convinced me that women are as capable as men, if given a chance.

CAROLINE BOONE, Oakland, Calif.

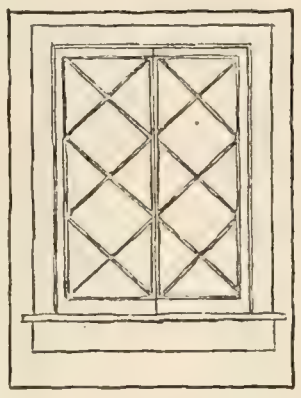
The Low Sink

EDITOR, Home Page: See that the sink is of the proper height. The foundation of the house may be solid and good, but if the sink is too low or too high, the housewife is not going to get enjoyment from her home. If there are to be servants, then the sink must be made of average height. The big contributing factor to the prevalent round shoulders of our housewives today is the low sink.

MRS. SYLVIA SMITH, Portland, Ore.

The Casement Problem

EDITOR, Home Page: Many choose the hinged casement because of the argument that when these are open there are no rails or bars to obstruct the view as is the case with the double-hung window.



Of the many problems connected with this proposition, I can say I have found nothing that will take the place of the double-hung window, with its weight and cord.

Consider the casement—one or a pair of sash, hinged at the side to open in or out. If they open in, some thought must be given to the curtains or draperies. They must either be hung on the sash themselves or so arranged as to fold out of the way when the sash are swung in. And what are you going to do about the roller curtains?

And when the sash are open, are they to stick out into the room or fold back against the wall? And casement sash opening in are not the easiest thing to make weather-tight; they require a special sill design.

Consider the casement sash opening out. With these, the problem of the inside draperies and roller curtains is more easily solved, but what about fly screens? These must now be placed on the inside, a proposition to which most people would object, as the best practice now calls for screens to be placed on the outside. And when these sash are opened, are they to stick out at right angles to the house or be folded back against the outside wall? They can be made much more weather-tight than sash opening in.

But with the double-hung window (or vertical sliding sash) there is none of these problems to be solved.

FRANK A. DADMUN, Randolph, Vt.

Shingles versus Stucco

EDITOR, Home Page: As our house is very old, the siding is in bad condition, and we are undecided whether to give it a coat of stucco or to cover it with shingles. Someone has suggested that possibly the old siding would not hold the nails used in putting on the shingles.

As the house is very cold in winter, would the shingles applied over the siding make it very much warmer, or would it be necessary to remove the old siding, put on a lining, and then the shingles? Would a house treated in this manner be as warm as one covered with stucco?

Would it not be just as expensive to line and shingle a house as it would be to stucco it? The amount of money we have to spend on the house is limited.

I have noticed that shingles stained green fade out. Can you recommend a good color?

MRS. C. B. BEIMFORDE, Indianapolis, Ind.

If you decide to use shingles on your house, it will be necessary to take off the siding, and put on building paper and insulation, such as Celotex, to increase the warmth of your house.

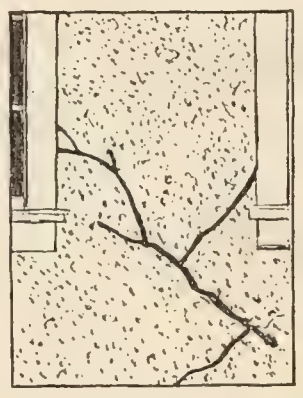
If you decide to finish the house in stucco, select some self-furring lath and have it nailed over the present siding and finish with three coats of stucco in any color desired. The best type of shingle to use is a pre-dipped shingle which is creosoted for long life.

Stucco that Cracks

EDITOR, Home Page: I have a repairing problem:

We bought a stucco house. Now it has begun to crack all over. We cannot dispose of it in this condition—patches only make it look worse. How would it be to build a brick wall around the house? If we do that, how would the windows and doors be taken care of? There are so many stucco houses that crack, I am sure many readers will be interested in knowing how to remedy it.

J. H. OTT, Louisville, Ky.



The stucco cracks in your house are owing to shrinking of the framework, due to the use of green lumber, or are caused by insufficient support under the foundation, inadequate footings, or no footings.

There are two ways to repair stucco walls. If the cracks are not very wide and the house has stood long enough so it is not likely that any more cracks will appear, you can go over it with high grade stucco paint and close up the cracks, or you can put on an overcoating of specially prepared patent stucco, which will clear the cracks in addition to resurfacing the house.

If you veneer the house, you will have to build a foundation at least eight inches thick from the foundation up to the grade level and tie it onto the existing foundation walls with tie clips or tie wires and from the grade level to the eaves of the roof, building a four-inch wall of brick with a sufficient number of metal ties securely nailed into the existing framework to hold the brick veneer in place. A molding known as a brick molding can be used around the doors and windows and if caught with oakum, will prevent the weather from getting in back of the veneer.

Only One Way You Can Get This Remarkable Pen

You must try it *FIVE* days before you can keep it!

Made of exactly same materials as pens usually selling from $7 to $10

Superior to Any Pen at Any Price in Convenience

THE man who invented this amazing pen consented to let us sell it only under one condition—that we work out a plan whereby the price would be within the reach of everyone, instead of selling it at $7.00 to $10.00.

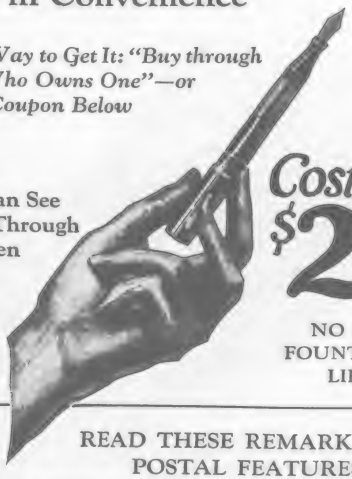
And so we decided to eliminate all jobbing, sales, retailing and other in-between costs, and let Uncle Sam do our selling for us—through the United States mails. The result is—our truly amazing $2.50 price and a "proof-first" selling method that is being endorsed by thousands of new purchasers every week.

And the Postal contains advantages and great improvements found in *no* other fountain pen at any price.

Actual Size Men's Model

Only Way to Get It: "Buy through One Who Owns One"—or Mail Coupon Below

You Can See Right Through This Pen



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The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is transparent. You can always see when it needs filling. You'll never again have to guess whether or not your pen will write. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method– the easiest ever devised. Holds three times more ink than ordinary self-filling pens. Manufactured from same materials as used in high-priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

READ THESE REMARKABLE POSTAL FEATURES

It is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

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It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, solid 14 Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

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It Holds 3 Times More Ink Than Ordinary Self-filling Pens—Fill it once a month—and get real "writing mileage."

And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed equal or superior to those found in other pens usually selling at three to four times the Postal price.

How To Get The Postal Pen

SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Do not send a penny! When you get your Postal Pen, you will also receive five postcards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another pen. Every Postal Pen owner finds that his friends admire his remarkable pen and ask where they can get others like it. You can easily sell your premium postcards for fifty cents each and earn back the full price of your pen. You *do not* have to sell the cards—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is yours to keep.

Five Days' FREE Trial!

Send for your POSTAL pen NOW. State whether you want men's or women's model. Use it five days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. You are to be the sole judge. Compare it with *any* pen at *any* price. *Remember the price is low only because our sales policy of manufacturer-to-user eliminates all in-between profits, commissions and handling.* Send the coupon NOW and learn what real fountain pen satisfaction is!

Postal

RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., INC., Desk 94, 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY

Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 94, 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman $2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 5 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Check which you want. ☐ Men's size. ☐ Women's size.

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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.

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SLEET · SNOW · ICE · RUTS

—by having a set of McKay Tire Chains in your car—ALWAYS Chain weather may be just around the corner. Equipped with McKays, you're ready.

THEY'RE BUILT TO LAST.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
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McKAY TIRE CHAINS

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McKay Red Bead Bumpers, for every type of car, "add good looks and protect good looks."

TWO TITLES TIE *for* FIRST PRIZE

Liberty's Judges Award $500 To Each

Winners of $1,500—Prize Award No. 10

First Prize—Two Awards
$500 to Each

The following two titles were adjudged as tied for first place and, accordingly, each is awarded a prize of $500:

An Oldtimer Getting Tanked

The winner: C. D. Cornett, Box 926, Lake Wales, Fla.

On the Road to "Damn Delay"

The winner: H. L. Erbe, 3712 Chatham Road, Baltimore, Md.

Second Prize, $250

Liquidating a Liability

The winner: T. A. Tooney, 612 Fifth Avenue, Clinton, Iowa.

Third Prize, $100

It Ain't Goin' to Run No More

The winner: Theodore Ordman, 969 East Ninth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Fourth Prize, $50

A "Stall" that Needs a Horse

The winner: George P. O'Connor, 111 Stowe Avenue, Troy, New York.

Fifth Prize, $25

"Poring" Over a Dry Subject

The winner: James Witty, 2533 Brown Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sixth Prize, $25

Born 1912—Died Often

The winner: H. M. Smith, P. O. Box 212, Monroe, North Carolina.

Seventh Prize, $25

"Starting" Is Such Sweet Sorrow

The winner: Loyd Curbow, P. O. Box 113, Fort Douglas, Utah.

Eighth Prize, $25

Motor Paresis

The winner: Dr. Edward F. Parker, No. 70 Hasell Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

(Further prize awards will be announced weekly up to and including the cover for September 18, the final issue of the Cover Contest.)

For the Love o' Lil

Liberty's Title Contest Ends But NOT the Story!

LIBERTY'S offer of $1,000 a week for the best eight titles to its covers is at an end. But the adventures of Lil and her beau, Sandy, have gained wide interest. Scores of letters indicate that our readers are much against dropping their acquaintance. So the story of their love affair will be continued.

CHAPTER XV *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

WHEN Mr. A. Fillmore Braggs, the distinguished Chicago real estate sub-divider, had dinner at the residence of R. E. Morse, one evening, and pronounced Junior Morse's dog, Pal, a remarkable example of a thoroughbred wire-haired fox terrier, Pal began to have an unexpected interest for Lil Morse, Junior's young and beautiful sister.

Lil was interested in thoroughbreds of all sorts. Whatever had "class" engaged her fancy.

Of course, Mr. Braggs didn't know what he was talking about (he seldom did!), but Lil was not aware of it. So the next day, when Lil's beau, Sandy, came to call, she decided that they would take Pal walking.

And then there happened a fateful thing! Pal began to chase another dog that looked something like a lion and something like a door mat. The fugitive took refuge in the arms of a Mysterious Brunette!

Cuddles Keenan!

This is the first time that Cuddles has appeared in our story! But it shall not be the last! Sandy went to the rescue of Cuddles and her frightened pet.

Poor Lil! How truly has it been said that they who love must suffer!

(*To be continued next week*)

Make $25 a Day with these Amazing Values!

3-Piece Cassimere Suit Only $18.50

These dressy suits are the world's greatest values! In beautiful, smart, genuine Cassimere Fabrics. Wide array of beautiful, exclusive *weaves* and patterns. All popular shades. Full three pieces—lined with quality materials. You'd expect these suits to sell for $30 to $35. They're amazing values at $18.50.

If you would like to increase your earnings from $150 to $600 a month—in full or spare time—in an easy, congenial, dignified new kind of outdoor work—read these facts carefully—then act quick! I need 800 representatives in every part of America. You can be my representative in your locality—and can serve my customers there. I will make you a special offer that should bring you $50 weekly in spare time—$100 for full time—if you mail me the coupon right away!

Marvelous Suit Only $9.95

I make the famous Comer Work Suit. There are 15,000,000 men in America that need this suit—*right now!* Hundreds of them live right around you. The Comer Work Suit is made of a surprising new fabric that is practically rip, snag and tear proof. Made in two piece—in a popular, stylish model. It is almost impossible to wear out this smart looking suit. It is tough, strong, durable—the punishment it will stand is unbelievable. Quality tailored throughout—yet the price is astoundingly low—only $9.95! Think of it! At this low price everyone will buy from you!

No Experience or Investment Needed

You don't need selling experience or capital to cash in on this remarkable money-making opportunity. I furnish everything you need to make $100 a week—*absolutely FREE!* I furnish complete instructions—tell you where to go and what to do. You have no competition—for I never sell through stores. All you have to do is show the new styles and new fabrics of my $9.95 and $18.50 suits to my regular customers and take their orders. I do everything else. I deliver and collect. All is easy—and your profits come *quick*—and are *amazing!*

Prentiss Earned $945 in One Month

Does that sound too good to be true? Well, Head made $69.50 in a single day. Cooper says it's easy to make $500 a month. Hamilton sold $813 worth of Comer Suits in less than a month. He took orders for 6, 8, and 10 at a clip. And Stone, who formerly earned $25 a week, made $605 profit in 30 days! You can earn this big money, too!

Act QUICK, Send No Money

If this remarkable opportunity interests you—if you are really in earnest about wanting to make $50 in a week's spare time—or $100 for full time—here's your chance for a clean-up. Remember I send all information—all equipment—FREE to you. You take no risk—are not obligated in any way. So, if you would like to jump your earnings $100 to $600 a month—don't send me a single penny—just mail this coupon. But *hurry!* Every day you wait costs you many dollars. So mail coupon TODAY—for my big special offer!

C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. 1077-F, Dayton, O.

Mail This NOW!

Think of it! Only $9.95!

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1077-F, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me details of your special offer without cost or obligation to me. Tell me how I may obtain a sample suit at no expense.

Name .....

Address .....

"YOU *funny little Dutchman*"

A Close-Up of LUBITSCH, *Great German Director, and His Picture,* "SO THIS IS PARIS"

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

DIRECTOR Ernst Lubitsch (above). Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue (left) in a scene from "So This Is Paris."

ERNST LUBITSCH is the only foreign director to make good in America. Always excepting, of course, Erich Von Stroheim. Lubitsch, however, came to this country in the face of after-war bitterness.

Lubitsch is singularly likeable. He is short, black haired, swarthy, more in the mold of a Dutch comedian than a director. In the six years since he made Passion in Berlin, he has had more effect upon directorial technique than any other single force since Griffith pulled the photoplay into a close-up.

* * *

How Lubitsch came out of Germany in 1923 is still a matter of film history. The American screen was in a singular state of stagnation. Passion drifted to these shores, banged about in film offices for months, and finally found a home at First National. The original purchase price never has been told. Reports name $20,000. Passion grossed over a million dollars in its first year. It revealed an unknown Polish actress named Pola Negri. It brought an avalanche of historical stories to the screen. And it disclosed Lubitsch as a director.

* * *

Lubitsch, who is thirty-four, had turned to the stage after high school. He was behind the German footlights for seven years. In 1913 he started making motion pictures. First he created short one- and two-reel comedies. Then he directed Gypsy Blood, a retelling of the Carmen theme. This picture brought La Negri to the screen. In succession came Passion, One Arabian Night, in which Lubitsch himself played the tragic hunchback, The Loves of Pharaoh, and Deception.

Coming to America, Lubitsch was signed by Mary Pickford to make one picture a year at $40,000 per picture. Warner Brothers signed him for the remainder of his services at $60,000 a film.

* * *

Lubitsch's picture with Miss Pickford, Rosita, was a dud. The star and the Berliner were diametrically opposed in thought and feeling. Then he wanted to direct Mary as *Marguerite* in Faust.

"There is a beautiful scene where you are ruined in a field of waving grain," he told Mary and her mother in his broken English. "You disappear from sight, there is a surging of the grain—and that is all. Later you kill your baby. Beautiful, nein?"

Ma Pickford had to be assisted to her room at Pickfair. Mary did NOT do Faust.

* * *

Lubitsch has won success, under the Warner banner, with sophisticated comedies. The best of these were The Marriage Circle and Kiss Me Again. They started American directors off after subleties. But sublety, obviously, is not the forte of American film makers.

* * *

Lubitsch takes quick likes and dislikes. When he first started to make Hollywood comedies, he began looking about for an actress to play his leading roles. Marie Prevost presented herself. Lubitsch wasn't convinced.

He suggested a test scene, bustling about with a score of suggestions. Miss Prevost suddenly burst into laughter.

"Why you laugh?" demanded Lubitsch.

"You funny little Dutchman," giggled the ex-Mack Sennetter.

Lubitsch beamed. "Fine!" he exclaimed. And he hired Miss Prevost on the spot.

* * *

Before coming to America, Lubitsch married Leni Kraus, who had been a singer in Berlin. Mrs. Lubitsch is singularly attractive.

* * *

So This Is Paris, Lubitsch's latest effort at frothy comedy, is thin stuff, a bit repetitious of his previous celluloid symphonies upon domestic infidelity.

In So This Is Paris Lubitsch is handicapped by an uneven cast. Patsy Ruth Miller has fallen heir to Marie Prevost's slippers; but she is no real successor. Lilyan Tashman is the best of the cast.

Do You Know That—

Ernst Lubitsch is to be loaned to Metro-Goldwyn for one picture before starting his Famous Players contract? . . . John Boles, a newcomer to the screen, will play opposite Gloria Swanson in her first United Artists production? . . . Lou Tellegen has turned from acting to directing for William Fox? . . . Greta Garbo quit the cast of The Flesh and the Devil, in which she plays opposite Jack Gilbert, and then came back again? . . . Morris Gest has signed Vladimir Nemirovitch Dantchenko, director of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio, to make pictures for United Artists? . . . William Fox is filming One Increasing Purpose in England, with Edmund Lowe and Lila Lee in the cast? . . . The Vitaphone has signed Elsie Janis? . . . Marion Davies has started Tillie, the Toiler?

He can save you time and trouble

Your dentist can save you time and trouble if you will give him the chance. Go to him at least twice a year. He will keep your teeth and gums healthy and may forestall serious illness frequently resulting from infections in the mouth.

4 out of 5 *contract pyorrhea needlessly*

Dental statistics tell the story of pyorrhea's menace. Carelessness lets this dangerous mouth infection fasten itself upon four out of five at forty, and many younger.

But there is a safe way to place yourself among the favored few who escape. When tender, bleeding gums give pyorrhea's warning, go at once to your dentist for treatment and start brushing night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

Your dentist undoubtedly will recommend Forhan's. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists have used in the treatment of pyorrhea for many years.

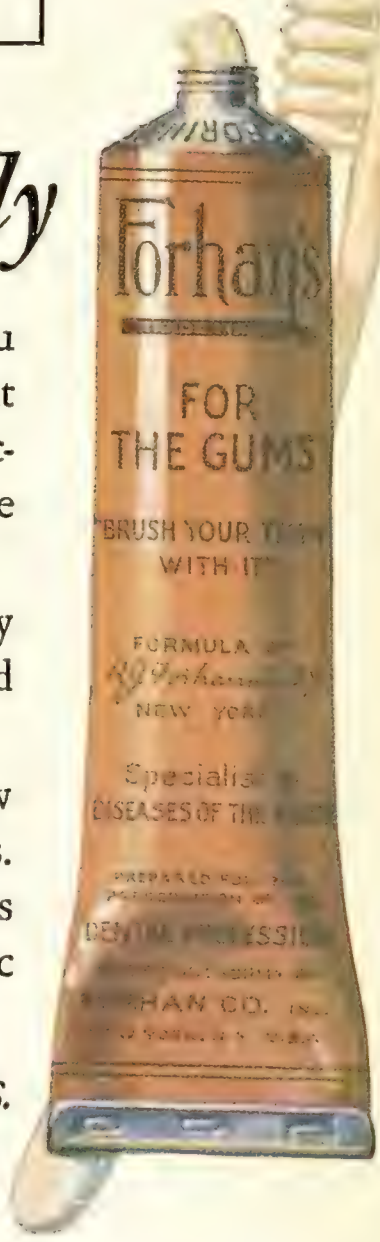
No matter what dentifrice you now prefer, you should begin using Forhan's today to prevent pyorrhea from numbering you among its victims. Children like its pleasant taste. It is the ideal dentifrice for the entire family.

It firms the gums and keeps them a healthy pink. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly and brings back their whiteness and lustre.

You owe it to your health to begin now to brush regularly with Forhan's for the Gums. Why not start today and avoid dangerous chance? At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS



MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

BOSCH RADIO

Bosch presents two new, completely Armored and Shielded, Radio Receivers. The Amborada —combining perfect radio and excellent taste in furniture, is a seven tube receiver of utmost operating simplicity. The Cruiser—is a five tube receiver with the Unified-Control, giving you all the conveniences of a single station selector with two dial advantages for "cruising the air." Never before has radio been presented so perfected in tonal quality, so beautiful in appearance, so simple in operation and so satisfactory in performance. You have been awaiting just this development in radio. The Bosch Dealer will show these outstanding Bosch Radio Models to you. We invite your inquiry if you wish his address.

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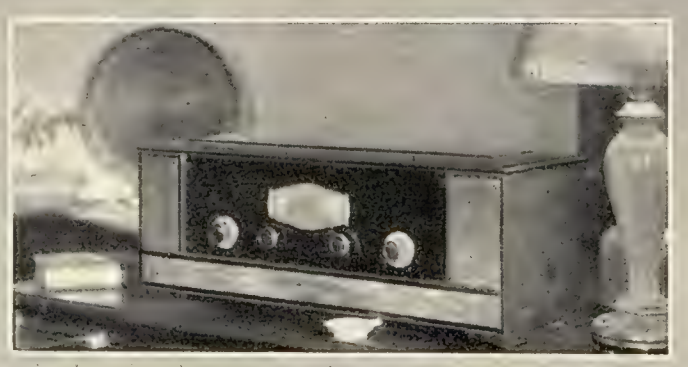
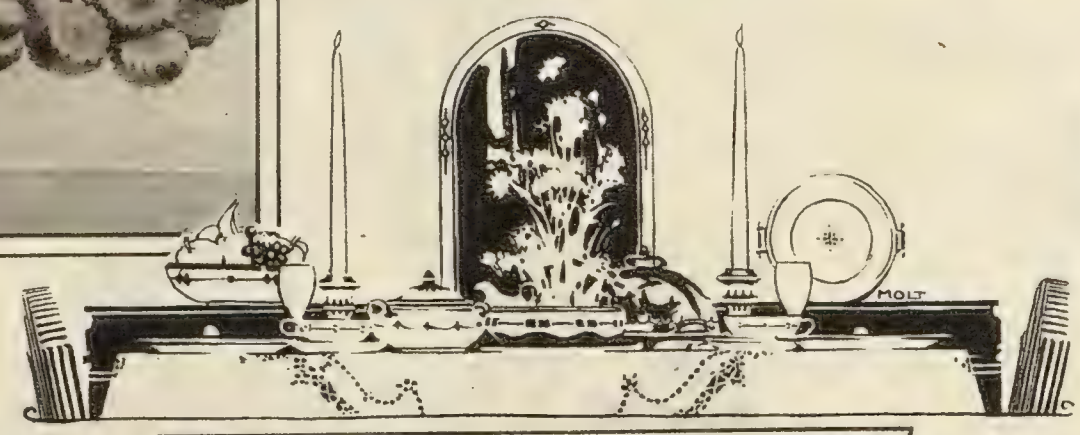


THE AMBORADA		THE FAMOUS MODEL 16		THE CRUISER	
7 tubes	$310	6 tubes	$150	5 tubes	$100

All prices slightly higher, Colorado and west and in Canada.

Cut the turnips Julienne, as pictured, and combine with other vegetables artistically cut to form an attractive vegetable border, thereby transforming a plain dish into a seemingly elaborate one.

Touching Up the FAMILY DINNER for Company



By ETHEL SOMERS

THE plainest of everyday food items can be touched up quite easily to make a seemingly elaborate dinner menu for company. The pleasure of entertaining one's friends in the home is greatly enhanced if one can, through artistic treatment, make easy, pleasant combinations that seem different, though they really have been prepared along old, familiar ways.

The ever-favorite baking-powder biscuit may be coiled into popular cinnamon rolls. The universal baked ham slice may be artistically scored, fruited, stuffed, and rolled into a most savory meat delicacy. The common garden vegetables may be attractively cut into various shapes and stewed with the meat to form a savory and decorative vegetable border. Further complemented by a bland soup, so as to alternate the savory service, and completed with a tasty dessert, we present a gratifying menu for the home family dinner or one that will grace the company table.

Dinner Menu

Oyster Soup with Croutons

Ham Roll — **Fruited Stuffing**
Vegetable Border — **Au Gratin Potatoes**
Cinnamon Rolls — **Butter**
Oatmeal Cookies — **Apricot Jelly**
Coffee

Oyster Stew

1 pint to 1 quart oysters
1 quart milk or 1 pint milk and 1 pint cream scalded
¼ cup butter
1½ tablespoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

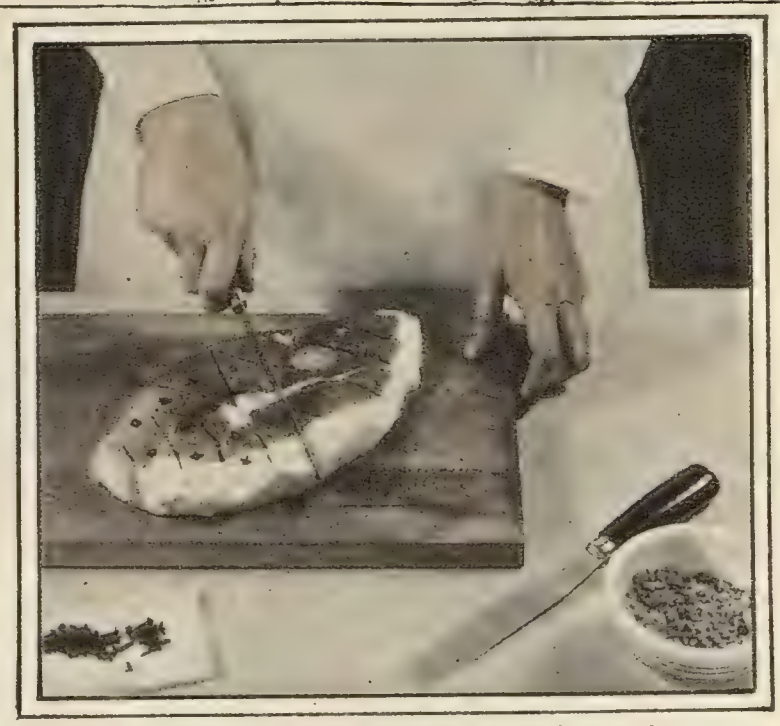
HEAT the oysters and stew them gently in the liquor in which they are sold. When the edges curl (from three to five minutes), drain, rinse with hot water, and add the seasonings and scalded milk. Serve at once.

Baked Ham Roll

¼ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons dry mustard
2 center cut slices of ham, cut 1 inch thick

DRESSING:
Cloves
4 cups soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped carrot tops or parsley
1 cup raisins
½ cup melted butter or substitute

MIX the brown sugar and mustard until thoroughly blended and rub these into the ham slices. Score the ham on one side only, cutting one-fourth inch deep and marking it off into diamonds. Insert a clove in the center of each diamond. Turn the unscored side of the ham up, placing one-half the dressing in the center of each slice. Roll each slice separately and skewer it into roll shape. Place on a rack in an open roaster and sear for twenty or thirty minutes at 450° F. Cover with the vegetables prepared as directed in the following recipe for Vegetable Border. Add one cup of water in the bottom of the roaster, place the cover tightly in position, leaving the lid valve open. Place in a moderately slow oven (275° F.) for three hours to cook tender.



Score the ham on one side only, cutting one-fourth inch deep and marking it off into diamonds. Insert a clove in the center of every diamond and rub with a brown sugar-mustard mixture.

Vegetable Border

5 carrots, scalloped and sliced
4 turnips, cut Julienne
2 onions, minced
1 head cauliflower, sectored
1 head lettuce, shredded
1 cup to 1 quart string beans, split lengthwise
2 teaspoons vinegar, white vinegar preferred
2 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt

AFTER mixing vegetables and seasonings, distribute over the ham roll, which has been browned in a searing oven. Close roaster and bake as directed in the meat recipe above. Serve as border around the Ham Roll

Au Gratin Potatoes

6 potatoes cubed or sliced and freshly boiled
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1½ cups of milk or 1 cup milk and ½ cup cream
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup grated cheese

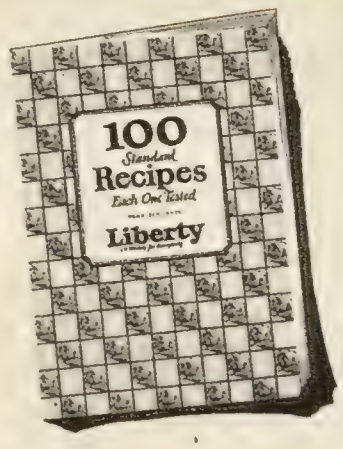
MELT the butter, remove it from the fire, then mix in the flour to a smooth paste. Add the seasonings and gradually stir in the milk. Boil and stir until thickened. Continue to cook over water for at least ten minutes. Add the cooked potatoes to the sauce, place in a buttered casserole, cover with grated cheese, and brown in a hot oven (375° F.).

Apricot Jelly

1 recipe of Lemon Jelly (see Liberty's 100 Standard Recipes, page 30), or 1 package of prepared Lemon Jelly
water added as directed.
1 cup of washed dried apricots
3 cups cold water

SOAK the apricots overnight. Place in a tightly covered kettle in three cups of cold water and stew gently until tender. Remove the cover and boil away any excess liquor. Prepare the lemon jelly and the cooked apricots, and mold in wet molds. Serve with whipped cream.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!



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Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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9-25-26

The GIRL Men

Lovers Meet In the Shadow of Crime

By ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

DORIS KAYE stared at the telegram in her hand. The worm had turned! The message read:

SAILING FOR EAST AFRICA TOMORROW MARRY ME NOW OR NEVER.
ARTHUR FOX.

Good old devoted Arthur, safe and stodgy. Why not take him?

Doris was twenty-nine. She had been rich; she was poor, now, taught school, and hated it.

In her imprudent teens she had fallen hard for fascinating Keith Lancefield, more than twenty years older than she, and married. Well, he hadn't yet kept his promise to divorce his wife. He was apparently absorbed in writing against the dope trade. No use waiting any longer for him. She wired Arthur and started for New York —and matrimony.

In Boston she changed cars and it was at the station there that adventure sprang upon her. The prelude was Steve Lamar's trying to pick her up. She had merely known Steve by sight, so she cut him. Then she wished she hadn't, for in no time she was being rushed to the police station. What she had done was carelessly to exchange suitcases with a frightened-faced girl. In the suitcase she got there proved to be packages of heroin, masculine and feminine clothing, and, to her amazement, a youthful photograph of herself.

She was asked if she knew Harry Hart, a taxi driver. She didn't, but confessed to having kissed a taxi driver once, who got her out of a kid scrape.

Things were looking pretty black when Steve Lamar turned up, flaunting a Department of Justice badge he had got hold of. He claimed Doris as an old friend, and Blalock, Chief of Inspectors, released her, though he still had his suspicions.

That same night, while Doris and Steve, on the train to New York, employed the time by falling in love, one of Blalock's men shadowed them.

Doris' meeting next morning with Arthur was a shock to her. In the hotel lounge he showed her a newspaper account of Lancefield's divorce and accused her of being willing to marry him merely because Keith was "broke."

She slapped his face, rushed to her room, and, in relief, fell sound asleep.

Arthur sailed alone on the Berengaria.

PRESENTLY she came back, dripping, and joined him at an iron table under a big tree overhanging the water.

PART FIVE

DORIS slept on till an insistent buzzing brought her up from the black, soundless depths of exhaustion. The telephone? No—the door. She opened it. A bell boy stood there with her suitcase in his hand.

"Why, where did it come from?" He didn't know; she gathered that nobody knew. It had merely been left. Wondering, she dismissed him, knelt down and opened it. Obviously it had been repacked, but everything seemed to be there—her own pretty clothes without which she felt as helpless as a knight without his armor and weapons. She wondered how the suitcase had come back; but, after all, the point was that it *had* come back; her weapons had come back and Arthur had gone. Who wouldn't be happy?

She looked at her wrist watch. Two o'clock. Arthur was well out on the high seas. What next? Call up some of her friends in New York? They had probably moved—it was so long since she had been here; anyway, they would be out of town. There wasn't much to do in New York on an August Saturday, unless you went to one of the beaches, and not much fun in doing that alone—

Don't Forget

The telephone interrupted her.

"Miss Kaye?" asked a vaguely familiar voice. "Still Miss Kaye, eh?"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Her tone was not hospitable.

"Certainly," said Steve Lamar. "I've displayed terrific self-restraint in not calling you up till two hours after the Berengaria sailed."

"How did you know I wasn't aboard?"

"Oh, I went down to see you off. I saw the bridegroom, but no bride—the bridegroom and a ton or so of roses."

"Did you send me a ton of roses?"

"Only a few of them. Sorry they were wasted, but——"

"Roses would certainly be wasted on Arthur," said Doris. "I'm glad I found that out in time."

"So am I. May I ask what happened?"

"You may ask, but I don't see why I should tell you." She was resentful. He needn't think she was in a mood to be carried by storm.

"Oh, I admit it's none of my business; but you seemed so positive that nothing could stop your marriage——"

In spite of herself she laughed.

"I overlooked the one thing that could stop it," she confessed.

"What's that?"

"Arthur. He threw me over."

"Threw you over! And yet they say the age of miracles is past. Look here—why did he throw you over?"

"I'll never tell you," said Doris. "It would be bad propaganda."

SHE bit her lip. She always seemed to be saying things to him she hadn't meant to say. But apparently he wasn't inclined to pick her up.

"Who cares, anyway?" he observed. "What are you doing?"

"Reflecting on a misspent life."

"Let me come over, then we'll have two of them to reflect on."

"I don't feel at all sentimental," she warned him.

"Who said sentiment? I assure you I'm a most agreeable person in my non-sentimental moments. Try me. Let's go to a ball game this afternoon—it's a perfect day for it."

"I think I'd better rest," she decided. "I'm still pretty tired."

"Well, then—suppose we go out to dinner this evening, and see the Follies afterward, and then go somewhere and dance."

"Now, that," said Doris, "is a glimmer of real intelligence. I'll be all rested and ready to tear up a cobblestone pavement. Dowedress?"

"I don't suppose you can, unless you've been shopping."

"Oh, yes, I can. Somebody sent me my suitcase."

"What?" he cried. "Who? How?"

"How do I know? It just came to the door. So I'll dress up like a three-alarm fire, if you like, and we'll see the town."

"Fine," he agreed, but his voice sounded uneasy. "But if you're not doing anything this afternoon, suppose I come over. We can drive around——"

"Not so fast. I'll expect you at seven—no earlier."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

"But—but I'd like to talk to you about that suitcase."

"What do you know about it?"

"Why, nothing," he confessed. "But—I'm afraid you don't understand!"

"My dear imbecile, I understand perfectly. But let's put off this—er—general conversation till—next week Thursday."

II

CERTAINLY this was like old times, she mused blithely, as she hung up her clothes and decided to wear a gold flame dinner gown that evening.

Rather gaudy for Saturday night in August, but she felt gaudy as she reflected that but for pure luck she would be dining with her husband on the Berengaria.

She felt like turning a handspring at the memory of that perilously close escape. And she wouldn't admit that her lightness was partly mere bravado, a determination to show herself that there would always be Yes Men, even if Lancefield had forgotten her.

She wondered persistently how the suitcase had come back to her; but no answer suggested itself, so presently she gave it up. Too hot to wonder, anyway.

She idled about, bathing, smoking, re-reading old letters and deciding not to answer them yet; and presently the telephone rang again.

"Miss Kaye? This is the manager."

"Manager of what?"

"Of the hotel. Would you mind stepping down to the office?"

"What for?" She was in her negligee, and it seemed needless labor to dress twice before dinner.

"It—it's a topic I don't like to discuss over the telephone."

"Oh! You mean my suitcase?"

"Why—why, yes. In a sense."

"All right. I'll come down."

She knew she was effective in her tangerine frock that harmonized with her skin lightly bronzed by the sun, and the golden peach of her stockings.

Her presence, she felt, conferred distinction on any hotel. But the manager, bald and sour, didn't know it.

"Oh, Miss Kaye, I'm sorry to tell you that your room is engaged for this evening."

"Just after I'd unpacked everything," Doris sighed. "Oh, well, move me to any other you like—north side for preference."

"I'm afraid we shall have no rooms vacant."

"Nonsense. Half the rooms in my corridor are empty."

She stared at him incredulously. He looked at the ceiling.

"Oh!" said Doris. "I see. I came as a cash customer without any baggage. But now my suitcase has come, so you needn't be afraid I'll beat my bill. . . . What did you want to tell me about my suitcase? Who brought it?"

"Don't you know?" Doris perceived that a lady who doesn't know where baggage comes from may not unreasonably be an object of suspicion.

"It was stolen last night," she told him; "but somebody sent it back. That's all I know about it. If you know any more——"

"I? Certainly not. I don't know anything about it. I only know that all our rooms are engaged."

"I know that's a lie," said Doris. "And you said you wanted to talk about my suitcase——"

"Oh, surely you must have misunderstood me. I only wanted to tell you that all our rooms are engaged this evening. We don't want to put you to inconvenience, of course, but there are plenty of other hotels——"

"Ah!" said Doris. "Turning me out? Why?"

"Not at all, not at all! Merely that all our rooms are engaged——"

She perceived that that was his story and he was going to stick to it.

"Needn't try to cover yourself with that clumsy lie," she retorted. "You're putting me out and you won't tell me why. Well, I won't go."

"Oh, I am sure when you think it over——"

"Do you suppose I want to stay here? Certainly not. But it happens that I have a dinner engagement with a man who expects to find me here."

"You could tell him where you're going——"

"I can't reach him. He's gone to a ball game. You can't have a man paged at the Polo Grounds. Besides, I'm not going anywhere."

"I could let you stay till half-past seven," he conceded reluctantly.

"You'll let me stay till I choose to go," said Doris, alert to seize her advantage. "You think you can put me out without giving me any reason—without having any reason? Try it. I'll sue you——"

"I've been sued before," he observed.

"Oh! So you think your reason would stand up in court? Then you might tell me what it is."

"Our rooms are engaged," he repeated stubbornly. "You may meet the man who's coming to take you to dinner, but then——"

"But then you'll climb down," she retorted.

"He happens to be in the Department of Justice——"

"The Department of Justice!" said the manager. "Oh!"

"Yes, indeed. Rather high up, too. We'll see how many of your rooms are engaged after he talks to you."

She left him worried, and prided herself on a good exit as she went back to her room. But under her seething fury was a mounting fear. He had some reason—something to do with the suitcase. Perhaps he had searched it; perhaps the woman who took it had hidden some drugs in it——

BUT why suspect her suitcase, after all? That affair in Boston last night hadn't got into the New York papers, and there were no Boston papers on the Kenroy news stand. . . . She came into her room and found the telephone ringing furiously. She jerked the receiver off and let it lie while she took off her hat.

"Oh, darn it all!" she muttered. "Why won't people leave me alone?"

But it might be Steve. Perhaps, after all, he hadn't gone to the ball game. She hoped it was Steve. He had proved himself a good rescuer and it looked as if she needed rescuing once more. Certainly if a man from the Department of Justice called the manager down, there would be no more talk about putting her out. She took up the telephone and answered.

"Miss Kaye?" She didn't know the voice.

"Did you get your suitcase?"

"Yes," she said, alert. "Who is this speaking?"

"I'm the man who sent it back to you."

"When I last saw it a woman had it. How did you get it? And who are you?" She heard an amused chuckle, but he ignored her questions.

"I want to see you," he told her, and he sounded as if he usually saw people when he wanted to.

"Why do you want to see me?"

"Well—say, to find out why our friend, Mr. Blalock, has got it in for you."

"Blalock? Who are you?"

"Harry Hart." She almost dropped the telephone.

"Harry Hart! Are you—" She checked herself. "How do you happen to have my photograph?"

"Why shouldn't I? It's a good picture. It's saved me trouble, now and then."

"It got me into trouble last night," Doris told him. "How did you get hold of it?"

"Bought it."

"Of Bill Claflin?"

"I don't know who he was. Some stew in a Harvard dormitory, ten years ago."

"Were you at Harvard?"

HE laughed. "I was at Harvard quite a lot. Never in Harvard. I used to be a taxi driver. One afternoon I picked up a load of college boys, all pretty well pickled. They drove to a dormitory and told me they were going to go in and buy Doris Kaye's photographs. Well, they were lit and I'd had a few myself, so when I said I'd go in, too, and make a bid, they said that was a fine idea and hauled me in. I saw a picture I liked, and I bought it."

"How did you dare?" But she couldn't be as firm as she wanted to.

"How did these other birds dare? After all, they didn't even know you!"

"But—but neither did you," she protested, with a desperate sinking feeling.

"Well, I didn't know you, exactly. But—I said I used to be a taxi driver."

"Oh! And you—did you ever——"

"I brought you home from a dump down near Duxbury one night—thirteen years ago."

"Oh!" said Doris. Ten minutes ago the past had seemed decently buried forever. And here it was resurrecting itself again— She felt tired and hopeless—defeated. Yet it wasn't so much of a past, after all; and this taxi driver had been a good egg—

"I'll see you," she said. "Where are you? Downstairs?" He chuckled.

"In the Kenroy? I should say not."

"Well, then—come over."

"It wouldn't be healthy," he observed. "Don't you know our friend Blalock is having the Kenroy watched?"

"Watched?" The police were watching her! So that was why the manager— Oh, if only Steve Lamar were here to help her out again! But Steve was at the ball game and you couldn't have a man paged at the Polo Grounds. She went limp with helpless, vague apprehension. She hadn't done anything, but Blalock couldn't be convinced she hadn't done anything—

"How do you know the hotel is being watched?" she asked suspiciously.

"Because some of my friends are watching it, too. And while I don't think Blalock has got anything on me, I don't want to waste a week while he finds it out. But I want to see you. Can't you come out?"

"Out where?"

"Walk down to the Fifth Avenue corner. On the downtown side you'll find a blue taxi parked at the curb. I'll be in it."

"Oh, no. This is quite too involved. I think I'll stay here."

"Well," he observed, "Blalock seems to be gunning for both of us. If we got together we might be able to find out where we stand. You can tell me some things I want to know;

maybe I can tell you things you want to know."

That was the trouble, she reflected gloomily. He *could* tell her some things she wanted to know—for instance, why he had kept her picture all these years.

"But if I came out"—she knew this was a dangerous concession—"if I came out, wouldn't the police follow me?"

"My friends will see that they don't."

"And I jump into a taxi with you and ride around while we talk? You—you evidently expect me to trust you."

SHE cursed herself; that sounded as if she were afraid of being kidnaped. Still, if the man was in the dope trade—

"Why, yes, I expect you to trust me. You trusted me once before."

"So I did," she assented with a hard, short laugh. "Well—if I'm not there in five minutes, I'm not coming at all."

She hung up the telephone—and put on her hat.

"Why?" she wondered dully. Because she had trusted him once before? Surely that hadn't mortgaged her. The man was in the dope trade—the rottenest business in the world. What could she say to a man like that? And there was always the chance that the police, watching her already, would find this a proof of—of whatever they expected to prove.

But she was, after all, free. No reason why she couldn't talk to anybody, especially if he could tell her things she wanted to know. If Steve were within reach she would turn to him, but he wasn't. And maybe Harry Hart wasn't really in the dope trade. She clung to that comforting thought as she powdered her nose and automatically made sure she looked like the dashing Miss Kaye.

Maybe he wasn't, but she didn't care, particularly, if he was. It wasn't as if he meant anything to her or ever could. After all, a sixteen-year-old girl might kiss anybody. Just the same, he had been a Yes Man, and she knew, as she slammed the door and went out to the elevator, that she was going to see him, finally, because he was a Yes Man. Because she had liked him and would probably like him still. Trouble? Well, Steve Lamar was coming at 7 o'clock, and surely a man from the Department of Justice could look after her. . . .

She looked about her nervously as she came down into the lobby and tossed her key on the desk. She jumped as the clerk spoke to her.

"A gentleman was just asking for you, Miss Kaye. I think he's in the booth now, calling your room."

A gentleman asking for her! Harry Hart didn't dare appear at the hotel; Steve Lamar was at the ball game—Blalock! She was sure, in her tormented apprehension, that it was Blalock himself. She started to edge away, past the booths—too late. A door opened.

"Keith!" she gasped.

"Thank the Lord! And I almost missed you!"

She had given him her hands with the old unquestioning readiness, and she felt them trembling in his. With eager pity, she saw that his hair was thin and graying; he looked tired. As far as he ever could, he looked old.

SHE looked up, smiled contentedly at his blue eyes, and leaned over for a kiss.

"I thought we might go for a drive," he was saying. "But you—you were going somewhere?"

"No. Never mind. We'll go where you like."

Never mind the man waiting at the corner; never mind, if it came to that, Steve Lamar, with whom she had a dinner engagement. Doris made a point of never breaking a date, but one glance had told her that Lancefield still came first. The hurt perplexity that had haunted her since she learned of his divorce was gone now; for that glance had told her that she, too, still came first. She forgot the detectives, Harry Hart, everybody, as they climbed into an open taxi and settled down, her hand in his.

"Out in the country?" he suggested. "How about that place on City Island—for a swim, and tea?"

She nodded, utterly content. She didn't see the man who slipped out of the hotel lobby and took the taxi behind theirs, nor the sudden congestion of traffic that held up his car till they were out of sight. She even forgot the blue taxi waiting at the corner. But Harry Hart, peering out of the tiny window behind his seat, saw her as their open car drove past; and as they turned the corner and started up the avenue, the blue taxi drew out and followed them.

III

THEY drove through the park, across the Harlem River, slowly up the crowded Concourse, while the hot sun beat down on them, into the Pelham Parkway; and for half an hour neither of them spoke. What was there to say? Everything was all right at last, and it was enough to sit here, hand in hand.

Doris wondered vaguely why they hadn't kissed when they met. Just as well, of course; people around the hotel who had seen her kissing Arthur this morning would think she was rather promiscuous. Perhaps she was, considering that last night she had been kissing Steve Lamar. But Steve Lamar at the moment seemed almost as remote as Arthur. He was at the Polo Grounds; there let him stay. Thank God he had gone to the ball game, where he couldn't be paged; for if she could have reached him half an hour ago she might

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

have gone somewhere with him—and missed Keith.

She looked up, smiled contentedly at his blue eyes, and leaned over for a kiss. Neither of them cared that they were in an open taxi on a crowded parkway.

"I can't believe it even yet," he said softly. "I was afraid I'd missed you."

"Yes, I was just going out—to see an ex-taxi driver," she mused.

"I didn't mean that; I meant this morning. The worst hours of my life——"

SHE felt a faint resentment: He had managed to live through the worst hours of her life.

"This morning?" she asked.

"Yes. You—you know I've been divorced?"

"I read it in the papers," she observed.

"I didn't dare tell you—we've been disappointed so often. And I hadn't meant to come to you just yet."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't any money."

"I suppose that matters," she conceded, "even to us. Ten years ago I wouldn't have said so."

"Nor I. If Corinne had been willing then——"

"How does she happen to be willing now?" Doris asked curiously.

"Why—" He chuckled, acrid and resentful. "Why, she wants to marry again. She used to tell me marriage was a sacrament—holy and indissoluble. But she met a Russian at Cannes last winter—an ex-colonel of Guards—and then she discovered that marriage was only a contract that could be dissolved like any other contract. Hah! It's funny."

"Never mind," she sighed. "Of course you haven't any money. Crusaders are too busy to pile it up. But who cares?"

"Oh, I did have a little. That's the worst of it. I'd saved up about sixty thousand. Corinne's Russian had more than that—enough for them to live on; but she wanted to give me one parting wallop. So she bled me of my last nickel—even begrudged what I settled on Phyllis, when she married last winter. And then for good measure she took twenty-five thousand more—I had to borrow it—before she'd let me go."

"Oh, Keith! Why did you let her? Surely if she wanted her Russian she'd have been — reasonable."

Doris listened to herself in amazement. A thousand dreams had been filled with the picture of their eventual reunion, when they could tell each other all that had been held back in the years apart. And now the divine moment was here, and they were talking about money!

"She threatened to be very unreasonable," he observed. "She said if I'd sign on the dotted line, debt and all, she'd get a quiet divorce in Paris. Otherwise—a noisy divorce in New York—dragging you in the mud——"

"Why didn't you tell her to go to it? My reputation isn't worth eighty-five thousand dollars; not to me."

"It is to me. I couldn't let her soil your name——"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous! This isn't eighteen ninety-seven!"

But her anger went deeper than a mere modernist protest against old-fashioned scruples; deeper even than disgust at his curious sense of values. He had to let her know how much she was costing him; had to shift, in a fashion, the responsibility for this financial disaster to her.

Well, he couldn't help it; he was that way. She had known for years that he had a yellow streak—buried deep, of course; so deep that she had believed she alone knew it was there. She had even loved him a little more for his hidden frailties. But now she knew his wife must have discovered the yellow streak long ago, and played on it astutely.

"I couldn't ask you to do that for me," he was saying huskily. "You've given me enough already—ten years out of your life—the ten best years——"

"The ten best years," Doris agreed. "When you've given that, there isn't much point in holding back anything else. And you can't suppose people have never talked about us. Oh, why are we quarreling and talking about money? Tell me about this morning."

"Oh! Why, my Paris lawyer cabled the news late last night. I called you at Magnolia first thing this morning, and Mary told me you—you— And I'd driven you to that! God! If you knew how I felt——"

"I, too, have felt, occasionally," she said dryly. "What did you do?"

"What could I do? Mary didn't know where you were going to be married; couldn't give me any address but the Berengaria. All I could do was to send some flowers to your cabin, and then come down to the pier in—in hope I might get a last look at you as you went aboard——"

"And perhaps let me get a last look at you," she said wearily, "as I went aboard with Arthur—a look that would poison my honeymoon! Oh, Keith, let's not quarrel! We've waited so long."

"How did you happen to get rid of Arthur?" he asked.

"I didn't. He got rid of me, thank God. Never mind. I'll tell you all about it some day. That is, if——"

HE was smiling at her, the signs of age gone from his face. Once more he was the victorious knight errant, the crusader returning in triumph.

"If?" he laughed. "Doris, if you can forgive me—forgive me and take me— Oh, I know there are stupid practical things to think about; but we're going to have money. Something has come my way lately that will enable me to pay off my debts and leave us with something—not very much, but enough to make us comfortable ——"

"The dope smugglers?" she asked eagerly. He stared; his monocle almost dropped.

"How did you know?"

"Good heavens, don't you think I read the magazines? I knew they must be paying you big money to get a man like you to write magazine articles."

"They are," he said rather shakily. No wonder his voice was unsteady, Doris mused; big money would make her tremble, too. "So you—you will marry me?"

"This afternoon, if you like." He laughed, rather constrained.

"Can you trust me for a week longer? I'm up to my neck in this thing now, but in a week I'll be through with it. Through and cleaned up; my money all put away. Ready for you, if you'll have me."

"Of course I'll have you," she said listlessly. Their taxi was running down the long Main Street of City Island toward the spot they had chosen for their swim. Nice of him to want to give her all his time, with no work to interfere. Still, after they'd waited ten years—when she was twenty-nine and he was fifty—it seemed rather a silly sentimentality.

"Though," she added, "I don't see how you can figure you'll be through in a week. This thing is still going on—so much more to find out—I'll tell you a story about dope peddlers—maybe you can use it. A thing that happened to me——"

"Mary said something about that," he said, disquieted. "She—she said the Boston papers had hold of it——"

"Yes, I'm news once more. Isn't it funny?"

"Funny? I'm not so sure. What happened?"

THE taxi was turning into a driveway, where an old house stood in the midst of a wide lawn, with tall trees hanging over the sea wall and the waters of the Sound beyond.

"I'll tell you later," said Doris. "Let's get our swim first."

The exercise relieved her nervous tension. She couldn't help taking pride in the fact that she swam better than any one else on the tiny beach—and looked better, too, even in a rented suit. Lancefield kept up with her as they swam out, around Stepping Stone Light, and back in; but then as she started down into Pelham Bay he fell behind. She swam back to him.

"Can't keep up with you," he puffed. "I—I've been at a desk. Mind if I go in? I'll try it again later."

"Later?"

"Yes. We can have tea in our bathing suits, at one of the tables on the lawn. I'll sun myself and wait for you."

She swam away. Yes, he had been at a desk—and he was fifty. For thirty years he had been an athlete and he was paying the penalty the athlete must pay when he slows up. In his bathing suit he showed the beginning, faint but unmistakable, of a paunch. Oh, well—

Presently she came back, dripping, and joined him at an iron table under a big tree overhanging the water. She had never felt better, wet but warm, for she was in perfect training and her body had been toughened by the cold seas of Massachusetts. But he was shivering.

"You'd better dress," she told him maternally. "No, I'm all right. I'll wait, and go in later. Leave me your cigarettes, won't you?"

He went down the steps to the bath houses at the water's edge. She smoked, and recalled the delirious happiness she had expected if ever their romance came to long delayed fruition. Not like this—she was twenty-nine and he was fifty. In ten years she would be thirty-nine and he would be sixty—sixty and tired, worn out by breaking lances on ogres and dragons all over the world; sixty and old. But she wouldn't be old. At thirty-nine she would still be good for years.

But that wasn't the worst of it. They had been discordant, out of tune; they had quarreled. At nine this morning she had been engaged to Arthur, and quarreling with him. At four in the afternoon engaged to Keith, and quarreling with him. Promiscuous was the word. Well—too late for afterthought. The time to have stopped was ten years ago. When you'd given away the ten best years, there wasn't much use in holding back anything else. Even if the devouring flame of ten years ago had died down, as flames must, to a dull, reminiscent glow—even so, its heat might serve to keep steam up and run the machinery; and most of life seemed to be the mere machinery for keeping things going—for better or worse.

A shadow fell on her table. She looked up into the lusterless gray eyes of a pale young man, who was smiling, not very pleasantly.

"You seem to have forgotten," he observed, "that you had a date with me."

Doris hadn't forgotten. But little did she realize that this young man was to make a revelation affecting the whole course of her life. This disclosure will come as a big surprise to you in next week's installment.

Pictures by
ROBERT A. GRAEF

School Days

The Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg

The Ninth of a Series of Children's Stories

By ALINE KILMER

"Gee, that's a hot crew you have," said the man as he drove down the hill.

THE STORY SO FAR

EMMY, Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben have been spending the summer at Buttonwood with their family. Nicky and Greg are brothers. Emmy is their sister and Ben their cousin. Domar is their police dog. Gran, Uncle Bunkle, Tony, and mother are the rest of the family.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT was to be done? Here was the summer nearly gone and time for school again. But we were all so happy at Buttonwood that even though the children had become as wild as savages, we simply couldn't bear to go home yet. But something had to be done about the children. If they went on as they were, no school would hold them when they got back.

"Gee, that's a hot crew you have!" said Tommy Tucker, the baker man, when he drove down our hill to the house with the three boys and Emmy hanging just anywhere on his car. Ben fell off half-way down the hill, but he just shook himself and raced down after it the rest of the way.

I had a nice hot vegetable lunch almost ready for them, but their hearts were set on a picnic and Tommy Tucker had promised to wait a moment for them and then take them a bit along the road.

They couldn't wait for sandwiches, so, while Emmy put four carrots, four onions, three chicken gizzards, and a wing for Greg into a basket, Nicky cut bread.

They were off in no time and we didn't see them for hours. When they came home Emmy was carrying the basket and Greg was swinging something from his left hand.

"See my gween gwass snake!" he shouted. "I won't put it too near you, Muzzer."

I didn't give him a chance to put it too near me. Tony was delighted, though.

"You can't bring it into the house," I cried. "There's a turtle loose in here already." George, the spotted turtle, had escaped in the nursery the day before.

Emmy had a tree toad. I thought the snake and the tree toad should go to the corn-cradle to live.

"We've been at the Chicken Catchers," said Nicky, "an' they say their school opens Monday. May we go?"

"We'll talk it over later," I promised.

That evening there was a beautiful sunset and we all stayed out to watch it. When it began to fade I noticed for the first time how late it was. Here were the children still up!

"It's almost nine o'clock!" I cried to them. "Get undressed instantly!"

They did. As if by magic they stripped off everything they had on and all four of them stood naked on the grass.

Poor Gran just groaned. She couldn't get used to children who acted like this. We herded them into the house and up to bed.

"See my gween gwass snake!" shouted Greg. Emmy had a tree toad.

"Did you see those child-swallows going to bed on the arbor?" asked Emmy. "And their mother came and bit them to try to make them go to bed properly."

"That wasn't their mother," said Gran laughing. "It was their grandmother."

At last they were settled down. Then we had a Family Council around the fire—Gran, Uncle Bunkle, Tony, and I. Should the children go to school, or not?

After talking it all over we decided. Of course, they were to go.

CHAPTER XXII

"WHAT! *That* the university?" Uncle Bunkle cried. "That funny-looking house with a hat on?"

"Don't you see the flagpole?" Greg asked.

"But there's only one room," Emmy complained. "If so many children from one family go, won't it run over?"

"There's a good tree that Domar can lie under while he waits for us," said Ben.

This was on Sunday afternoon. We had walked up to take a look at the schoolhouse. I was low in my mind thinking of what a bad time we would have next morning.

But next day at seven, when I got downstairs, there they all were; dressed and ready to go.

The first one at school, they said, would be allowed to ring the bell. But with so many first ones! They'd have to take turns.

"She looks like a rabbit, and she puts dunce caps on all the dunces," Nicky complained in a day or two, "an' I don't think it's fair."

Emmy liked the teacher, but the boys didn't, though she was kind to them.

Of course, Anna Banana and the Chicken Catchers were there, and that made things pleasant. Anna Banana was way up in the school. Nicky was in the Fourth Grade.

"And I'm in the Fifth Grade, but I don't know any more than Nicky," said Emmy.

"An' I'm in the Third Grade, an' I know just as much as Nicky," Ben lamented. "An' the trouble is, I'll have to be the Third Grade all by myself. There isn't anyone else in it."

Greg was in the Second Grade with the Chicken Catchers. They were younger than he and he should have been ashamed of himself, but he said he wasn't.

Somebody's leaving Buttonwood soon. Next week's LIBERTY will tell you about it.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SINGLE ROOM in which the "brains" of the United States Army are to be concentrated in the War Department building in Washington. An improvement over the old system of scattered offices which will save time, labor, and expense.

MISS PANSY MAE BUSHEL in Hollywood at last. The Graphic Section's great find starts on her screen career in a responsible post under Miss Gloria Swanson.

CYRUS K. WIT, who served a whole term as mayor of Foretverte, Idaho, without issuing a single statement on the subject of the citizens' private affairs.

EX-KAISER WILHELM, lying low until the French and Spanish decide where to exile Abd-el-Krim. It is understood that Wilhelm would not care to share Doorn with the Riffian chieftain.

HOW TO FEEL EVERY DAY OF YOUR AGE: photograph of the present-day appearance of a boy who was named after Theodore Roosevelt and of a girl who was too young to remember much about the Great War.

Only GOOD Men *are* Heroes *to their* CADDIES

More Stern Than Any Law Is the Boys' Opinion of the Players

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

JESSE SWEETSER and the Scotch caddie who carried his clubs to victory in the 1926 British Amateur Championship.

GOLF players, club officials, and professionals, who have seen the devastating effects of association with thoughtless players upon the boys who carry their clubs, are working seriously to use golf as a training school for clean, honest boys, rather than a preparatory course for reform schools and gambling houses.

The leaders of the golfing world realize that golf may be used as a training school in Americanism, in sportsmanship, and in business. They know that unless special training is given, and unless golfers themselves see past their game to the welfare of the boys, the caddies will reflect and exaggerate the faults of the players. If "my man" or "my reg'lar feller" is a gambler, is profane, his caddy will bet, shoot craps, swear, and steal. If the player is a good sportsman and takes enough interest in the boy's welfare to advise him, the chances are that the boy will become a good citizen.

On the cover of a pamphlet of the Baltusrol, New Jersey, Golf Club, which has taken the lead in endeavoring to solve the caddy problem, is this statement: "There is no such thing as a caddy problem, if the boys are treated as human beings."

The caddy problem is bigger than golf. There are, it is estimated, 125,000 boys regularly listed as caddies in the United States. There are 22,000 listed by the clubs in the metropolitan district around New York, and close to 10,000 boys in the Chicago district.

In the New York district, more than 85 per cent are sons of foreign-born parents—at least 10 per cent foreign-born themselves; and nearly 80 per cent are of Italian descent.

Perhaps nowhere, outside of the organized work with boys in schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, and similar organizations, is there such an opportunity for good influence upon a special group as in the golf clubs; yet fewer than one-third of the golf clubs of the United States are doing anything toward training these boys for good citizenship, and in the majority of the clubs the failure of players and officials to recognize the caddy as a young human being, capable of development into an active force for good, has resulted in evil.

There are players who get too familiar with caddies, and in return the caddies grow more and more familiar with everyone. There was a laughable incident at Ardsley a few years ago. John M. Siddall, the famous editor; Jimmy Montague, the poet; John Golden, the theatrical man, and Ring Lardner, the humorist, were playing in a foursome.

The caddies were of the friendly type. Not one of them was under twenty nor weighed less than 180. They called Siddall, "Chewey"; Montague, "Jimmy"; Lardner, "Ring"; and Golden, "Jack," before they had played five holes.

A week or two later Lardner was invited to play Ardsley again and declined, saying: "I am afraid of your caddies."

In clubs with good caddy masters, with members and officials who take an interest in them and teach them the principles of good golf, which are honesty, squareness, and good sportsmanship, the boys absorb decency and right living, unconsciously almost. In two-thirds of the clubs, where the boys are regarded merely as necessary pests and permitted to run wild, one finds a group of gamblers, crap shooters, ball thieves, cheaters—little crooks.

The boys in the caddy house reflect and exaggerate the character of the clubs. One can tell by visiting a caddy house what he will find in the locker room and the clubhouse.

Any golf club member who wants to reform, if he is a cheater, if he counts his strokes wrong, if he is a bad sport—profane, vulgar, a gambler, or a grouch—would learn a lesson

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"CHICAGO" Roller Skates RUBBER TIRES

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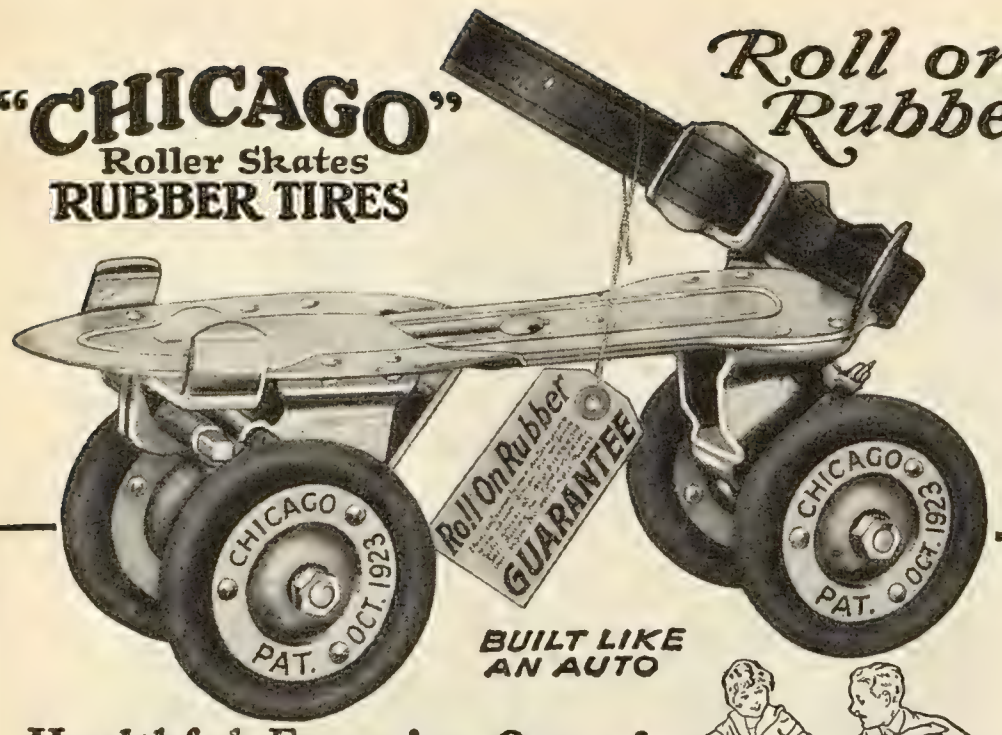

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[ONLY GOOD MEN ARE HEROES TO THEIR CADDIES
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

by eavesdropping on a group of caddies. The caddy overlooks nothing, and he judges "his man" by rules of right and wrong that are more stern and just than any law.

There is a man in the New York district who is worth millions upon millions of dollars. His word, among his friends, is good for anything. Yet in the caddy house his name is a hissing and a byword; he is known as a cheat.

He was, until a year ago, rather an idol of the caddy house, as he tipped liberally and treated the "kids" well. Then, one day, he was playing a "friend" for big stakes. Money, of course, meant little to him; but he was anxious to win. Late in the round he hooked his ball into some bushes in the rough. His opponent was straight, and went on. A call of "fore" came from behind the bushes, and the ball flashed out 200 yards to the edge of the green. He had used a wooden club out of a lie that seemed impossible.

The opponent laughed and congratulated him. But in the caddy house it was different. The man had improved the lie of his ball, placed it clear, where he could hit it with a wooden club. In the caddy house he was a crook, a thief—and worse.

Imagine the influence upon a group of youngsters! Can they be expected to remain honest, when the wealthy and prominent men wager as high as $1,000 a hole on a match and then improve the lie of the ball, or fail to count a wasted stroke?

THE situation, summed up in a sentence, is that the golf club members of the United States can, by example and precept, either make bums or good men out of about 125,000 boys every three years (for that is the average term of a caddy's service).

What are they doing? One club in each three has some form of discipline and training for caddies, not for the benefit of the caddy in the majority of cases, but to improve the service.

Aside from recommendations by a committee of the United States Golf Association, urging all clubs to interest themselves in the caddy problem, an embryonic effort of a few clubs to organize the New York district for work among caddies, and a more concentrated movement in the Chicago district—nothing has been done.

Yet, according to those interested in work among caddies, every dollar invested yields huge returns in service, in actual money saving, and, eventually, in men.

In the New York district a little group, led by Louis Dempsey, H. Y. Barrow, and others, who are interested almost as much in boys as they are in their handicaps, have undertaken the work of educating golf club members and officials. The active leader in the work is Lester A. Palmer, State Superintendent of Physical Education for New Jersey, and at present in charge of caddy wel-

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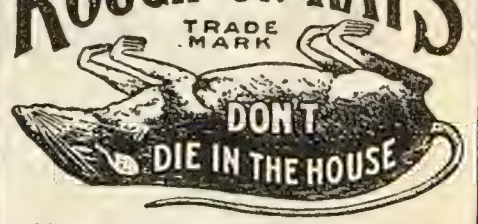

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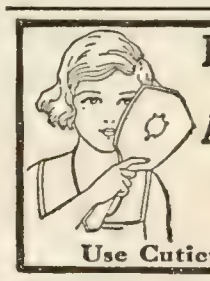

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

fare at the Baltusrol Golf Club.

Mr. Palmer evolved the caddy welfare plan at Wykagyl, which is said to have the model caddy system of the world. It has been followed at Sleepy Hollow, Siwanoy, and other metropolitan courses, and is in effect at Englewood and other New Jersey courses.

"The first step," said Mr. Palmer, "is the selection of a caddy master. Without a proper caddy master it is impossible to do much. A man handling one hundred and fifty to two hundred boys, full of life and energy, must be tactful, steady, and of good character.

"Usually, the committee exercises small judgment in choosing a caddy master, and customarily takes a graduated caddy, which is not good. They cannot enforce discipline. A caddy master with vision and judgment can accomplish wonders with boys who, if they like and respect him, will give him loyalty and devotion almost beyond belief.

"IT is almost criminal to start boys out carrying clubs until they understand the rudiments of caddying. Every place where I have had charge of welfare work among caddies I have divided the boys into A and B groups, according to their age and experience, and then required the B boys, and those of the A boys of lesser experience, to attend what I call my caddy school.

"I teach them the fundamentals of the game, how to behave, and honesty, cleanliness, courtesy, and the ordinary elements of character building.

"Each member who signs a card reports the kind of service he received from his caddy—excellent, good, fair, or poor. He checks off whether the boy does not mark down the ball, loses ball inexcusably, does not replace divots, swings clubs, lags, does not take pin, is indifferent, impertinent, noisy, or lacking instruction. But too many players mark the boys on the basis of their own mood, rather than on the quality of the work.

"I compile these reports on each boy, and grade them, promoting the B boys for merit, demoting the A boys if they slack. And rewards for good service, aside from increased pay for a round, are offered in the form of weekly playing privileges, frequent tournaments, and by furnishing prizes and annual honor awards.

"The results are visible immediately—in better behavior, better appearance, better attention to work. We commence the work by educating the members, or rather by calling their attention to the fact that their examples in conduct and language are certain to affect the manners and morals of the boys. The majority of players never think of this unless, perhaps, they observe suddenly that some boy, who has perhaps admired them, suddenly drops them."

In connection with the scheme of having players mark the caddies' cards, a proposition is made in

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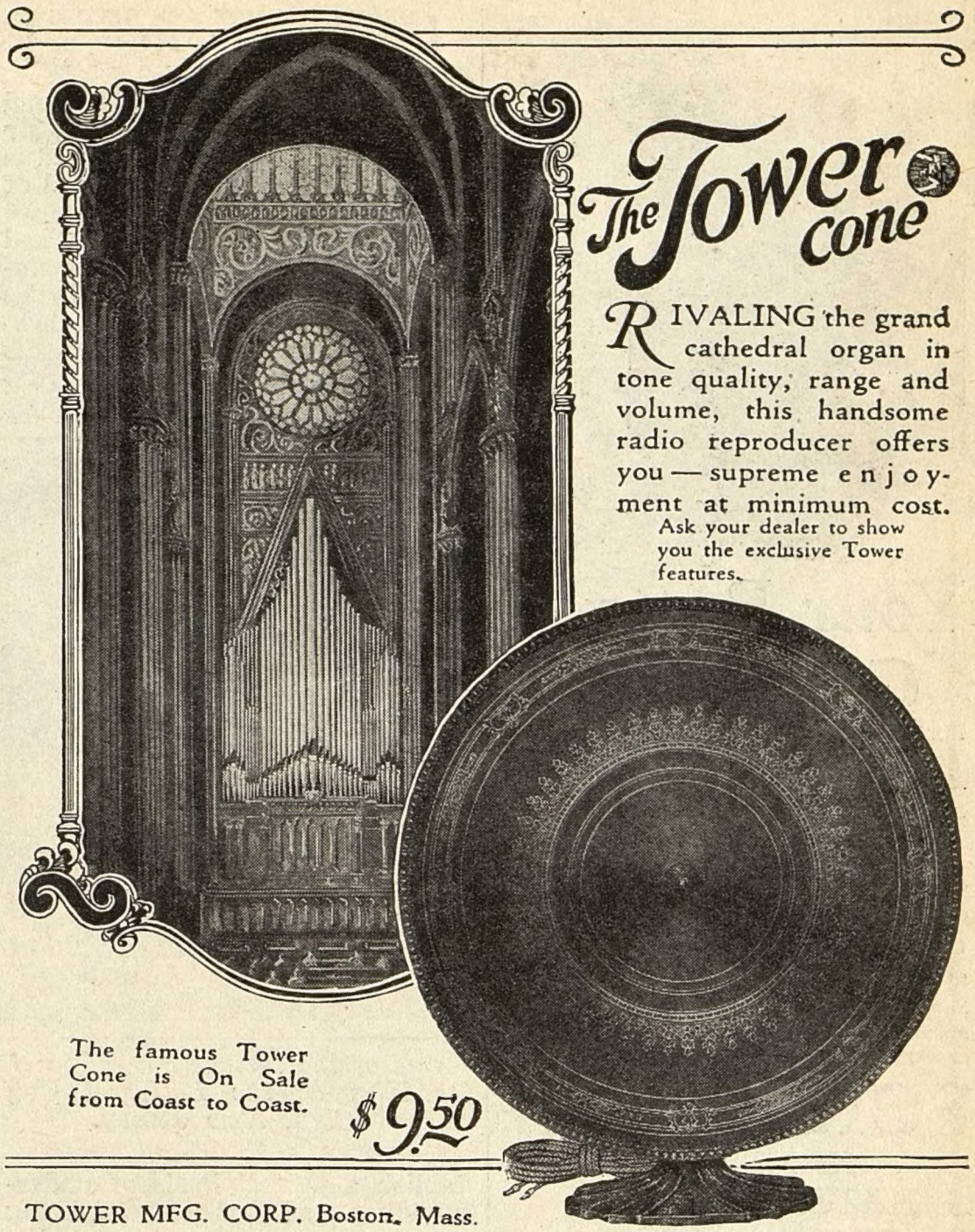

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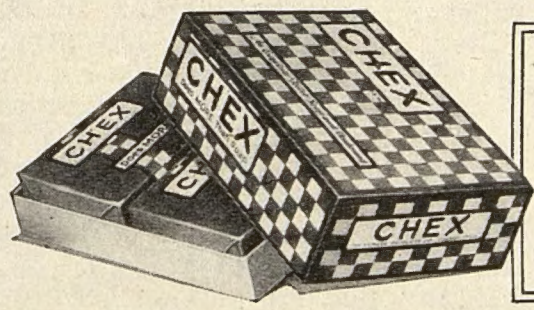

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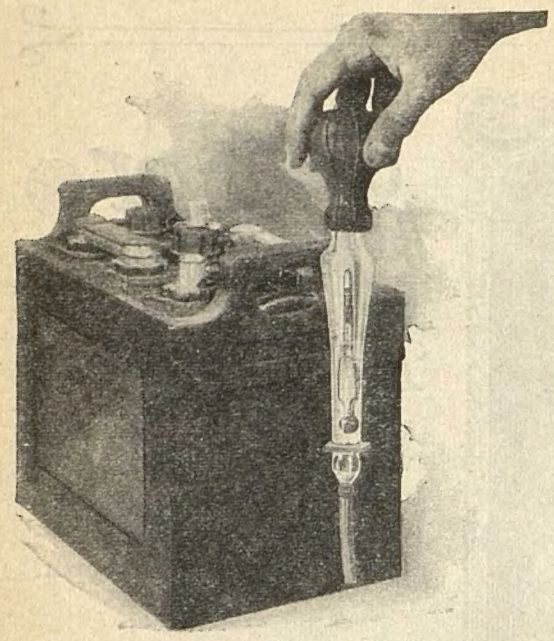

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[ONLY GOOD MEN ARE HEROES TO THEIR CADDIES]
Continued from Page Eighty-five

one metropolitan club to expand the idea, and have each caddy carry a card and mark up the record of the player at the end of the round.

The card would be marked "Grouchy," "Stingy," "Gambler," "Cheat," "Alibis," "Blames Caddy," "Good Fellow," "Liberal," "Considerate," etc. By this method it would be possible to establish a perfect basis of understanding, and that it would bring good results and cure some of the worst faults of the players is not to be denied.

"Most golfers would be cured entirely of such faults as profanity, obscenity, and poor sportsmanship if they could some time overhear a swarm of caddy boys discussing them in the caddy house," continued Mr. Palmer. "The great majority of golfers are fine fellows, who think of their game and forget the caddy. A player should always act and speak as he would if his own son were caddying for him.

"The tipping evil is one of the worst in golf. It has a demoralizing influence upon the boys and is discouraged everywhere. A rich man, feeling good after a nice round of golf may toss a five-dollar bill to his caddy, and think he is doing a generous act; whereas he is hurting the morale of the caddy organization and probably hurting the boy himself.

"BETTING, which unfortunately has increased to dangerous proportions, also is demoralizing to the boys. How can any man expect to bet five dollars a hole on his match, and then scold a caddy for shooting craps for a dime?"

Worse is the fact that, in marking cards by which caddies are rated, nine-tenths, at least, of all golfers are dishonest. The average man may swear at his caddy, blame him for losing balls, accuse him of anything, and then will mark his card "Excellent," or if the boy has been very bad, mark it "Good," which is as unfair to the boys as to other players.

Many players blame the boys unreasonably. It is a comic sight to see a man solemnly study the card and, with all the seriousness of a Supreme Court judge handing down a decision, mark the boy's work as "Bad," then stalk off to the locker room to tell how a wretched caddy ruined his game.

I have seen cards from the same member on two days, with the same caddy—one marked "Excellent," the other "Bad." Perhaps by coincidence, he won his match the first day and lost the other.

One of the instruction classes for Grade B caddies at the Baltusrol Golf Club, New Jersey.

Caddies engaged in a hot putting contest for prizes offered by the Baltusrol Club as a reward for good services.

See whether you grade the boy's work by your own.

The quickest way to make a crook of an honest boy is to overlook his misconduct. Boys are extremely loyal and if they like a man and caddy for him frequently, they may try to help him. The player who winks at the acts of such a boy who kicks a ball into a better lie, or miscounts on purpose, is helping make that boy a crook.

There was a case in the Chicago district where a little clique of caddies caught some players violating the rules, or who violated them for the players, and then began blackmailing them with threats of exposure. The ringleader made the mistake, however, of attempting to blackmail a player who was honest. That member dragged the whole clique into the clubhouse, exposed their plot, and cleaned up the caddy house. Incidentally, several members retired from active play.

A funny illustration of how quickly thoughtless acts and talk by members affect the boys came up last summer at a New York club. Two members were going out for a match and both were of the "four-flushing" type. They usually wagered a quarter a hole and talked hundreds of dollars. At the first tee one of them remarked jocularly:

"Well, what shall we make it today? Five hundred a hole?"

"No—let's make it two hundred and fifty," replied the other. "I'm not quite on my game."

THE caddies were strangers to them and were duly impressed. As a result, one who was on his game won twelve holes and halved three, losing three. They had forgotten the remark and dismissed the caddies without a tip. They observed later that it was almost impossible for them to get caddies. The boys were dodging. Irritated, they reported to the caddy master, who called the boys in for examination, asking why they dodged that pair of golfers.

"That big guy win two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars on one round and didn't even tip us a dime," muttered the boy.

"Another big danger and source of unfairness both to caddies and to fellow players," remarked Mr. Palmer, "is the habit some golfers have of selecting the best caddies and demanding them every time they play. Often, too, we have difficulty with boys who choose their own favorites among players, picking the heavy tippers and dodging the others. We have a system by which each boy registers when he reports to the caddy master and is sent out in turn with whatever member appears. This prevents a few of the boys from earning all the money, gives the members a chance at the better caddies, and gives the younger caddies a chance.

"The earnings of the boys mean a great deal to their families. They make two dollars a day on Saturdays and Sundays.

"The chances of a caddy boy's becoming a successful man are four times as great as for the non-caddy. Our boys form acquaintances and meet men on the golf course they never could meet otherwise."

THE END

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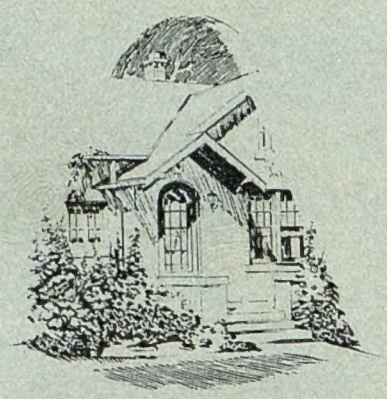

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